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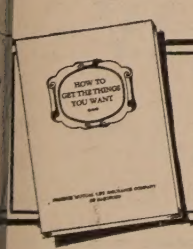

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VOLUME XIX April 1930 NUMBER 76

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Assistant Editor*

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE ESSENTIALS OF DEMOCRACY.
By A. D. Lindsay.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
$1 7⅜ x 5; 82 pp. *Philadelphia*

Dr. Lindsay, who is master of Balliol College, Oxford, is a firm believer in democracy, but he is by no means blind to its grave defects. Political government nowadays, he says, can never be really representative, as it was in the city states of ancient Greece. The modern democracy's units are too big, its functions too vast, and its constituents too little informed of all that goes on in the *res publica*. "But if a vigorous non-political democratic life exists, the political machinery may harmonize and coördinate all that partial focusing of public opinion which the non-political associations perform. There can be, and there is increasingly coming to be, a vast deal of public discussion and political education focused by universities, by churches, and by all kinds of cultural associations." This is surely not a new idea, and it is as vulnerable now as it ever was, but Dr. Lindsay states it in graceful language, and his book is worthy of attention. It was first delivered in the form of lectures for the William J. Cooper Foundation at Swarthmore College, in January, 1929.

CENSORED. *The Private Life of the Movies.*
By Morris L. Ernst & Pare Lorentz.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 199 pp. *New York*

The stupid censorship applied to the movies and talkies is an old story, but Messrs. Ernst and Lorentz are the first to present the facts about it on so elaborate a scale. They have not told it all, but they have told enough to make intelligent men and women give the matter more thought than they have. Only six States have censor boards—New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Kansas, Virginia and Ohio—but they are highly populated States, and no movie barred from any or all of them can hope for success. The various boards, as portrayed in the present book, are made up of ladies and gentlemen who are more interested in "decent" morals and the preservation of "orderly" government than in honest attempts at art. Thus they allow vulgarity and sickly sentimentalism, but forbid the slightest trace of realism in the few good movies that come their way. Their verdict is generally final and absolute, and there is hardly a movie executive in the land who dares buck them. Over and above them, as it were, is Will Hays' celebrated organization, the National Board of Review, made up of representativ of the Daughters of the American Revolution, t International Catholic Alumnæ, the Parent-Teache Association and the General Federation of Women Clubs. It looks after the morals of the forty-two Stat that have no censor boards. It is a non-political bod but its power in checking "immorality" is treme dous. Messrs. Ernst and Lorentz have done a goo piece of work. The first is a well-known New Yo attorney, and the second is movie critic for *Judg* There is a foreword by Heywood Broun.

THE TREATY VETO OF THE AMERICAN SE ATE.
By Denna Frank Fleming. *G. P. Putnam's So*
$2 8¾ x 5¾; 325 pp. *New Yo*

Dr. Fleming, who is assistant professor of politic science at Vanderbilt University, first examines t action of the Senate on all the treaties which ha been submitted to it for approval or rejection, a then considers the wisdom of that provision of t Federal Constitution which requires a two-thir majority vote for approval. He thinks that the reco plainly shows that the Senate has "retarded undu the peaceable adjustment of international relation . . . [Its] attitude toward general arbitration treati has surely had the effect of placing us at the tail the procession of nations advancing toward t judicial settlement of international disputes." Ther fore he proposes that some means be found to redu the power of the Upper House to obstruct treatie On the whole he thinks that "experience suggests t transfer of the power to the [Lower] House. . Members of the House are closer to the people tha the Senators, and much easier to reach." Whether o is in favor of this change depends, as Dr. Flemi himself admits, upon whether one is in favor of against "entangling alliances." The book is we documented and has an index.

UNITING EUROPE. *The Trend of International C operation Since the War.*
By William E. Rappard. *The Yale University Pre*
$3 8 x 5⅜; 309 pp. *New Hav*

Dr. Rappard is a member of the Permanent Mandat Commission of the League of Nations, Swiss delega to the Assembly of the League, director of the Pos Graduate Institute of International Studies, and pr fessor of history at the University of Geneva. In t first half of the present book he deals with the politic and economic changes that have taken place

Continued on page vi

When does

A KISS BECOME A CRIME? READ

CENSORED

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MOVIES

By *Pare Lorentz and Morris L. Ernst*

***Introduction by* HEYWOOD BROUN**

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BY EVELYN WAUGH

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

Europe as a result of the World War, and in the second half he discusses the various forms of international coöperation, within and without the League of Nations. Naturally, he is a partisan of the League, but he is not fanatical about it, and sees clearly that it still has much to go before it is really effective. He writes very well. There is an introductory note by Col. Edward M. House, in which he says, "It would seem that Woodrow Wilson's desire to make the world safe for democracy has largely come true." There is an index.

BIOGRAPHY

THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE. *Volume II.*
Edited & Translated by Alexander Werth.
Brewer & Warren
$3.50 9⅛ x 6; 267 pp. *New York*

Volume I of Mme. Tolstoy's diary covered the years 1860–1891, and the present one deals with the following six years. The great novelist comes out of it a very unpleasant person, cruel to his wife and thoughtless of his children. More than once he almost drove her to suicide. After she had once asked him, in the most humiliating manner, to give a little more thought to the welfare of the house, "He lost his temper completely; it is one of those cruel truths of which I oughtn't to remind him. Let him rest and enjoy himself in his old age. But then I couldn't help it, for he himself accused me of so many things; he said, for instance, that I had ruined his life—I who have lived only for him and the children. I could hardly stand the agony any longer: I left the house, meaning to go away forever, or even to kill myself, or die. . . . He would never give me any real, spiritual affection. . . . He seldom responds and hardly ever helps me. My God, to think of all the difficult spiritual and family problems I have had to solve all by myself!" She also had trouble in keeping him down to a human diet. He used to eat voraciously, and the gentle Sophie Andreyevna could hardly stand it, as witness this observation: "Considering his intelligence, his greed and his ignorance in matters of diet are quite extraordinary." On September 4, 1897, she wrote: "Lev Nikolaevitch writes everywhere and always about brotherly love, and the service we owe God and our fellow-mortals. It always puzzles me when I read it or hear it. All his life from morning till night has absolutely nothing to do with his fellow-mortals. He gets up in the morning, and drinks coffee, and goes out for a walk or a bath without having seen anybody, then he settles down to work; . . . He spends the evenings in his own room, and only after supper does he spend a little time with us, reading newspapers or illustrated magazines. And this regular and egotistical life goes on day after day, without love for anyone, and without any interest in all the joys and sorrow of his near ones. I am weary of this indifference."

LINCOLN.
By Emil Ludwig. *Little, Brown & Company*
$5 9½ x 6⅜; 505 pp. *New York*

"The art of portraying human characters," says the facilely omniscient Dr. Ludwig in his preface, "cannot be achieved by merely studying historical documents." He therefore thinks it all right to say almost nothing about the history of slavery and of the Civil War in a book which attempts "to present Lincoln in a new historical method." This new method begins working right on the first page, so marvelous is it: "A wintry blast howls 'round the cabin. As the storm sweeps over the clearing, the giant trees, still standing, groan beneath its buffetings. But the settlers within the cabin are used to the storm and sleep soundly, deaf to the tumult. Parents and children alike are tired out after the long labors of the day. All but one of them. A little boy [Abraham Lincoln], four years old, has just been awakened by a stone blown from the chimney. . . . It strikes the very spot where he and sister are lying on a bed of sacks filled with dry leaves. He sees her little hand, one of her ears, and her rumpled, dark hair. . . . He can amuse himself by looking around the room. . . . There's something . . . that glints in the firelight, hanging on the wall: Father's ax. The children are not allowed to touch it, for it is frightfully sharp. . . . Father is sound asleep there, under the ax, beside Mother. He's snoring again!" This little boy's entire future career, "more than that of any other man in history, is so grandly conceived by Fate that the first act is illuminated by the last, and every scene is bound together by destiny." The translation is by Eden and Cedar Paul. There are many illustrations and an index.

A VICTORIAN VILLAGE.
By Lizette Woodworth Reese. *Farrar & Rinehart*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 285 pp. *New York*

A charming book of reminiscences by one of the most gifted poets in practice in America today. She is eighty-one years old now, and for forty-five of them (prior to her retirement in 1921) taught in the Baltimore public schools. She was born near Baltimore, and, save for three trips to Europe, has lived in the same neighborhood ever since. Her first poem was published in the *Southern Magazine* of Baltimore for June, 1874, and her first book of verses, "A Branch of May," appeared in the Spring of 1887. She writes

Continued on page viii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

very slowly: "I [have] nothing to say, except at long intervals." Regarding the composition of her most celebrated poem, "Tears," which was first printed in *Scribner's Magazine* for November, 1899, she says, "What was the reason for my writing this sonnet? I have no explicit answer today. It is true that my father, long an invalid, may have been in my mind, but I was never conscious of this. . . . My father, however, died very suddenly in July, 1899, and the check for 'Tears' arrived the day on which the crêpe was hung at the door, a few hours after his death. This is all I can say about the matter." There are several fine decorations by J. J. Lankes.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT.
By Robert Graves. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$3 8⅝ x 6; 430 pp. *New York*

This autobiography by the well-known English poet makes very interesting reading. The greater part of it deals with his experiences as a soldier in the Great War, and is full of plain speaking. He enlisted in 1914 as a 100% English patriot, but a few months at the front brought him to his senses. He and his comrades, he says, put little faith in the atrocity stories that were manufactured by the "war-psychology experts" for home consumption. "Propaganda reports of atrocities were, we agreed, ridiculous. . . . There was no patriotism in the trenches. It was too remote a sentiment, and rejected as fit only for civilians. A new arrival who talked patriotism would soon be told to cut it out. . . . The [trench-soldier] never underrated the German as a soldier. Newspaper libels on Fritz's courage and efficiency were resented by all. . . . It was said that not one soldier in a hundred was inspired by religious feeling of even the crudest kind. It would have been difficult to remain religious in the trenches though one had survived the irreligion of the training battalion at home." The book is a bit overwritten, particularly toward the end, and could easily have been cut by nearly 100 pages. There are seven illustrations.

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS. *Including Selections From His Writings.*
By C. F. Andrews. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 8 x 5½; 382 pp. *New York*

The Mahatma is now more than sixty years old, and Mr. Andrews has known him intimately for the last fifteen years. In the present book he outlines in succinct form the ideas of the great Hindu leader, and draws heavily from his personal conversations with him to give added point to his public manifestoes. Gandhi is a conservative in religion. He believes "in the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas, and all that goes by the name of Hindu Scriptures, and therefore in Avataras (divine incarnations) and rebirth." He also believes in "cow protection" and does "not disbelieve in idol worship." Marriage to him "is a fall, even as birth is a fall. Salvation is freedom from birth and hence from death also." Though a devout Hindu, he is tolerant of other religions. He is absolutely opposed to "untouchability. . . . I should be content to be torn to pieces rather than disown the suppressed classes." The natural sciences and modern industry, he thinks, are an abomination. "Medical science is the concentrated essence of black magic. Quackery is infinitely preferable to what passes for high medical skill. Hospitals are the instruments that the Devil has been using for his own purpose, in order to keep his hold on his kingdom. They perpetuate vice, misery, degradation, and real slavery. . . . If there were no hospitals for venereal diseases, or even for consumptives, we should have less consumption and less sexual vice among us. . . . India should wear no machine-made clothing, whether it comes out of European mills or Indian mills." As for the struggle against England, his chief weapon is "corporate moral resistance." He has always "refused to join with the party representing complete and final severance, regarding an inner change of heart among the British as still possible." There is an index. Mr. Andrews is now at work on a more personal biography of the Mahatma.

LIVINGSTONE.
By R. J. Campbell. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5⅞; 295 pp. *New York*

It is now more than fifty years since Blaikie's great "Life of David Livingstone first appeared." In the meantime students have been searching high and wide for new information about the man. One of these is the present author, who has been especially fortunate in gaining access to many new letters and also to the explorer's so-called "Locked Journal," a diary which he kept throughout his travels but which for some reason or other was hitherto kept from the public. Dr. Campbell is concerned mainly with the man's personal life, and leaves almost wholly out of consideration his scientific contributions or their effects in the political world. The Livingstone who comes out of the present book is not as saintly as legend has painted him. He was very egotistical, it seems, and strangely indifferent to the feelings of those about him, even his closest friends and colleagues. One of the latter once said of him: "I can come to no other conclusion than that Dr. L. is out of his mind. . . .

Continued on page x

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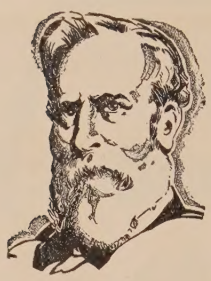

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Continued from page viii

[He] is a most unsafe leader. He never thinks o getting back. All he cares for is accomplishing hi object at any risk whatever. It is useless making an remark to him." There are many illustrations an maps, and also a bibliography and index.

MIDSTREAM. *The Story of My Later Life.*
By Helen Keller. *Doubleday, Doran & Compan*
$3 9¼ x 6; 362 pp. *New Yor*

Herein Miss Keller continues the autobiograph which she began in "The Story of My Life" twenty five years ago, and brings it up to date. It makes ver engrossing reading, and is extremely well written She is one of the most remarkable women who hav ever lived, whether blind or seeing. She is better in formed than nine-tenths of normal people, and i immensely more intelligent. Her insight and humor as witness her account of her lecture tours, in th present book, are of a very fine and rare quality. He writing is simple and direct, but extremely effectiv and full of strange and arresting phrases. The stor of her solitary love affair—broken up by her mother— is one of the most poignant things of its kind eve put on paper. But its tragedy did not leave her bitter and neither has anything else. "The struggle I hav gone through," she says, "is no worse than, indeed it is not so grinding as, that of the majority of me and women who are enmeshed in economic problem which they are incapable of solving." There are eigh illustrations and a good index. Nella Braddy supplie an appreciative foreword.

EMILY DICKINSON. *The Human Background of He Poetry.*
By Josephine Pollitt. *Harper & Brother*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 350 pp. *New Yor*

Miss Pollitt has achieved a highly competent bi ography of the one truly great poet New Englan has yet produced. She is primarily interested in he subject's personal life, and attempts very little criti cism of her verses, though she has tracked down on important and hitherto unknown fact about them, t wit, that there is ample evidence that Miss Dickinso wrote at least 1600 poems in her life, and that there fore the 800 published so far by her strangely secretiv heirs-at-law represent only about half her literar output. The most interesting part of Miss Pollitt' book, however, is her argument that the second grea love of the poet's life (after that for Leonard Hum phrey, an Amherst instructor, who died in his twen ties) was not the Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth, th Presbyterian preacher of Philadelphia, as legend ha it, but rather Major Edward Bissell Hunt, the firs husband of Helen Fiske, a girlhood friend who die as Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson. All the facts in th

Continued on page xii

NEW BOOKS

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and LESTER COHEN
Author of Sweepings, etc.

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Continued from page x

matter will probably never be known, but it must b admitted that Miss Pollitt makes out a fairly persua sive case. Emily first met Major Hunt in April, 185 in Washington, when she was twenty-four, and appa ently immediately fell in love with him, and he wit her. A little later she met the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth and was also captivated by him, but Miss Polli maintains that the attachment in this instance wa all Platonic. Emily and the Major corresponded fre quently and he saw her at her Amherst home thre or four times thereafter. Whether Mrs.. Hunt knev of the feelings of her husband toward Emily is no certain, though Miss Pollitt believes she did. He die by accident on October 2, 1863, at the age of forty one. There are many photographs, though none o Major Hunt. An index is lacking.

PHILOSOPHY

THE LIVING MIND. *Essays on the Significance o Consciousness.*
By Warner Fite. *The Dial Pres*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5½; 317 pp. *New Yor*

Most of the essays here were previously publishe in the monograph journals and in the more sedat general magazines. They all deal with the allege baleful influence of science on "the higher life." Dr Fite is a great admirer of the late Rudolph Eucken and thinks that "in his affirmation of the spiritua realities as against the social sciences, Eucke [preached] a doctrine of vital importance." He als thinks that despite all the advances in the field of th natural sciences the concept of the soul is as impreg nable as ever. The realists and the behaviorists an all the other thinkers who are trying to bring som element of certainty into the researches about "con sciousness"—they all leave him cold. Bertrand Russel amuses him, but he seems to find it difficult to tak him seriously. Of "A Free Man's Worship, . one o the most eloquent things written in modern times he says shamelessly that it leaves him with "th vision of a Platonic realist shaking his fist at a cigar shop Indian." Russell's general body of ideas, i seems, is "a typical philosophy of the opaque" and fine example of "a woman's reason." All this may b very funny and clever, but one had expected some thing more solid from a professor of philosophy a Princeton.

THE BOOK OF DIOGENES LAERTIUS.
By Richard Hope. *The Columbia University Pres*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5½; 241 pp. *New Yor*

"The Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers, by Diogenes Laertius, has been one of the mysterie of philosophical literature. There is no definitive tex of it, and no one knows for certain when he wrote it

Continued on page xiv

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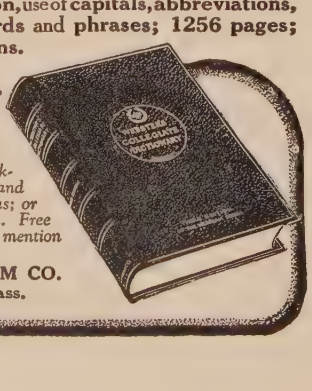

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where he got his information, why he wrote it how reliable he is. Nevertheless, his book has years been used as a source for knowledge of Gr philosophy, mainly because it is the earliest kno history of the subject. Recently, however, scho have begun to doubt more and more the authenti of much of what Diogenes says, and Dr. Hope attempted to put all these doubts within the sp of the present volume. He has done a good job. style of the "Lives," he points out, "is that o diligent collector of notes carelessly thrown togeth . . . Throughout the biographies there is a strain after the novel and the unusual. . . . The Laert instructions in philosophic doctrine, viewed a whole, was such as might well have been given groups meeting at intervals for social fellowsh popular lectures, and friendly discussions. . . . In professed endeavor to give a trustworthy accoun the careers and the doctrinal systems of the outsta ing classic philosophers of Greece, the book wa lamentable failure." There is a good bibliograp and also an index.

POETRY

LAND OF DREAMS *& Other Poems.*
By John Theodore Dalton. *The Knickerbocker P*
$2. 8 x 5½; 59 pp. *New*

The poems printed in this slender posthum volume are very minor pieces indeed. They do even pass muster as fragments of a literary apprent ship, but they have, nevertheless, an enduring inter Mr. Dalton wrote them during the time he was tak the cure for tuberculosis at the Trudeau Sanatori Saranac Lake, N. Y. They were not intended publication; many of them were scribbled on scr of paper, and rescued by friends from the waste bas The literary activity of tuberculous patients is a that has been noted even by the medical faculty; t write voluminous letters, publish magazines h clinical and fictional, write novels and songs stories, but above all produce verse, by the yard by the ream. Mr. Dalton's pieces are absolutely ical: there is a poem called "In a Hospital," wh playfully describes the activities of the nurses; other, called "Flappy's Doctor," which does same for his physician; and others—"Spring at La "Oh, Summer Skies Come Back," "Land of Dream "Dreaming," "Dreams," "Disillusion," "Ha ness," "Meditation," "Parting," "Sunset," "Ki kin," "Limps Along," "The Enchanted Hill always suggesting mood rather than imaginatio certain pitiful courage rather than talent. Robert Davis and Francis von Ardyn contribute brief graphical sketches.

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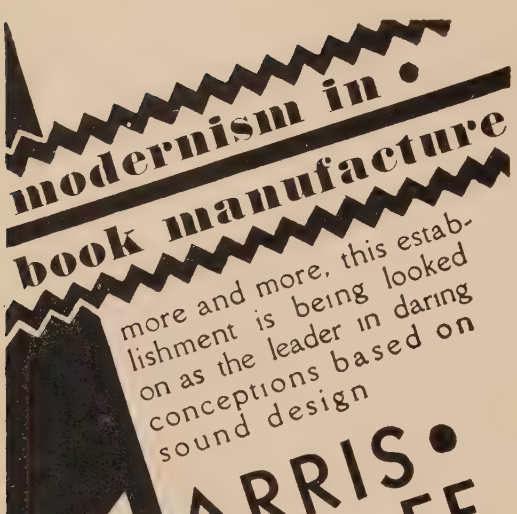

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By Countée Cullen. *Harper & Broth*
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The title poem of this volume is a long amorpho piece, in which Jim, a young Negro, is taken from mother's cabin and lynched for a crime of which he innocent. He becomes a kind of Christ, and is ma to live again after death. A strongly mystical then and one which Mr. Cullen contemplates with p sionate interest, but he never succeeds in subduing to order and meaning. The shorter pieces, as well, wholly lacking in the simplicity and native urge beauty which distinguished his earlier work.

THE LITANY OF WASHINGTON STREET.
By Vachel Lindsay. *The Macmillan Compa*
$3 9¼ x 6; 121 pp. *New Y*

EVERY SOUL IS A CIRCUS.
By Vachel Lindsay. *The Macmillan Compa*
$2.75 9¼ x 6; 120 pp. *New Y*

"Every Soul Is a Circus" contains an uneven bu fairly representative collection of Mr. Lindsay's wo ranging all the way from "Section III," a high superficial performance dedicated to the Camp F Girls and the Boy Scouts, to "The Virginians A Coming Again," an ironic, excellently sustain poem, which reveals the author at his evangeli best. The latter was written as a poetic summary af he had published "The Litany of Washington Stree made up of prose pieces which first appeared in t Dearborn *Independent*, the *English Journal*, and the N *Republic*. "This Washington Street," says Mr. Lin say, "drawn in imagination from the Atlantic to t Pacific, is a great wooded and residential highwa the song and poetry street of every United States tow We have met the darlings of our hearts on Washingt Street. When it enters a grove, or passes throu national park or national forest, . . . we are in c land indeed, a million miles from Babbitt or Ma Street or from any disturbers of the Old Virgi grand style. The street may pass through old batt fields or new and treacherous regions which prom slaughter or storm; but it is as far as the human s may get from the trivial, the puffy, the snappy, cheap; as far as possible from the world of the sm aleck and the go-getter, the cynic, the liar, and wise guys." The two volumes are uniform in form and profusely illustrated.

FICTION

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS.
By Thornton Wilder. *Albert & Charles B*
$2.50 8¼ x 5; 162 pp. *New Y*

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Continued from page xvi

Simo and Chremes are two leading citizens of island. Chremes is eager to have Pamphilus, son Simo, as the husband of his daughter Philume Pamphilus is rather indifferent. He is more interes in the gatherings presided over by Chrysis, Woman of Andros, a slave girl of amazing beauty sharp mind. One day he meets Glycerium, the sis of Chrysis, and instantly falls in love with her. the result of this love Glycerium soon finds that is with child. Before long all of Brynos knows of condition, and who is the cause of it. Pamphil mother is against the marriage of the two, beca her family is of high caste, and Glycerium is no m than a slave. Simo is rather philosophical about business. He tells Pamphilus to do as he thinks be Glycerium's time is rapidly approaching, and Si decides to take her to his house, and the rest of family agree to care for her during her confineme She dies in childbirth, and so does the baby. Pa philus is distressed, and finds his only consolat in the repetition of the sentence, "I praise all livi the bright and the dark." It is difficult to get exci about this novel. It shows all of Mr. Wilder's virt and all of his faults. It is written with some gr and competently put together, but it says very lit Short as it is, it seems to be too long. There is so thing trivial about it, despite all the attempts pointed character analysis, as there was about Wilder's previous two books. Its profundity is of salon variety—charming, a bit saucy, but very sup ficial and frequently banal. Its general style, to sure, is restrained and occasionally elegant, but i also empty.

FORGIVE US OUR HAPPINESS.
By Walton Hall Smith. *Horace Liver*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 272 pp. *New Y*

Reggie Thayer is a typical ne'er-do-well of younger generation, who cannot settle down to b ness, who wastes a good deal of money abroad, w persists in the absurd idea that he can write, and w makes a mess of his marriage with Margot Mass He lives in Clevemont, a typical middle-West social center where there is wealth and a pseu sophistication and the usual substitutes for rea that make life bearable in such a community. H up to his ears in hot water when he falls in love w Eugenia Hutchinson, whom he has known all his but he pulls himself out of it with a significant cc age. In the end, Margot is granted a divorce and h free to marry Eugenia. He recovers from incipi tuberculosis, and his real father, the sagacious Bur Means, dies and leaves him a considerable fortu An engaging story, vividly reflecting the casual sopl tries of the later generations.

Continued on page xx

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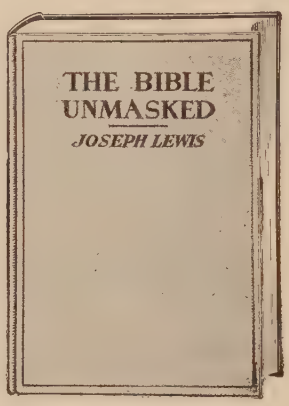

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

A HUNGRY YOUNG LADY.
By Marian Spitzer. *Horace Liver*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 315 pp. *New*

Juliet Dexter has a pretty face, a charming pai legs, a flair for dancing and an adoring husband. E year she is the star of the Hospital Show, and is c fident that a brilliant career awaits her on Broadw if only she can give a little time to it. She m Michael Hastings, a polite producer, and manœu a position in the chorus of his musical review; w she is dismissed, because of her incompetence, sh certain that the wife of the leading man is behind It is the same with all her rejections and failures: inordinate vanity denies any slight upon her abil her invincible beauty. In the end, she renounces career, after refusing an imaginary offer to joi Paris revue and fortifying her decision with a umphant martyrdom. An amusing book but overlo it would have gained in effectiveness if Miss Spi had compressed it by half.

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN.
By Katharine Brush. *Farrar & Rine*
$2 7½ x 5; 325 pp. *New*

Toby McLean, sports writer, and Ann Vaug movie columnist, meet at the Dempsey-Tunney fi and marry within five days. After a brief honeym at Atlantic City, they take a three-room apartm in Ninth street, and settle down to housekeepi only Ann keeps her job, and, incidentally, makes m than Toby. A kind of professional rivalry creeps i their relations, and after a series of rather colleg passes at each other Ann departs for Hollywood Toby for St. Petersburg, Fla., to cover assignments their separate papers. Ann returns to New York wh Toby is still away, and is poisoned by a bottle of whiskey which he left in the apartment, and wh she swallows solely for medicinal purposes. Ther a dramatic and altogether satisfactory reconciliati with Ann once more "starrily happy" and T cherishing the news of a successful novel he secretly perpetrated. A competent but conventic piece of writing.

MISCELLANEOUS

LEGION: *The Book of the British Legion.*
By Various Hands. *Doubleday, Doran & Comp*
$3 9 x 5⅞; 290 pp. *Garden City, L*

The British Legion seems to be a counterpart of American Legion, though apparently it is far n dignified and decent, for among the contributors this volume—published for its benefit—are a num of English writers of high position, including J Galsworthy, Gilbert Murray, Rudyard Kipling

Continued on page xxii

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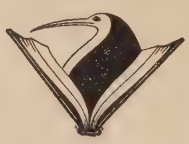

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

the Poet Laureate. Their contributions, unfortunate show little beyond a willingness to be obliging. M Galsworthy offers a charming but trivial reminisce of his childhood, Arnold Bennett argues that t national debt to the veterans of the war should discharged with at least as much grace as the de to Uncle Shylock, Winston Churchill contributes brief note on Earl Haig, Dr. Murray, the Po Laureate, G. K. Chesterton, Sir Henry Newbo J. C. Squire, John Drinkwater and Edith Sitwell co forward with pleasant but not notable poems, a Mr. Kipling, whose raucous Billingsgate during t war will be remembered, has a ballad in which contends that a noble reticence is characteristica English. The best poem in the collection is by t Poet Laureate; the best piece of prose is probably short story by Sarah Gertrude Millin. From tho heights the book slides down to banality and wor

CRITIQUE OF LOVE.
By Fritz Wittels. *The Macaulay Compa*
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 317 pp. *New Yo*

Dr. Wittels is a Viennese, and has been in successi a pupil, a critic and again a follower of Freud. He now in the United States, and seems to have g a welcome from the Calverton-Schmalhausen scho of "sexologists." In the present book there is lit that is new. It rehearses laboriously what eve customer of "sexology" already knows. There a the usual chapters on sexual perversions, the relatio between parents and children, and love and marriag

PRACTICAL CRITICISM. *A Study of Literary Jud ment.*
By I. A. Richards. *Harcourt, Brace & Compa*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 375 pp. *New Yo*

Mr. Richards, who is a lecturer at Cambridge, h been in the habit of issuing printed sheets of poen with the authors' names not revealed, to his studen for comment. Here he prints thirteen of the poe (by writers as different as John Donne and Edna S Vincent Millay) and the student criticisms thereo The latter reveal many interesting things, which M Richards summarizes very judiciously at the end the volume. For one thing they show that even t best of students (those who participated in the expe ment were reading for honors) are sadly lacking general experience of life. This probably explains large part "the widespread inability to constr meaning, which is perhaps the deficiency made mo apparent in my selections." Most of the young m and women were plainly bewildered by the vers presented to them, and had nothing intelligent to sa All of this is not particularly new to those who ha anything to do with literary matters, but Mr. Richar is the first man to prove it on so elaborate a scal

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The American
MERCURY

April 1930

A NATION OF ELDERS IN THE MAKING

BY WARREN S. THOMPSON & P. K. WHELPTON

N 1790, one hundred and forty years ago, we took our first national census. At that time we had a population of 29,214. This in itself represented a very id growth in the century and three-rters during which white settlement l been going on. But it seems small in nparison with the 31,000,000 we had in o at the outbreak of the Civil War. ring this period of seventy years our pulation doubled every twenty-three rs and was just about eight times as ge in 1860 as it had been in 1790.

By the time this year's census is taken, the end of the second seventy-year iod of our census taking, our popula-n will have grown to 120,000,000. This bout four times its size seventy years , but it represents a rate of growth newhat less than one-half that of the lier period. There can be no doubt that ing the next seventy-year period, 1930 2000, our rate of growth will still fur-r decline.

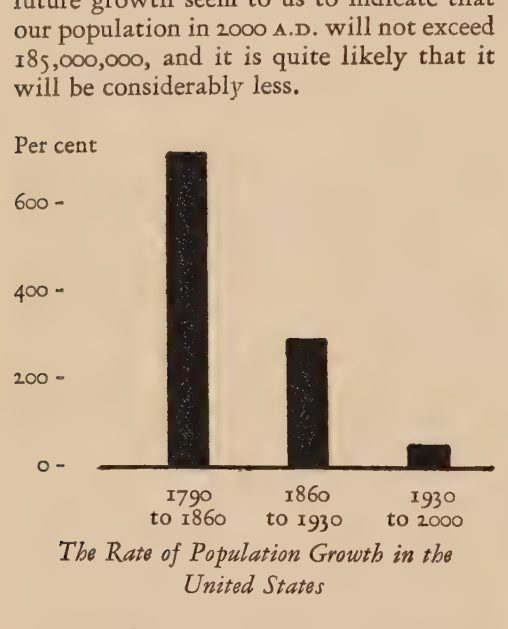
Even our vociferous professional boosters n to be convinced of this, for we find m talking of no more than 240,000,000 250,000,000 people in the year 2000. ey apparently feel that they are being remely conservative when they say that population will double only once in next seventy years. This is only one-d the rate of increase of the last seventy years and surely, they say, we should attain this figure, even with immigration restricted.

But after all, 120,000,000 more people are a great many, and with them in view, those who worship numbers may feel, at first thought, that they can be satisfied with the increase. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether this satisfaction will be lasting, for even so much gain will not be sufficient to meet the demands of all our communities for growth. Pearl's estimate for the New York area alone calls for an additional 17,000,000 persons, or one-seventh of this entire number, and similar estimates for the Los Angeles and Chicago areas demand increases of 7,500,000 and 5,500,000 respectively, making a total of 30,000,000.

If these figures are questioned by local enthusiasts, it is only on the ground that they are too low. Should the other sixty-five cities having populations of more than 100,000 grow at an equal rate, they will need another 30,000,000, and since the still smaller cities have been growing at an even more rapid rate, they will need yet 80,000,000 more.

Already the cities have more than exhausted the growth of the entire country, and while the rural population may show some decrease in numbers, it cannot conceivably make up this deficit. Thus even

the optimistic estimate of a 240,000,000 population in 2000 A.D. cannot satisfy the "bigness" demands of our cities. Furthermore, it is so extremely unlikely that we shall double in numbers during the next seventy years that the populationist cannot help regarding any such estimates of our city growth as utterly fantastic. Indeed, the 60,000,000 persons needed by our larger cities if they are to continue their growth at popularly estimated rates nearly equals the most liberal estimate we can sanction for our entire increase during the next seven decades. The changes now going on in the factors which will determine our future growth seem to us to indicate that our population in 2000 A.D. will not exceed 185,000,000, and it is quite likely that it will be considerably less.



The Rate of Population Growth in the United States

We need not spend much time here in pointing out the value of estimating as closely as possible our population growth during the remainder of this century. It is quite clear that if we are to plan in the best possible manner for our future welfare, we shall need to know fairly accurately how many of us there will be from time to time in the future.

To be concrete: Shall we build railways, canals, highways, telephone and telegraph lines, postoffices, and so forth for 240,000,000 people or for 175,000,000? Shall we plan an educational organization cap ble of caring for 35,000,000 children for 50,000,000? Shall we undertake an agr cultural programme, including irrigatio and reclamation, which when in operatio will produce food, clothing, and so forth for 240,000,000 people or for only three fourths that number? Shall we try develop an industrial system capable producing manufactured goods for th larger or the smaller population?

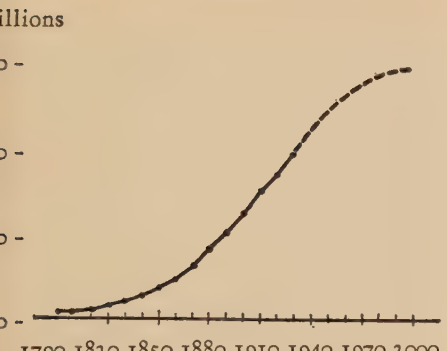
Obviously these are important questio and the more nearly correctly we can a swer them now the better it will fare wit us in the long run.

II

To explain convincingly why we believ that we shall certainly not have more tha 185,000,000 people here in 2000 A.D. an why we further believe that our popul tion may cease to grow before that tim it is only necessary to make a rapid su vey of our national trend of births an deaths.

In the United States as a whole, th birth-rate has been declining very rapid of late years. Although this decline com menced over a century ago, it has been pa ticularly marked since 1920. During th last eight years the birth-rate has falle from 23.7 a thousand of population to 19. or over one-sixth. The death-rate, on th other hand, has fallen more slowly tha the birth-rate for some years, and sin 1920 has scarcely fallen at all. The resu is that a crude rate of natural increase 10.6 in 1920, which appeared very lo then, had fallen one-third, to 7.3, in th year 1928.

This is probably not more than one-thir to one-fourth of what it was prior to 189 But that is not all. For even a continuatio of the present birth- and death-rates each age of life will result in a populatio having far fewer children and many mo elderly people and, as a consequence, a ra of increase of less than one-third the 192 rate.



The Ebbing Tide of Population Growth

Furthermore, it is as certain as anything n be that the present birth-rates are ing to decline still further in the near ure. The best evidence of that decline found in the fact that the 1928 birth- es for certain sections of the population much below those for the entire coun- . Already the white population of our ge cities and indeed of some of the more ghly urbanized States in the Northeast s birth-rates too low to maintain its sent numbers over any considerable iod of time. Thus if the 1928 birth-rates d death-rates at each age of life prevail the future and no additions are made, cept through births from within the up, the white population of Connecti- , Massachusetts, and New York will ve more deaths than births, and will de- ase 31% in a century. On the same basis, whites in New York, Philadelphia, troit, and eight other of our larger ies will decline 40%.

A similar situation exists among Negroes the large cities and industrial States, for continuation of the birth- and death- es of recent years will also lead to an ess of deaths over births.

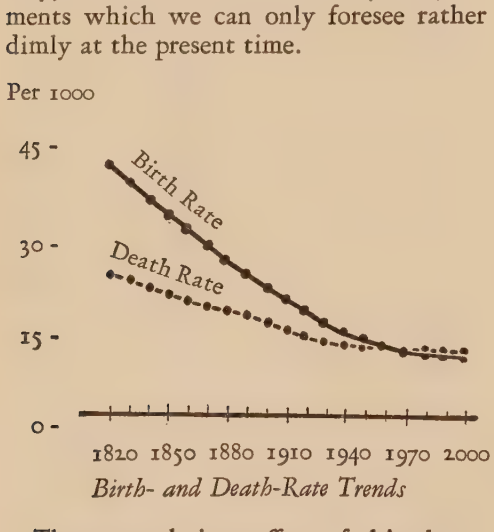
There is not the least doubt that the low th-rates characteristic of our cities and re highly industrialized States are going set the standard for the rest of the ntry. In Kansas and Minnesota, the th-rate fell one-fifth from 1920 to 1928, rly reaching the low level of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York. In North and South Carolina there was a decline of nearly one-sixth in these years, at which pace the present Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York birth-rates would be reached in another decade or two. In most other agricultural States the birth-rate has declined in a similar manner, bringing it much nearer to the level of the industrial States, while in Oregon and Washington it has even fallen below this level.

The personal advantages of small families are rapidly being realized by all classes of people in every section of the country. Grandfather used to say laughingly that his children were all boys but nine, while his neighbor spoke of his four older girls, George, and Gertrude, and the five younger boys. Now the small son of a friend, after watching eight or nine children playing around a Kentucky farmer's shack, asked his mother, "Do three families live there?" and on being answered in the negative, exclaimed in surprise, "Why! can one family have more than three children?" But grandfather's children did not receive the expensive college educations that we wish ours to have, neither did they have their teeth straightened, their adenoids and tonsils removed, and other improvements made over nature. Neither was grandmother concerned about woman's rights, political activities, or a business career.

In cities and within the sphere of city influence this youngster's attitude represents the customary attitude toward the family. More and more of the rural population are coming to be in such close touch with cities through their newspapers, radios, and auto trips that they naturally adopt the viewpoint and standards of the urban dweller. These ruralites are fast cutting down on one large agricultural surplus, viz., the surplus children who will move to the cities when they come of age. There is good reason, therefore, to believe that the population growth of the United States during the remaining seventy years of this century will be but a small fraction

of what it has been in the past, unless, of course, the immigration barriers are lowered sufficiently to allow a new flood of foreigners to enter the country.

There should be no difficulty now in understanding why we believe that our population will not exceed 185,000,000 in the year 2000 and will in all probability be some millions less. Furthermore, it requires no argument to convince anyone that this slowing up in population growth will necessitate very great changes in our entire mental furniture. Practically all of our social and economic problems will bear a different aspect as a consequence of this relatively slow growth, and when the population becomes practically stationary (probably by the last quarter of the century) we shall have to make many readjustments which we can only foresee rather dimly at the present time.



Birth- and Death-Rate Trends

The most obvious effect of this slower population growth is the way in which it will affect our business structure as a whole. As we look back on our economic development it seems clear that given our economic resources and a population doubling every few years, we were certain to have businesses of all kinds growing by leaps and bounds. No wonder "business as usual" has come to mean a continuous and rapid expansion. Many communities and many individuals are due for a very rude awakening when it becomes clear that business expansion at the rate of the las three or four decades is not to continue in definitely.

In a very real sense, our present economi structure is reared on the basis of a pro longed bull market due not only to th rise in our standards of living, but also an even more to our increase in numbers When we no longer have 15% to 25% mor customers every decade we are going t have to revamp many of our business prac tices. Competition will become far mor keen than it has been and economic succes more difficult of attainment. Our economi structure will be more like that of olde countries in spite of the great riches of ou natural resources.

III

It has been characteristic of our industria leaders in the past that they have steadil expanded their activities because of thei unbounded confidence in the increase o the purchasing power of the consumin public. Until quite recently it has appeare that this confidence in the future wa fully justified. At present, however, ther is clear evidence that many industrialist have expanded beyond the capacity of ou population to consume the goods the can put on the market. Our automobil factories can produce 50% more machine than can be sold, our steel mills can tur out about one-third more billets than any one will buy, our radio manufacturers ca soon supply each member of the famil with a radio, and so one might continu indefinitely. There are probably not man important industries in the country tha cannot turn out 20% to 50% more good than they can sell.

All this has happened in spite of the fac that up to now we have had a rapidly in creasing population to take these goods o the market. What will happen as our pop ulation growth declines? Our estimate show that the rate of increase will be onl two-thirds to three-fourths as great in th decade 1930–40 as in the decade just ending

d that the absolute growth will be little any greater than it was in the decade 90–1900. With this great decline in population growth and with a plant capacity eady well in excess of our demands, it quires no prophet to foresee that our siness men are soon going to face some midable problems in adjusting our economic organization to the new situation. ll they be able to make these readjustnts so easily and quickly that our prosity will not lapse?

Of course, this question cannot be anered definitely; even if it could, it is not thin our province to attempt the aner in any detail here. But we may say, passing, that it seems quite likely that r business men will have to give far more ention to means of increasing the pursing power of the great mass of the ople than they have done hitherto if they to continue expanding their enterprises anything like the rate of the last two or ee decades. From the standpoint of the nufacturer or trader, ten persons who in aggregate spend $15,000 are as good or even better, than fifteen who spend same amount. Hence if we are to have y ten additional persons where we merly had fifteen, we must either curtail output or increase the ability of these to take goods off the market. In other rds, if we are to have fewer customers, y must be better customers. Business st see that this is so or the country will er.

Even with considerable improvements individual purchasing ability, we may ect a far keener competition for the sumer's dollar than we have yet exienced. Not only will firms within an ustry gird themselves to best their ils, but there will be more and more petition between firms making differ- kinds of goods. The advice recently ead country-wide, "Reach for a Lucky ead of a sweet," illustrates a type of petition between different classes of ds that will increase rapidly.

is easy to understand how practically every business could expect a fair increase in sales when every year saw not only a gain in the purchasing power of the individual customer but also a very considerable growth in the number of customers. When the increase in customers becomes small or even non-existent, there will come a real conflict and test of fitness. It is altogether probable that forms of business organization which were good enough to survive under the conditions of easy competition, produced by a rapidly growing population, will not be able to meet the new conditions, and that we shall see new forms of business organization developed. If these new forms are really more efficient, then they will make for the general welfare; if, however, they take the form of monopolies organized to fleece the consumer they will, in the end, kill the goose that lays the golden egg, thus impoverishing the entire community. The present epidemic of mergers makes one wonder whether the monopoly plan is not likely to be the one many of our present business leaders prefer. In any event, new developments in population growth will demand new forms of business organization. There can be no doubt of that.

IV

How poorly an industry may be organized to meet changes in demand is well illustrated by the present situation of agriculture. Not only is it composed of millions of small producers competing with one another, but it is also very inadequately supplied with the facts on which an intelligent readjustment must be based. Of course, agriculture is very difficult to organize because of the great number of farms, but there is reason to believe that many other industries will find themselves in a somewhat similar situation if they do not soon begin to take account of our slower population growth and to make readjustments which will be adapted to these new conditions.

Just what part the spirit of optimism,

engendered by our rapid and continuous population growth, has played in our industrial development we cannot say, but that it has been important no one will deny. The confidence in the future which fairly oozes from so many people when they see things about them growing rapidly may evaporate when they come to realize that their city, their State, and even their country are not expanding as rapidly as in the past. This may lead not only to the curtailment of new enterprises; it may also lead to a greater caution in the development of existing enterprises, which will, in turn, react upon the efficiency of the entire economic organization.

It is not at all unlikely that in the not-distant future we shall see a considerable number of men fail in various lines of business in which they have been fairly successful in the past, because they lack the adaptability which will enable them to meet these newer conditions. This always happens in any period of readjustment, but this time the readjustment must be along lines quite different from that of past times because a rapid slowing up of population is an entirely new factor in our experience. Hence we may look forward to a period of somewhat prolonged bewilderment on the part of many young men who are now being brought up in our booster school of prosperity.

It may also be pointed out that many a real estate bubble is bound to be pricked because there will not be enough people to build houses in all the subdivisions that are being laid out, or to man the factories that might be built in the industrial zones, or to use the offices in the super-skyscrapers that are being erected. There is something almost pathetic in the faith of realtors in the growth of their particular city. They are all certain that in a short time their city will double or triple in numbers, and they have already established values on this basis.

We would not leave the impression that we regard this slowing up in our population growth as a cause for pessimism. We do not. It necessarily involves some ver complex and difficult readjustments whic will prove painful to many people whos habits of thought and action have bee fixed during our period of rapid expansion But there is a decidedly bright side to th picture. It has been more than we could d hitherto to care for the bare increase i numbers everywhere. No city has bee able to house its schools properly becaus it was kept so busy providing new build ings for increased numbers that little at tention could be given to better and mor adequate housing. A slowing up in popu lation growth should be a veritable god send to real educators everywhere, for i will give them time to consider the qualit of their work. City governments will als have time to ask what can be done to mak more decent living possible for the grea masses of their working populations, they are not so fully occupied with ex tending streets, sewers, transportatio lines, and so forth. Just think of what few hundreds of millions spent in beautify ing our cities, in making parks accessibl to all the people, in condemning and tea ing down tuberculous tenements, and i building municipal theatres and musi halls might mean in the lives of the work ing people in our cities!

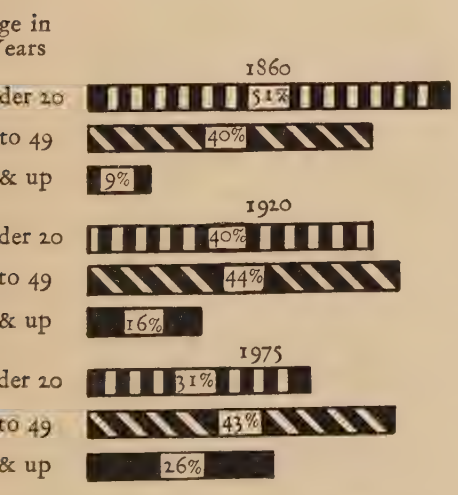
We see no reason to believe that as people we are essentially incapable of civic pride which is based on making ou cities and States better and better place in which men can live and enjoy life, bu as long as we are obsessed with the ide that bigness alone is a legitimate source o pride, we cannot expect much growth o the finer sort of civic sentiment. That ou rapid population growth in the past ha fostered this obsession with size admits o no doubt. When we can no longer boast o numbers we shall be more likely to tak pride in our parks, our museums, our l braries, our healthy people, our good (no big) theatres, our clean streets, our smoke less factories, our comfortable homes fo working people, our schools and unive sities that educate, our taste in music an

thousand other things more worthy our
ide than bigness.

Far from regarding a slow population
owth with dismay, we should look for-
ard to it with eagerness because it will
ve us time, energy, and funds to spend on
proving the quality of our living.

V

eanwhile, the slowing up in our rate of
owth cannot possibly take place with-
t being accompanied by very significant
anges in our national make-up. Com-
red with earlier times and even with
day, we shall become a nation of elders.
e continued decline in the birth-rate will
t into the proportion of children and
olescents until it is only three-fourths as
ge as at present. At the same time, fur-
er improvements in health conditions
ll increase the proportion of older per-
ns two-thirds above the present level.
e balance between old and young to
ich we are accustomed will thus be en-
ely upset, for instead of having twenty-
e persons under twenty years of age for
ch ten persons over fifty, the ratio will
op to twelve to ten, less than half as
ny.



The Population of the United States in Age Groups

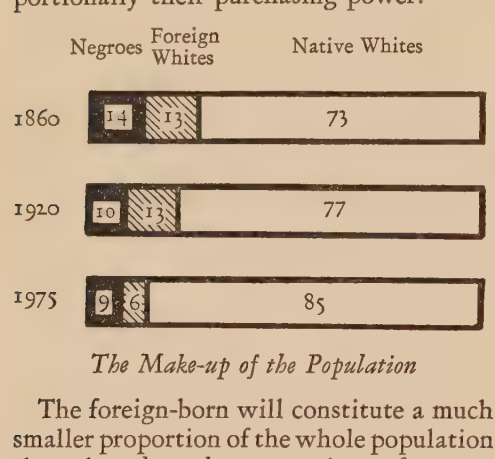
The decline in infant deaths which has done so much to offset the decline in the birth-rate hitherto is almost at an end. Already in this country only sixty to seventy babies die in the first year of life out of each thousand born. The New Zealand rate of thirty-five to forty deaths a thousand born represents practically the lowest limit attainable, and cannot be reached here for three or four decades at the earliest. Thus a decline in the birth-rate in the future will more quickly manifest itself in a reduction of the proportion of young people than was the case in the past. An increase in the proportion of elders might be checked by a rise in the death-rates at the older ages. Indeed, there is some evidence that such a change has been occurring of late. But with increased attention being focused on preventive medicine and such diseases of middle and later life as diabetes and cancer, it is improbable that these death-rates will go enough higher to prevent the proportion of older persons from rising.

The only way in which a population can be kept young is by having a birth-rate well above the death-rate, as we have had from early colonial times until the beginning of this century. But our birth-rate, as has been shown, is now falling faster than our death-rate, and the spread between the two has become so narrow that it may be wiped out or even reversed before 2000 A.D. This diminishing excess of births over deaths has already resulted in some rise in the proportion of persons over fifty and will do so increasingly throughout this century. The restriction of immigration will also have an influence on these age changes, for the bulk of the incoming foreigners in former days were young adults with their children. Unless the immigration barriers are raised, they will never again arrive in large numbers to swell the age groups under forty.

Before discussing the consequences of these changes in age composition let us notice rather briefly the decrease that will occur in the proportion of Negroes and of

foreign-born in our population and the increase in urban living.

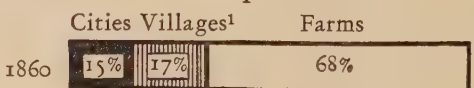
In working out estimates of our future population we have kept the more important elements separate and thus are able to tell approximately their numbers and proportions as we near the time when we shall have no growth. In 1975 the Negroes will constitute a somewhat smaller proportion of the total population than they do today. They will also become steadily more urban, so that about 55% or 60% of them will live in urban communities as compared with one-third living there in 1920, and this urban increase will have been much greater in Northern cities than in Southern. Since there can be no doubt that urban Negroes in the North have considerably larger purchasing power than the rural Negroes in the South, the net effect of this cityward movement among them should be to increase more than proportionally their purchasing power.



The Make-up of the Population

The foreign-born will constitute a much smaller proportion of the whole population than they do today, assuming, of course, that our present immigration policy is not radically modified. They will be only one-sixteenth of our total population in 1975, whereas in 1920 they were over one-eighth. Indeed, the decline in the proportion of the foreign-born and the changes in their sources of origin are important factors in hastening the decline in the birth-rate in the United States. Today in our cities it is only among the immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe that the birth-rate remains high. Consequently, with low in migration quotas, particularly for thes European countries, the foreign-born an their children will become of less and le importance as time goes on. This fact wi also have some influence upon our econom structure, for in the past, the foreign-bor have been among our most poorly pai population and have spent most of the incomes on necessities for their large fan ilies. In the future, they will come to u with better standards of living (excep the Mexicans), will demand higher wage and having smaller families, their expend tures will include many things not to b classed as necessities.

Still another change in the compositio of our population which is of importanc is the continued shift from country to city In 1975 less than one-third of our peopl will live in the smaller towns and on th farms. The efficiency of the farmer's labo is increasing very rapidly at present, a most as rapidly as that of the factor worker, so that a smaller and smaller pro portion of our population is needed on th farms. It is not at all improbable that wit continued gains in farm efficiency, it wi be possible for 15% or 20% of our worker to produce all the agricultural goods w need. On the other hand, there is appar ently no limit to man's appetite for manu factured goods; hence we may expect to se a steady cityward movement of populatio as long as people believe they can live be ter and work less in the cities than on th farms. The movement from the farms is on solution of the farm problem.



[1]All places of less than 10,000 inhabitants.

The Distribution of Population

If the farm to city migration continues even becomes greater it may well be at there will be comparatively little fference in the purchasing power of com-rable groups on the farm and in the city. present, however, and probably for me time to come, a shift to the city un-ubtedly adds somewhat to one's pur-asing power. Thus the continuance of e cityward movement will aid in keep-g up the buying power of the public as r rate of increase declines.

VI

t us now turn our attention to effects of e changes in age composition upon our cial and economic life. These are so nu-erous and so all-pervading that we can scuss only a few of the more important them here.

We have been hearing a great deal of late garding the attitude of industry and siness in general toward men past forty. appears that many firms have an absolute adline at forty and will not consider ring any one either in the factory or the ice who is past that age. We shall not go o the whys and wherefores of this atti-de, nor shall we inquire whether it is st and reasonable. We shall content our-ves here with pointing out that there ll be a large and steady increase of per-ns over forty in our population during e next several decades. This fact is as cer-n as that the sun will rise tomorrow. e must, therefore, squarely face the prob-n of how these older people, whom the ciency experts are now turning out, are be provided for so that they can intain their self-respect and will not nstitute a crushing burden upon the pro-ctive energies of younger people.

Charity is out of the question; it is de-ding to both the giver and the recipient, l when we are dealing with the vast nbers employed in offices and factories, would lead to economic catastrophe. ere is but one way that a self-respecting ilized people can deal with this problem. Our business organization, as a whole, must be so modified that it can find places for able-bodied workers over forty. Indeed, it must find places for all able-bodied workers no matter what their age, and even for many who are not able-bodied but who can still maintain themselves if they are given tasks suited to their strength and capacity.

It has been possible for business largely to ignore this problem of the older worker as long as there were comparatively few of them and as long as the community could be induced to raise ever larger chests to care for them. The time is near, however, when this problem will become so vast and so obvious that it can no longer be circumvented. A pension plan that may work successfully when there are only three persons in the prime of life to one past it, as in 1920, will be very much less successful when the ratio becomes three to two, in 1975 or earlier. Either the cost paid by the younger workers and the company will become too burdensome, or the payments to the pensioners quite inadequate. Our business leaders must recognize that as our youth is passing, our economic structure must be adapted to the new conditions. As yet they seem to be quite unconscious of the significance of these larger population movements.

When some way is found to keep the older workers profitably employed, this change in our age composition should increase our general economic prosperity. It will be recalled that the increase in older people is largely offset by the decrease in those under twenty. The proportion of the population in the most productive ages will change but little. Now, it is quite likely that even though a man of sixty cannot earn as much as he did at thirty, he will yet have more to spend on each individual dependent than he had during the years when he was raising his family. Hence the general economic effects of this increasing group of older people will depend upon the way in which we organize to make use of their labor. They can be

allowed to become dependent and thus add enormously to the overhead costs of all productive enterprises as well as detract from individual incomes, or they can be absorbed into our scheme of production and made self-supporting as well as more happy and self-respecting. That industrial leaders will recognize this great problem and solve it in the humane way which is also the way of their economic advantage is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

But whatever may be the attitude of industry towards the older worker, our problems of dependency will be vastly different in the future from what they have been in the past. No matter how honestly and thoroughly business works over its scrap heap and reclaims its workers, the dependents of the future will tend more and more largely to be old people. As the size of the family decreases there will be less and less need for many kinds of child welfare work and more and more need for rehabilitation work with older people. Since this is by far the least successful of all the different types of social work, it is evident that the problems of dependency will require more study and thought than they have received in the past. It is but natural that social workers should have neglected rehabilitation work for child welfare work because the results of the latter are so much more gratifying. The time is coming soon, however, when rehabilitation work will be their major task.

But if the increase in older people is going to raise many new and difficult social problems, the decrease in children is going to make it easier to solve some of our present difficulties. Certainly the schools and child welfare agencies, as well as the parents, will welcome the chance to give a slowly increasing number of children better schools and better care than they gave the rapidly increasing number in the past. It is fortunate that this should be the case, for children born into a complex industrial community need a far more elaborate equipment for life than children born into a rather primitive pioneer community When life is simple the child can be reason ably well prepared to care for itself by it parents and the neighborhood. With th increasing complexity of industrial life an the necessity for specialization in work, child's period of training must be increase and this training must be largely given b those specially prepared for the task. Th decline in the birth-rate may enable us t catch up with the training of children fo the new industrial order. If it does this i will certainly be a great gain to the com munity, since the failure to give adequat training for modern urban living is mos certainly one of the important causes of th present anarchical conduct of young people

VII

Another consequence of our changing ag composition will be an increase in th death-rate of our population as a whole The highest death-rates always occur i early infancy and old age; our 1920 rat during the first year after birth was simila to that of persons over sixty, and durin the second year to that of persons betwee fifty and sixty. The proportion of childre under two will decrease in the future, bu not nearly as fast as the proportion of per sons over fifty will increase. Hence, eve if death-rates at each age of life remain a at present, the general death-rate for th entire population will increase consider ably, due to the older age composition. O course, we expect some continued declin in the death-rates of infants, but as previ ously indicated, the chance for saving her is becoming small. And part of the addi tional weaker infants carried through th first years will only swell the death-rate at later ages when they are weeded out Death-rates for persons between ten an thirty have continued to fall since 1920 but comparatively few people die at these ages anyway.

We have already mentioned the tendency toward increasing deaths past middle age This has gone on steadily since 1920, until

e 1927 and 1928 death-rates of persons
ty and over are not only higher than in
90, 1900, and 1910, but one-fifth higher
an in 1920. So the important thing in the
ure will be the larger proportions in the
der part of the population, which will
se the general death-rate from about 12
housand, as in recent years, to 15, 16, or
en 17 a thousand in 1975. We must learn
think of this rising general death-rate,
t as evidence of a decline in the effective-
ss of medical practice nor of a relaxation
our public health work, but simply as
e inevitable accompaniment of our in-
asing age.

It is intriguing to speculate upon the
ects of this rise in the general death-rate,
e to having more old people to die, upon
r fiscal system. If a larger proportion of
ose who die are elderly people, the
ates left are likely to increase consider-
y in number and it is probable that their
gregate value will also increase. Here is
source of revenue of which compara-
ely little use has been made in this
ntry up to the present. It is not prob-
e that it will escape so easily in the
ure. Furthermore, as the number of
ect descendants (children and grand-
ldren) to share in an estate decreases
the number of estates going to col-
eral heirs increases, there will probably
less disposition to oppose inheritance
es than there is at present. It is quite
ely, therefore, that the inheritance tax
l bulk much larger in our fiscal pro-
mme in the future than it has hitherto.
t is interesting also to speculate upon
ne of the changes in our habits of con-
nption which are likely to follow upon
changing age composition. If more of
are going to die we shall need more
lertakers, or should we say, morticians,
more coffins; if we are to have fewer
ths and more old people, we shall need
er baby carriages and more wheel
irs, fewer juvenile books and more
ys and books of sermons; as we grow
er we shall also want fewer dinner jack-
and more smoking jackets; fewer base-
ball diamonds and more golf links; and so on. A population that is growing older will certainly have considerably different buying habits from those we now have.

Since we are going to have these changes in our buying habits, the merchandizing of goods (merchandizing, not salesmanship) will have to become a real science. The person who has something to sell will have to search out potential buyers more systematically than hitherto, and will have to make his approach to them on the basis of their known wants. Advertisers, as they become aware of population changes, will demand proof that their advertising reaches the people who have the money and the inclination to purchase their goods. It is obvious that it does no good to advertise soothing syrup in an old ladies' home, which, figuratively speaking, is what many advertisers are doing today. When competition becomes keener, as it certainly will with a slower population growth, merchants will have to keep better track of the changes in the make-up of the groups they want to reach. They will then become vitally interested in the differences in age groups and will try to anticipate the changes which are likely to take place in order to keep their manufacturing and merchandizing policies up-to-date.

VIII

Let us leave the matter of the economic effects of an older population at this point and notice briefly what are likely to be some of the more important social effects of growing older. Here again we must confine our attention to one or two general effects of this change.

The most important general social effect of growing older will probably be a gradual movement in the direction of conservatism. We shall be a far more conservative people in many ways than we now are when we average about ten to fifteen years older than at present. It will, perhaps, be difficult for many people to conceive how we could become more conservative of prop-

erty rights than we now are, but even this may happen. The more likely thing, however, is that we shall become more conservative in our economic activity and in our political organization.

In spite of all our reverence for property rights, we have not been afraid to gamble with big stakes when the prize was large. Thus we find a manufacturer searching assiduously for more efficient methods of production and scrapping many millions of dollars worth of machinery in the hope of capturing a larger market by a better and perhaps a cheaper product. This fundamental radicalism in industry has been one of our most marked characteristics. It stands out in bold contrast to the attitude of the French or English business man. In trying to account for this aggressiveness in economic enterprise we must not, of course, overlook our pioneer heritage, our vast natural resources, and our unbounded optimism, but we must also consider that a great deal of economic power has always been held among us by comparatively young men. Men who are not yet out of their twenties have often been entrusted with the direction of great enterprises and it is no uncommon thing for a father to turn his business over to a son who can scarcely find enough hair on his face to shave.

One cannot but wonder whether we shall have the same amount of enterprise when we find that most men who hold any amount of property are past fifty and many of them are between sixty and seventy years of age. There is much reason to believe that our industrial leaders will be less daring, less inclined to take a chance than they now are when most of them will be ten or fifteen years older than at present.

It is one of the constant complaints of young Englishmen and Frenchmen that they have no chance at home, that old men are in the saddle and will not allow the enterprising youngster opportunity to show what he can do. No doubt this is the eternal complaint of youth against age; but one certainly hears less of it here than in Europe, and less of it in Germany, whe the population is young like ours, than i France and England. We would not attrib ute all these differences in enterprise t differences in age, but we do believe tha this is a very significant factor and that w shall have to organize carefully if we a to prevent a large measure of dry rot in ou economic system when it comes to be ope ated and controlled by older men.

Will we also develop a larger measure c conservatism in politics as we grow olde As was said above, it sometimes seems tha this would be well-nigh impossible. Bu we venture to believe that our rigorou assertion of property rights in this countr is due not so much to a belief in the in herent rights of property as to a convictio that what one has gained by hard work an ingenuity (and luck) shall not be take away from him by *ex post facto* laws. Suc a sense of property rights is not dependen upon one's age nor upon the belief in god-given right to certain goods becaus they have been in the family for a lon time. It is quite compatible with a willing ness to experiment politically, which th true conservative never has. It is quit probable, then, that we shall become mor conservative in politics, as well as in busi ness as we grow older, and that we shal come to cherish more tenderly the old an the customary simply because they are ol and customary.

As a counterpoise to the more con servative rule of the elders which is almos sure to develop, we shall probably have a fa more vigorous radical party than we hav had heretofore. A genuine conservativ party naturally demands radical opposi tion and that we have not yet develope such a party is proof that up to the pre sent our conservatism has not been o the dyed in the wool variety. When w develop, as we probably shall, a conserv atism which demands not property rights but also special personal privileges fo those who have property and which re gards the innovation of youth as sacrilege then we may expect a concerted attac

on this older group by youth and by se who do not enjoy the special privi- es of property. Whenever conservatism nishes enough grievances we shall have active radicalism. Our changing age nposition will assist materially in de- oping this opposition.

IX

s interesting to speculate upon the effect an increase in the average age upon our usements and our cultural activities—in ord, upon the way we use our leisure. l greater maturity lead us to develop re interest in the activity of our minds less in that of our legs? Will advancing increase the number of admirers of the ts, the painters, the novelists, the mu- ans, and so forth, and decrease that of athletic and movie stars of varying gnitudes? Is it likely that the followers he orchestra will become more numer- while those of the jazz band will ease? These questions cannot be an- red with any degree of certainty, but it ot at all impossible that an increase in average age of ten to fifteen years may e a rather marked effect upon the use make of our leisure. It may easily come ass that an older population will sup- more good concerts and serious lec- s and fewer dance-halls than our present ulation does; that it will buy more ks and stay at home more to read them; that it will find more enjoyment in study- ing nature intimately than in seeing how many miles of roadside it can eat up in a day. We are not passing moral judgment on these different ways of using leisure; we are merely trying to point out that the age changes now under way may lead to quite a different organization of the industries and agencies furnishing amusement and opportunities for personal development to people when not at work.

Space does not permit any detailed dis- cussion of the effects of greater native-born- ness, nor of the increase in urban dwellers. But manifestly these changes will exercise a considerable influence upon our social order. One may wonder whether when 70% or more of us live in cities we will tolerate the modern city in anything like its present form, or whether we will re- make it so that it is a decent place for people to live and work in; whether we will still believe that all good things come from big crowds, or whether we shall learn that the human spirit can thrive even in small places if it is provided with the right sort of contacts. One may also won- der whether the blending of the diverse elements in our population into a more homogeneous, perhaps more unified whole, will add to or subtract from the possibility of our making some substantial contribu- tions to human living. But we must close with wondering, for we cannot answer; we can only discuss.

CROESUS AT THE ALTAR

BY ALFRED E. PROWITT

Even in infancy the peculiarities of Wilbur Glenn Voliva were manifest. According to his official biographer the swaddled babe in its first hours displayed strong facial outlines, piercing black eyes, straight black hair, and a commanding personality. No doubt the neighbors gathered from miles around to gaze at this marvel of the year 1870. Heredity may have contributed to the matter, for the father, James Voliva, was himself an astounding man. Although a lawyer by profession, he had heard the call of the land, but in selecting a location for his farm he shut his ears against the Devil's suggestion to settle on fertile soil, and instead chose a rough tract near Covington, Ind., reasoning that his sons needed active exercise and that they would get plenty of it in clearing away the jungle of tough brush, thickets, and black walnut stumps.

Thus early in life Pastor Voliva, now boss of Zion City, Ill., the creation of the immortal John Alexander Dowie, came to know callouses. While boys on the neighboring farms were capering along the highway with baseball bats, toy wagons, and fish poles, he was playing with the grubhoe, the ax, and the shovel. It was while he was tugging at obstinate roots that his mind began to function and he inaugurated his long series of meditations on the Devil. Thereafter his life had a new bent. He lolled over the hoe to vision Paradise; and if this exercise brought occasional spankings from his father, who mistook his rhapsodies for laziness, the punishment was easily borne. Thus the Big Purpose came and remained with the boy, and he determined to become a worker in more heavenly fields. He took the idea so se ously that at the awkward age of sixte he was already belaboring the easy-goi Hoosiers with warnings of divine veng ance.

At nineteen he entered Union Christi College in Indiana and began to pinch-h in the pulpits of the so-called Christia or New Light Church. Five years later attended the seminary at Standfordsvill N. Y., and also began to preach in Albany church. Leaving there, he becan pastor of the "Christian" church at Yo Harbor, Maine, a fashionable Summer r sort, where he was stirred mightily wh certain lewd women bathers exposed pc tions of their anatomy.

Assailed, seemingly, by doubts as whether the "Christian" church was God preferred institution, he did a flop to t Disciples' faith and matriculated at Hira College for revised instruction. Here, to apprehension stalked him. An extra h fire and brimstone sermon was alwa poised on his tongue for utterance, wheth in the classroom or on the campus, b some of his classmates showed an appalli indifference to the Imminent Judgmer Swerving again in his allegiance, aft commencement he hopped back to t "Christian" church and took its pastora at Washington Court House, Ohio, t birthplace of the celebrated Harry Micaj Daugherty.

Though the young dominie scorch the Devil mightily his congregation fail to applaud loudly enough. There ca upon him the fear that the world was i different to the Gospel, and he confess that on a certain day his despond sank

ch depths that he even considered aban-
ning divinity for the law. In this dread-
ne hour he secluded himself and his
ebodings in his study. Suddenly the door
ung open and some mail was tossed upon
table. His glance fell upon a copy of
ves of Healing, the official publication of
on. He read it, was interested, and sent
more. It came. He locked himself in
room and read and prayed, and after
while he prayed and read. Finally he
ed out:

'It's true! The Lord God Omnipotent
gneth! Truly Jehovah hath founded
on!"

oyously he bundled together his bag-
ge, his wife and child, and sped to
wie's heavenly capital to become a
mber of the Christian Catholic (later
ostolic) Church. Quickly qualifying as
elder, he assumed charge of the North
e tabernacle in Chicago, and after dis-
sessing the Devil in that Gold Coast
tor was dispatched to Cincinnati.

There he achieved one of his greatest
umphs. For a full year he preached,
ght, and expostulated, and when at last
was called home by Dr. Dowie he con-
ered that he had practically won the
. As evidence the sale of *Leaves of Heal-*
had increased from 40 copies a month
1,000.

With Chicago and Cincinnati thus def-
ely saved, Pastor Voliva was next com-
sioned to try his hand in Australia. He
ved at Sydney in 1901, and after dis-
ying only cursory astonishment at the
nt of the kangaroos, plunged into his
l-saving mission. Evidently his preach-
jolted the complacent souls of the
ipodeans, for he has told us that after
eral of his sermons the common expres-
of the native clergy was, "What
?"

or almost five years this work went on;
n came another summons from Dowie,
he returned to Zion accompanied by
hundred Australians, male and female,
o had been plucked by his sorceries from
eternal fires.

II

Zion City had been founded in 1896 by the John Alexander Dowie aforesaid: a circuit rider who had begun his war on the Devil in Scotland while still in diapers. Immigrating to this country, he drifted from city to city as a faith healer, finally landing penniless in Chicago. Three years later the World's Fair gave him the opportunity of his life. He built an immense wooden tabernacle opposite Jackson Park and started out to compete with the muscle dancers of the Midway. So large were his crowds that he had to hire the Central Music Hall and the gigantic Auditorium for the overflow, and in addition he bought a church and established a chain of joss-houses called Homes For Divine Healing. Presently his labors in Christ's name were paying so well that he was able to acquire 6,500 acres on the lake shore forty miles north of Chicago at a cost of $1,250,000.

Thither he took his converts, to establish God's capital under the banner of the Christian Catholic Church. All the available building lots were disposed of at a great profit and in such a way that perpetual leases left the titles lying in Dr. Dowie himself. By the end of 1901 a bustling boom town had arisen, with a large tabernacle seating seven thousand, a bank, a college, a publishing house, a real estate association, and the Home of Hope for Erring Women. Dowie ruled the colony under the titles of chief overseer and Elijah the Third. But in 1905, the lamp of divine guidance flickered and Zion came upon dark days. Every industry was driven to the wall, the bank was tottering, and $2,500,000 of church money had gone the way of the departed.

At once Dowie summoned Voliva from Australia to act as deputy overseer, and set out himself for Monterey, Mexico, to establish there a Paradise Plantation. This project never materialized, but during his absence certain suspicions of his wavering followers did. A seraglio was unearthed in his mansion and evidences of financial

turpitude also came to light. Dowie was accused of "extravagance, hypocrisy, misrepresentations, exaggerations, tyranny, polygamous teachings," and other grave things. Returning to Zion, he shut himself up in Shiloh House and died there in 1907, placid in the belief that he was still leading victorious troops into battle.

Meanwhile, Pastor Voliva, selected as the new overseer, set about trying to resuscitate the city. The task was big enough to require the assistance of several angels. The population had dwindled from eight thousand to six through spiritual defections and financial stringencies. Five thousand creditors were wrangling over possession of the land, and during the ensuing court contest for the leadership of the colony Voliva lost and was virtually exiled. His total assets at this time were eighty-seven cents, but he knew how to make every one of them count. He set up a tent on a farm outside Zion, hired a brass band, ran free busses, and called for converts. They not only came, but what was better, brought their pocketbooks. In three services he took in $3,500. The sight of so much money inspired him to make the boast that "the day will come when I will own every foot, every inch, and every pinch of the 6,500-acre site of the city of Zion, and then I will float the flag of Zion over every building."

By an agreement with the Federal court and its receiver, Dr. Voliva soon made this boast good: he acquired God's colony on the installment plan. Realizing the need for economy, he slashed the payrolls $162,000 a year, and when dissenters assailed him he silenced them by tossing his watch and cuff links into the collection box and preaching two hours on "The Simple Life." Soon the city was humming once more with shops, candy and baking plants, publishing houses, and lace and handkerchief factories—each with the name of Voliva emblazoned upon it. Within four years he had bought the tabernacle from the court for $200,000, and the general stores with it. In the end he acquired the entire estate.

Instead of selling homes outright to h disciples, Voliva now gave them leas for 1,100 years in return for their mone thus retaining control of all the real estat The subsequent skyrocketing of land va ues, after the Chicago suburbs began t expand, sent his wealth into the million Capitalizing on the keen demand for ne sites, he trimmed the village into a re tangle fronting on the lake and sold th outlying acreage to sub-dividers. Profi $1,000,000.

Today Pastor Voliva heads every ente prise and activity in the holy city. S complete, indeed, is his control over i seven thousand citizens that he even d cides who they will support in loca state, and national elections. Hoover, course, received the bulk of their ballo in the last presidential vote, polling 3,08 to Al Smith's 112. Voliva, they say, still curious about how the latter got int the ballot-box.

His holdings in church buildings ar twenty-six prosperous industries are est mated at $10,000,000. In addition, h missionaries in Jamaica, Australia, ar the Orient send him $1,000 a day. A syste of tithes, whereby every resident follow pays one-tenth of his income, pours int his pockets another golden stream. H boasts that his annual income is more tha $6,000,000, and that he is the world richest holy man—all on an original in vestment of eighty-seven cents!

III

As the new overlord of Zion, Voliva co tinued the gifted but unfortunate Dowie regulations—a series of rules that made th Mosaic law seem a list of indulgence Daily at 9 A.M. a whistle blew, and ever citizen halted his labors for two minut of prayer. Ominous signs hanging on ever telephone-pole and fence-post warned vi itors against expectorating, using alcoh or tobacco, whistling, and swearing. C Sundays and after curfew no one was a lowed to loiter on the streets, which we

med after Scriptural personages. The ing of pork was forbidden, and the city s periodically bombarded with Biblical otations denouncing the pig as unclean. accordance with Leviticus, oysters and ner shellfish, and any fish without scales d fins were also under the ban. All drugs, dicines, and surgical appliances were hewed as devices of heathenism, and th physicians and faith healers (except- true-blue Zionites) were pariah. These gulations were enforced by the vigilance the Zion Guard, at one time numbering ht hundred men, in military uniforms th the likeness of a dove and the word *ience* lettered in gold on their caps, and bles strapped to their belts.

Doctors were forbidden to enter the y, so when Voliva's wife became seri- sly ill in 1915 she got no medical atten- n. While her husband waited patiently the divine cure, her aged father at- npted to spirit her away to a hospital, the effort was thwarted. The suffering man died soon afterward in virtual im- sonment in her home. Then Pastor liva cast an appreciative eye over the gible maidens in his pews and took an- ner helpmate.

High heels and tan shoes appeared hea- nish to him and were banned. "A atic asylum," he declared *ex cathedra*, the only place for a woman who puts feet into high heels. As for the men o wear tan shoes, they belong in some n worse place of confinement than a atic asylum." The display of bare necks cked him exceedingly; so two censors, ned with a generous supply of woolen wls, were sent into the highways of city to swoop down on every unwary man who had any of her neck exposed wrap a shawl around her. As a gesture roadmindedness, her ears were allowed emain uncovered. Silk stockings, bobbed r, short sleeves and peek-a-boo waists e forbidden and no woman was allowed straddle a horse within the city limits. but a lad flip a flirtative eye toward a ely maiden, and he was dragged into court and fined from $10 to $200. When the growing prosperity of the city attracted settlers who were not of the true faith, Voliva scented a conspiracy to overthrow his government; consequently he passed a law making it unlawful for two or more persons to congregate in the street.

To the faithful, here was a city of holiness, but to the sinful motorists of Chicago and vicinity it was only a place to toss cigarettes overboard, look pious, and step on the gas. Anyone discovered puffing the vile weed was dragged into court and fined $10. When three nicotine-hungry citizens obtained a temporary injunction setting aside this ordinance, Voliva was aroused to announce: "If the court won't act, Heaven will. Every man who fights me goes under. Mark what I say! The graveyard is full of fellows who tried to down Voliva. This other bunch will go to the graveyard too. God almighty will smite them." The court finally decided in favor of the ordinance.

In one case the Overseer admits having served as an executioner in Christ's name. For long he had a thorn in the person of a local undertaker, an atheist, who took keen delight in baiting the faithful. After recovering from an extended illness, this free-thinker attended the tabernacle services, and proceeded to enjoy them from a front seat. Voliva, noticing him, shouted, "If you don't repent of your ways you will sicken again and that time you will die!" The undertaker only grinned, but a few days later he died. "I fixed him," commented Voliva.

Like all other holy men, the Overseer has had frequent intercourse with angels. Once an awesome voice informed him that he was the anointed of God. The congregation accepted this story without a doubt. It is believed in Zion that he is related to an Italian princess, and he preens himself without troubling to utter a denial when it is whispered that he is a direct descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Periodically there comes to him a foreknowledge of the imminence of the end

of the world, and he is not reticent about divulging the news. In 1927 he described the impending "departure of the saints" in very gaudy language. Those who were not sainted were to find themselves left behind on a sloping bank that descended into Hell. He was so certain of this event that he even composed headlines for tired copyreaders: "Thousands Missing! Strange Phenomenon Has Taken Place." So far it has not been necessary to use these headlines, but in Zion they still keep on hoping and praying.

One of his typical prophecies was: "A superman will arise out of the present international difficulties. He'll unify the nations and be welcomed everywhere, and even the churches will accept him, but he'll finally reveal himself as the Anti-Christ and try to get people to worship him." Asked once if he believed the Bible, he replied, "*Believe* it? I am the only man in this country that believes it; rather I am the only man in the world that literally believes it." For the benefit of sinners he once issued a "Handbook and Guide to Hell." One of the most burning passages said:

> Every sinner is going to be punished with an overdose of his own sin. A tobacco smoker will be locked up in a den full of tobacco smoke. A chewer of the filthy weed will be immersed up to his neck in a vat of tobacco juice. A drinker will pass his time of purification in a natatorium filled with beer, wine, and whisky. The tobacco skunks and the whisky skunks will be forced to duck in the fluid extract of their own iniquity. Aye, Satan will care for those who smoke and drink in Zion.

In time there came to Dr. Voliva the rumor that there were many sinners in New York City. Carefully he mapped a campaign to capture the evil citadel for the Kingdom. Four hundred of his white robed followers were to storm the city, later to be reinforced by one thousand sympathizers, and the combined forces were then to convert all Broadway, from the Battery to the Bronx. First, two angels, aged fifty and sixty, were dispatched to the wicked place to spy out the lan Bravely these faded seraphim made th rounds of the speakeasies. Their procedu was to dash in shouting, "Peace be to th house!" Startled by the apparition, th patrons were wont to exclaim "For Christ sake!" Touched by such apparent godl ness, the angels would then murmu "Amen" and depart. During their sta they gave away 10,675 printed sermons an sold 12,550 *Leaves of Healing*, but acquire no converts. On their return to Zio however, they pictured the saintliness Manhattan in glowing terms, and Voliv decided that the city was really safe amon the saved.

At home he dispenses his teachings i Shiloh Tabernacle, an immense barn-lik structure seating seven thousand, wit room for a white robed choir of five hun dred voices. Above the heads of the singe depends a strange exhibition of trophie wrested from Satan—braces, crutches, an other relics of "healed" sufferers, an many pill boxes, and patent medicine bo tles. Triune immersion—a complete im mersion for each member of the Trinity- is required by the tenets of Zion—a hodg podge of Biblical texts. Services open wit the appearance of the chanting choi garbed in white surplices, black stoles an mortar boards, and arranged by heigh beginning with the young toddlers. The enter the high dignitaries in fanciful co tumes; and finally comes Heaven's grea gift, Pastor Voliva himself, dressed in combination of the costumes of a docto of philosophy and an Anglican bishop.

IV

Although Dr. Voliva's theological theori are unusual enough to keep an ordinar man jumping, he has also made some inte esting contributions to scientific know edge. Imagine the shock he must hav suffered when he discovered that man people were actually serene in the beli that the world was round! When his sens cleared from this blow he set about to d

nething about it. Publicly he offered ooo to the first professor who could ove to him that the world was actually ınd, adding, "I don't want that old ll that you can sail around the earth. u don't sail around it—you circle its surface."

For the benefit of such scientists as nted the truth, he declared, "The earth like a pie pan with the North Pole in center. Why, if the world were round, Australians, who are underneath us, ording to all astronomers, would have have hooks on their feet to keep from ing off. There is no such thing as vity."

Many candidates appeared, but none car- l off the $5,000. Triumphantly, Dr. liva ordered the teaching of his geo- phical views in the public schools of on, and started out on a tour of the rld to prove its flatness. According to itinerary, he traveled east to Europe, n due north to Egypt, narrowly skirt- the North Pole. Obviously, a less in- ned and balanced man might have en off the edge, but he knew exactly v far to go and stepped right up to the ık. After a voyage of 19,000 miles he ırned with his proofs, and among the ngs he picked up on the trip was the covery of two other earths and three vens. He said:

he first earth is ours. On the second, right nder ours, is Hades, where the souls of the amned exist. Hades is worse than Hell be- use we have the latter here on earth. And n the third earth are the spirits of the pre- damite inhabitants of our earth. The heav- ıs are the top heaven, where God is; the cond, where the stars, the sun, and the oon are; and the third, made up of clouds.

t is only natural that Commander Byrd's th Pole expedition should have given much anxiety. Numerous telegrams of rning were sent to the commander, beg- g him to desist from certain death. ough Byrd went ahead, his safe adven- into the Antarctic only proved to his tector that a wall of ice kept him from falling-off place.

The so-called around-the-world cruise of the *Graf Zeppelin* provided more evidence for Dr. Voliva that he was right all along. If the earth were round and rotated as some people believe, why, when the dirigible wanted to moor in a certain city, that city would be rolling under it, and the great ship would certainly be lost.

He has also been kind enough to put some deluded scientists right as to the location of the sun. Here is his contribution:

> The idea of a sun millions of miles in diameter and 91,000,000 miles away is silly. The sun is only thirty-two miles across and is not more than 3,000 miles from the earth. It stands to reason that it must be so. God made the sun to light the earth, and therefore must have placed it close to the task it was designed to do. What would you think of a man who built a house in Zion and put the lamp to light it in Kenosha, Wisconsin? A small lamp or stove will light or heat a small room. Why put it so far away, then?

Moreover, it appears that, since the sun would soon burn itself out if its fires were not constantly resupplied, it purposely makes a nightly journey through an underground tunnel that traverses the hot place (otherwise known as Hell). Thus replenished every twenty-four hours, it blazes undimmed. Other theories that Dr. Voliva has contributed to science are to the effect that the earth remains stationary with the firmament of stars revolving above it, that the moon is self-luminous, and that the planets are wandering stars.

For those who lust for intellectual combat he issued this challenge: "I can whip to smithereens any man in the world in a mental battle. I have never met any professor or student who knew a millionth as much on any subject as I do." He further declares that there are only three great intellects in the world, but he has so far neglected to name the other two.

Despite all these talents, Overseer Voliva has had his troubles in ruling Zion. For one thing, the prosperity of the community early attracted immigrants of other sects, and the newcomers objected to the civic

regulations. Among these dissenters were numerous Methodists, and they soon attained such numbers that they were able to establish two churches in the city. When they became openly rebellious, Dr. Voliva issued the following ultimatum: "Get out of this community if you have a drop of honest blood and go start a community of your own."

But the Methodists refused to budge. Instead, one of their pastors, the Rev. Robert E. O'Brien, of their East Benton church, replied with dignity, "I'll see him in Hell first." The resultant avalanche of adjectives from Voliva left Pastor O'Brien so dazed that he delivered a public address entitled: "Is Zion City, Illinois, in the United States?" In it he said:

> Mr. Voliva is determined to drive out the Methodists. He has threatened them for years. He has carried on a programme of persecution so persistently that it is beginning to tell on the membership of our church. Shall we be driven out? If we understand the genius of Methodism she never retreats without a real cause. Does the cause exist here? Not in the least! It is simply a case of fanatical ignorance versus religious liberty.

Thereupon the Rev. Thomas H. Nelson, an apostate who had deserted to the Methodist pulpit, leaped into the lists. Voliva's answer was to term this recreant brother "Tom Cat, Tom Fool Nelson," a "thoroughly discredited windbag," a "monumental, brazen-faced, shameless old liar," a "dirty, foul-mouthed blatherskite," a "billy goat," and other such things.

Something about these remarks must have annoyed Pastor Nelson, for he had the Overseer indicted by the Lake county grand jury for criminal libel. The action failed, but the plaintiff was full of Christian perseverance and brought a civil suit in the Cook county court. After a torrid trial during which the two principals cast many reflections upon each other, Nelson emerged triumphant with a verdict of one cent damage. Voliva grudgingly paid it, and hurried back to Zion to compose more epithets.

His next step was to erect gigantic sig boards throughout the city, bearing su hospitable announcements as this:

> Zion's slogan—this city for Zion people a Zion people only! The Zion flag floating ov every foot, every inch, and every pinch of t original city site. Therefore, thieves a thugs will find this city hotter than Hell!

The independents countered by raisi signs of their own, on which they return the compliment. Then Voliva's bulleti became of such a fiery nature that seriously considered building them of a bestos. Meanwhile, his police began throw the Methodist pastors into jail f conducting prayer meetings after t o'clock at night. Fervor warmed the o posing factions until they clashed on th street and spilled considerable blood.

V

When his billboards were torn dov mysteriously at night, Voliva prepared erect new ones of steel, charged with ele tricity sufficient to electrocute anyone tam pering with them, and equipped with sho guns, so that "if a fellow whistles they go off." This was disturbing to the ind pendents, so they obtained an injunctio prohibiting their construction. Voliv however, was not to be outwitted. H hired an airplane and had thousands printed bulletins dropped upon the cit

> *Extra, Extra, Extra*
> Voliva declares war to a finish against t hosts of Hell, the traitors, thieves, and thu who vainly imagine that they can damn a destroy the city of Zion.

Echoes of all this strife finally beat up the ears of the Illinois Legislature. A co mittee of lawmakers was delegated to p into the dark corners of the Zion cult, b Voliva defied them and refused to su render his books for examination, remar ing, "I'm a fighting cock. I can sum up I'm going to do to this illegal legislati committee in one sentence. I'm going give them Hell."

With the flames thus licking them, the islators went on with their investiga-n. A witness, who for ten years had n bookkeeper and controller of the urch and city, testified that the money ning in was used, not for church pur-es, but for businesses conducted for the sonal benefit of Voliva. The final report the committee declared that he was mis-ng the mails in proselytizing; that he s denying proper educational facilities the children of Zion; and that he was cticing a religious confidence game by ying upon widows and other frail per-s. Prosecution was recommended, but vas never undertaken.

His latest plan for confounding his mies is an extensive beautifying pro-mme for his capital. This includes a mmoth concrete tabernacle with chimes, vers, and a gallery for a choir of eight dred voices, and triumphal archways the entrances to the city. In order to wn the bells from other churches he also projected the construction of een minor tabernacles with bells on n, so that at certain hours he may set n all ringing. A $30,000 radio station ularly broadcasts his play-by-play ac-nt of his bouts with the Devil.

At the time of writing, he is in combat with another invading evangelist. On a visit to Zion, the lovely Aimée Semple McPherson was so impressed with the high mentality of the citizens that she saw a fertile field for her own endeavors, and dispatched her star understudy, Essie Locy, to the scene. In addition to disseminating the Four-Square Gospel, this fair revivalist plays the trumpet. She plays it at every service, and its clarion appeal has drawn many of Voliva's supporters to her side. Her first blow for the Los Angeles revelation was struck when she challenged him to debate on the contour of the earth, an invitation that has thus far been disregarded.

But he has no intention of quitting the fight. During an extensive tour abroad he lately discovered that traces of wickedness were still extant in the world. "I am just starting my real work," he declared. "I shall evangelize the rest of the United States and Europe next. My trip took me to sixteen countries, and I have laid my plans. I am sending over my young people to Holland, Scotland, Syria, Poland, Egypt, and China. I know I am right. No man ever did anything worth while who did not fight the world. Watch me go!"

AN UNRECOGNIZED GOLDEN AGE

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

Like many, I have often wept because my lot was cast in a time to be regarded by posterity as petty and sordid and mean. There have been Ages of Chivalry, of Religious Zeal, of Golden Literature: mine seemed to be the Age of Leaden Apathy. But the other day, when I read the list of this year's best-sellers, of a sudden many unsuspected things fitted together with a click; then I knew my sorrow had been idle; knew that my little space of sun would hang in history like a bright, burning point; knew that I had lived in an era worthy of being dignified as an Age of something, that something Literary Appreciation.

I tested the idea, searched records, hunted for contact points, submitted the idea to argument, scanned statistics and book reviews past and present, and publishers' lists. Then I went about with eyes bright and shining because of my high and splendid secret, and, as a final result, am ready to take arms to maintain the truth of this: That we who read this have lived through a time when the average reading intelligence stood at its highest point in America and England, but also we have seen a sharp decline. So I elucidate and exemplify, advancing no subtle theories.

Turn the pages of recent history, hovering to meditate about 1840. You discover a time when well-meaning men, not by any means fanatics, were enthusiastic in predicting an early future when men would leap to the stature of angels because of a noble environment that must arrive when the multitude should be taught to read books and have books to read. Those enthusiasts had in mind the best of books then extant, but it did not occur to the that there might come a torrent of printe matter in which ineptitude and stupidit struggled in rivalry. They did not drea that there could be any but a stead upward movement. They saw, in imagin tion, an intellectually hungry people gro ing a slow but sure way to high planes ar spiritual sustenance. There must be, the held, refinement of manner, an improve taste, fluency of speech, rectitude of pu pose, public issues plainly presented ar logically considered when a generatic stood enlightened because of the whol sale reading of books.

So there were shibboleths, and prophe ical sayings were abundantly uttered. Bui a school house and close a prison! Thro wide the doors of the Temple of Literatu that all may enter freely to the end th men may know the benefits to be deriv from reading, then shall pleasure to mi and body follow! Dispel the only dange Ignorance! Build libraries and exercise civilizing and harmonizing influence up the human mind! Let the printing-press thunder to the end that man may know t lift of a great instinct shouting, Forwar

So, from the 1840's to the 60's, rough speaking, America and England were lear ing to read, and by the latter date tho who could not read were rare as auks. except from consideration those who ma be called reading aristocrats, keen ar eager spirits with an instinctive taste f the worthwhile; they have always bee shall always be. I deal with the multitu for which best-sellers are written, f which advertisements containing absurd exaggerated estimates of new books a

id for. I write of the reading public, en, between the middle 50's and 1880; d I think of a literature with no sharp stinction of American or English, be- use a lively interchange of books went between the two countries. Yet, be it id, national distinctions had commenced appear. Longfellow, in his "Defence of oetry," had said, in 1832, "We wish our tive poets would give a more national aracter to their writing. This is peculiarly ıe in descriptions of native scenery. . . . t us have no more skylarks and night- gales." Others, not poets, had struck a tive note—Dr. Holmes in his Autocrat ies, James Russell Lowell, certainly ıerson, and Hawthorne, and Thoreau; t all of these were purveyors to the elect. Coming to a consideration of the authors vored by the newly created audience, we d several Americans in high favor in gland as well as at home. Out of Salem, ass., came Maria Susanna Cummins th her "Lamplighter" which led mil- ns in the 60's into a paradise of tears. ite as many readers tested the strength their emotions with "The Wide, Wide orld," and with "Queechy," the work Susan Warner, writing under the name Elizabeth Wetherell. Timothy Shay Ar- ur swept into popularity with his "Ten ghts in a Bar Room," much enjoyed by ose who found it good to live in sighs l tears. Also there were the Rev. E. P. e who wrote moral novels, and James lt Ingraham, with his "Prince of the use of David," and Harriet Beecher we, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when first appeared as a serial, lifted the *tional Era* into an astonishing circula- n. Her vogue lasted through her book red," and her "Agnes of Sorrento," , while she herself lost favor when she ote an article on Byron, her books con- ued to be boosted with zeal.

America counted other successes in Eng- d by way of Bret Harte's "Luck of ring Camp," in 1870; Mark Twain's nocents Abroad," a year before; Jo- in Miller's "Life among the Modocs," in 1873. Always on the verge of laughter or of tears, the generation welcomed Artemus Ward as readily as it welcomed Messrs. Moody and Sankey. It wept over "East Lynne." It trembled at the sad experiences of Pelham, and Eugene Aram, and Paul Clifford; indeed, Bulwer-Lytton held his audience in the hollow of his hand to his last day. Dickens alone could compete with him when it came to broken-hearted sentimentality, and *Bentley's Magazine* enjoyed a healthy subscription list when "Oliver Twist" began to appear in its pages. But Dickens, be it said, went several steps higher than his popular contemporaries. He led to healthy explorations and gave many a reader a taste for better work, for it would be hard to find another of his day who could equal him in descriptive power and genius for observation, to say nothing of his vitality. True, there were Thackeray and George Eliot and, a little earlier, Jane Austen, but their day, for the multitude, had not yet come.

The popular taste ran rather to Susan Edmonstone Ferrier when it reached for something out of sight of the shrine erected to grief—a promising trend, for Miss Ferrier had a healthy spirit of mockery in her and could laugh at a fashion-craze, mock at an idol, or be scornful towards a posturer in a way that amazed the primitive-minded readers of the 60's. But in the 70's she was not for those who enjoyed "a good cry." I remember her in the middle 70's as unfashionable enough to be relegated to kitchen reading; I remember the cook and a maid held spellbound by the adventures of Lady Juliana in the novel "Marriage." Yet upstairs, an aged aunt read aloud, apologetically, "The Inheritance," which I heard with one ear while reading an "improving" book called "The Basket of Flowers," thus staining myself with a life-long prejudice against all dogmatists because of the fictional character, Mr. McDow. About the same time I achieved another prejudice, and many of my age were likewise enriched. It was one inimical to love scenes in books,

and those conducted with broken-hearted solemnity, and it first came to me by way of a popular novel written by a Lord Dysart, entitled "Only a Woman's Love." The particularly offensive character in it was a certain Alick who not only left his immense fortune to the girl who jilted him, but also handed her over to his rival, and then died of the romantic ailment called a decline.

There were names, popular in the 70's, blazoned on the backs of three-volume novels, which are no longer heard and only rarely remembered: "Leo," Sarah Tyler, Mrs. Alexander Fraser, James Grant, Dutton Cook, Mary Hooper, Mrs. Cashel Hoey. It was a period when women ran neck and neck with men in the production of novels. But man or woman writer, in their novels love-sick people died beautifully in the snow or in the moonlight. Women "flashed on men like radiant Fates." Maidens with "beautiful smiles" fell into "delicious reveries of love." Authors paraded their French shamelessly. Euphemisms and bombast, morbidities and cuckoo humor, wild metaphors and wilder comparisons, these they wallowed in.

I turn the pages of Emma Jane Worboise's once popular "Chrystabel," a love story, and my eye lights upon "larks which sang their impassioned lay in the deep, blue empyrean," and discover, at the end, a solemn assurance that "if you wish to be beautiful for ever you must be a Christian." Rhoda Broughton, whose "Cometh up as a Flower," was a best-seller, followed up her success with "Goodbye, Sweetheart," a novel that enjoyed a sky-rocket career. Her heroines had faces "like a bunch of roses gathered at sunrise," throats which were "a young, cream-white column," voices "fresh as the voice of a waterfall or of a blackbird on a green, April evening," and eyes "beautifullest great sapphires and beautifullest dew-wet flowers." And titles counted tremendously. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's novel found a publisher because it was entitled "Daisy's Necklace and What Came of It," and it moved somewhat better when the house publishin the Dollar Gift Books bound it wit another book by another hand, called "Th Stain of Birth," and renamed the volum "The Stain of Birth and Daisy's Necklace. The titles "Home Influence" and "A Mother's Recompense" were household words, but the name of the authoress Grace Aguilar, I never heard mentioned

An exceptionally stilted book that cam out of America, the work of Charle Prentiss, went by its substitute title o "Constancy Rewarded," never by "Con stantius and Pulchrea." It was thus adver tised: "The repeated misfortunes o Pulchrea will cause the tear of sensibilit to fall upon the cheek of the fair." And talking about advertisements, there is thi gem regarding Violet Fane, poetess: "Th tender tone of a lost affection and an abid ing sorrow, . . . the kind of verses to b read in bed when the only woman yo ever loved proved to be unkind." Of adver tisement by condemnation the case o Alfred Austin's "The Season" is to b noted, for it was read and talked abou and bought because a critic had denounce it as "a book which no mother would lik to see on her drawing-room table." Ther there was the case of "Fruits of Philos ophy," done by Mrs. Annie Besant, th aged Mahatma of present-day Theosophists which the courts had decided to be "a book calculated but not intended to de prave" and added a penalty of six months imprisonment and a two-hundred-pound fine for Madame Besant and her partne Charles Bradlaugh, whereat the public de mand for the book became vehement.

Again there was "The Fatal Sacrifice," anonymous, about which a reviewer wrot scathingly, saying, "on every page we ar treated to something disgusting with noth ing in worse taste than the account o Ethel's weakness and DeLacy's opportun ity, when, the author remarks, 'Let us mortals retire behind the veil of modesty and weep over two so fallen. . . .' We fee sorry to think that any publisher should have been found willing to offer the pub

: so coarse and unpalatable a morsel as 'he Fatal Sacrifice.'" So the book went swell the hosts of the undeserving. So so it will be seen that erotic *pâtès de fois* id some place on the literary menu at a me popularly supposed to be one of in- nse prudishness. If the appetite yearned r more concerning the clamorous passions mankind, then there were, in the public ints, divorce and other cases bravely and mly supplied: Marchmont vs. March- ont, "disgraceful" people called it, but similated the details; the case of the ev. Mr. Meamish who had performed his vn marriage ceremony; the Mordaunt vorce case, in which the Prince of Wales peared; the Saurin convent case, all of em more or less salacious.

Thus, then, the reading of the multitude a time when Ruskin declared that a ghly favored generation had "turned its thmetic to roguery and its literature to st." On a higher plane there was an dience for Wilkie Collins, clever in pil- g incident upon incident, first of the odern sensationalists to hold that "the ain elements in the attraction of all ories are the interest of curiosity and the citement of surprise." Anthony Trollope adily turned out his clever machine- de novels, doing two thousand words day as regularly as he took his dinner, t always appealing to the middle class. ptain Mayne Reid mixed theatrical ad- nture with romantic love. Canon Charles ngsley played religious revolutionist and titutional reformer. Mrs. Oliphant, Julia rdoe, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Florence Mar- at, Miss Braddon shone in a time prolific women writers, dealing with stock sit- ions and trading in stock characters, eir only serious rival in popularity on s side of the ocean being Mrs. H. D. ard, who wrote under the name of zabeth Stuart Phelps and gave the world ates Ajar." And, while fiction for the ung had not yet come into its own, uisa May Alcott took high honors with "Little Women," with Hawthorne's Wonder Book" running close behind.

Going a step higher in adult reading intelligence, we find Thackeray and George Eliot depicting various aspects of contemporary life; Bayard Taylor read by a select few; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," which went to many publishers before acceptance, not grown into any wide popularity; Carleton's "Farm Ballads" doing fairly well but not so well as Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras," perhaps because Miller played the showman and went about in sombrero and hip-high Parisian made-to-order boots. Thomas Hardy and Meredith had their limited readers; Emerson, Prescott, Motley, Hawthorne, Carlyle and Charles Reade moved somewhat sluggishly until Swinburne praised "The Cloister and the Hearth." Thereupon it leaped into sudden popularity and has been named persistently by compilers of histories of literature who do not seem to have read it, as a masterpiece, though sober judgment can find little in it but a series of loosely connected incidents and certain melodramatic crudities that strain an intelligent reader.

II

So we come to a new generation of readers and to a time beginning, roughly, about 1875. It was a generation that had read the Lambs' "Tales From Shakespeare," Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds," Jacob Abbott in the Rollo series, Harriet Martineau's Norse sagas. It had passed to Kingston's translations of Jules Verne after accepting, with devastating scorn, Wyss's "Swiss Family Robinson," so obviously framed on "Robinson Crusoe" the glorious. Ballantyne had written for it. It had found Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque," and, hunting for more of the sort, presently dug into the past to find Maturin and Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe and Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," and Charles Brockden Browne's "Wieland," and Beckford's "Vathek," and Holmes' "Elsie Venner." Some found Ambrose Bierce by way of "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," as reprinted by some forbidden weekly.

Obviously, spirits nourished on such fare could care nothing at all for the grubby sentimentalities favored by their elders. What they sought was incident, healthful activity, tales that had the breeze of the mountain top in them, a dash of the terror and the grotesque too on occasion, but never anything approaching invalidism. The writers they favored knew enough of the young spirit to avoid entangling their fictional heroes in the toils of domesticity. They left the hero at the end of the story free for new adventure, unyoked by woman, happy in the delight of triumph and success.

Yet, in the last half of the 70's the supply of legitimate vivid juvenile stuff was limited. Henty was only beginning; Stevenson did not write "Treasure Island" until the middle 80's; "Tom Sawyer" came out in 1876. So the intellectually adventurous were thrown back upon Sunday-school literature and tracts which commenced promisingly but wandered into a maze of bristly Scripture references, or upon the surreptitious reading of Captain Frederick Marryat, whose heroes were not entirely free from unholy thought. True, there was Dickens, generally entered by way of "Oliver Twist" because of the fascination of the Artful Dodger and his rascally companions rather than because of the beatific Oliver, but Dickens, for boys with a good sense of proportion, meant much skipping. Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax" had its merits, but we were suspicious of such friendships as that existing between the wealthy tanner's invalid son and the lad of poverty-stricken parents. Besides, the book held a strong suspicion of love interest. There was James Fenimore Cooper again, but we were like Falstaff with his desire for a penny-worth of bread and an intolerable deal of sack, and Cooper was liberal with his philosophic bread.

Then came, in a burst of glory, a galaxy of penny dreadfuls. Beadle's Half-Dime Library, or its predecessor, all vitality and originality, found readers by the millions. Jack Harkaway, like some Elizabethan hero, fought his way around the world. The literature of rascality had its beginning and humanity was no longer divided into uninteresting and priggish saints on the one hand, and whole-souled scoundrels on the other. Self-assertive characters strode the stage, characters who did something and thought nothing of snuffing out a life but who never indulged in nonsense about love, who never ranted of high-flown passion in the style of Harrison Ainsworth' people. The detective character too appeared, playing a tremendous part in a forbidden periodical called *The Boys of New York and London*, and, following him, we came to Gaboriou in translation. Jesse James, Peace the Burglar, Marwood the Hangman, the Newgate Calendar, Sweeney Todd the Demon Barber of Fleet street, illustrious California and Nevada outlaws, Three-Fingered Jack, the Fenian heroes, these and others we read about and were sad because Nature had broken the mold.

I write as an eye-witness of history, verifying my impressions by recent contacts with men in many walks of life in this country, in England, in Canada and Australia, all of them interested in literature, none of them tame and conventional in their venturings. Four of them are bankers, one a ship's commander, one is at the head of the Air Ministry in England, two are sheep-men in the Antipodes, one is a railroad president, five are not prominent in any way, one is an artist, another a retired editor. They, as I, found a way alone through the tangle to fairer fields when some enterprising soul in the house of Routledge hit upon the idea of issuing cheap reprints of standard works in paper covers, and, before the sensitive conscience of our parents, or our pastors and spiritual masters became aware of it, we had swallowed such varied fare as "Tom Jones," "Joseph Andrews," "Peregrine Pickle," "Tristram Shandy," "Percival Keene," the unexpurgated "Gulliver," the wild Irish novels of Lover and Lever, and Thackeray's very bloody "Catherine Hayes." We were well on our way to

ola's "Nana" and Dumas' "La Dame ix Camélias" in translation before the mmense variety of our interests found scovery.

It was Cassell the publisher who saw e field that lay ready for exploitation, d so came Cassell's National Library ited by Henry Morley, selling for ten nts in the United States and for three nce in England. The books came out in at volumes, size 3¾ by 5½, with clear, adable print and good paper. Pepys' iary in ten numbers, Polo's travels, Manville, Irving's "Knickerbocker," Hakyt, Mungo Park's "Africa," Waterton's South America," Raleigh's "Guiana"—ese give an idea of the survey, and a ccinct introduction by Morley brought ch issue to a couple of hundred pages, say between fifty and sixty thousand ords.

You must see an avid generation leaping on that and more. In New York the umboldt Publishing Company came out ith a Library of Science at fifteen cents a olume, so we devoured Proctor, Huxley, arwin, Clodd and Grant Allen. The same ouse brought out a Social Science Library which we sampled Anarchy and the ngle-Tax, Communism and Socialism. e leapt to Utopian romances, to Bellamy's Looking Backward," to More's "Utopia" d Campanella's "City of the Sun," and, esently, to William Morris's "News from owhere," the "Erewhon" of Butler, and yce's "American Commonwealth." Also, esently, we found strange periodicals such the *Word*, devoted to the cause of freeve, and pamphlets and periodicals by oses Harmon; from Boston came Tucker's *berty* which carried in its pages clear- little essays by Ben De Casseres, Steven Byington, and Horace Carr, the typoaphical artist of Cleveland.

To drop back in point of time, one day e Walter Scott people sought out Ernest ys, who had written some essays of rit in the *Nineteenth Century*, expecting find a middle-aged student in an oakneled room. Instead, they discovered, to their astonishment, as Rhys told me, a threadbare young man in an attic. But he was all that they had expected, and more, when it came to knowledge of literature, and the wealthy publishers sat at his feet when he opened his mouth and taught them. Out of that meeting came a notable series of books which we devoured. It was the Camelot Series, appearing simultaneously in America and England, linen-bound and handsome, selling at twenty-five cents and a shilling, eagerly bought by a generation that had passed into partial self-support and was willing to shorten a meal to own a book. Thoreau, DeQuincey, Landor, Shelley, Swift, James Russell Lowell, Byron, Leigh Hunt, Walt Whitman thus came to be closely known by us. Then, glory heaped on glory, Havelock Ellis brought out his Contemporary Science Series at $1.50 a volume, so we came to scratch the surface of things and at least familiarized ourselves with ideas concerning evolution, degeneracy, ethnology, psychology, meteorology and more. We imbibed enough, at any rate, to make us suspicious of the platitudes of the day.

But, mark you, still we had time to read with vast interest about the Homestead strike, and about John L. Sullivan's battles with Jake Kilrain and Charlie Mitchell, and about the Haymarket affair in Chicago. We could and did read Stead's "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon"; and Frank Harris's semi-slanderous and wholly scandalous publication, *Modern Society*, so full of key-hole information and innuendo, plus subtle sycophantic flattering; and the Fabian essays on Socialism, as well as pamphlets by Shaw and Morris and Hyndman and Herr Most; and Stevenson's books as fast as he could produce them; and the amusing controversies which Tucker of Boston held with Nordau and Henry George and Ruskin; and everything that came from the pen of Mark Twain and Stockton; and Draper's "Conflict of Religion and Science"; and, without fail, T.P's *Star*, with its high-hearted essays on books by Richard Le Gallienne, and on the

theater by A. B. Walkley, and on music by Corno Di Bassetto who was Shaw, and about authors by Clement Shorter.

The Golden Age of Literary Appreciation was at its full. It was an age in which a great body of young men were in close contact with contemporary thought and contemporary emotion; also it was a generation in close contact with the past. To call it an artistic age would be something like burlesque, but it certainly knew the consolations of art. It was a self-assertive age, not an age of surrender. It was an age of revolt, considered from many points of view, a revolt that grew out of conviction and knowledge, not out of emotions worked upon by charlatans and fanatics. It was an age that produced much, and very notably an age of editors whose opinions were reached by a process of serious reasoning. Magazines that flourished in that day have passed into retirement because the audience that supported them has thinned in the natural course.

III

What of the sharp decline?

I repeat, I advance no subtle theories. But one may take observed facts and put two and two together, holding the result as a working hypothesis until a new light beams. Put it this way, in plain words. There, in the middle 80's, was a generation of reading people spreading wide, tasting and testing at will, enjoying, getting into literary swamps and morasses, discovering fair gardens, chasing will-o'-the-wisps, going hither and thither with boldness and sincerity and strength, experimenting by many paths, but nevertheless gaining an enlargement of horizon. Then came the uplifter and the millennium-maker. I again affirm that I speak as an eye-witness. Someone discovered that James Russell Lowell had written this: "We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of three centuries ago, and at a certain dignity of phrase that characterizes them. They were scholars because they did not read as many things as we. They had fewer books, but these were of the best. They lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato." On that theme men began to lecture, and to scold, and to preach. Lubbock was quoted: "It is one thing to own a library; it is, however, another thing to use it wisely." Sir John Herschel, too, had words repeated: "Give a man the taste for reading and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books!" Then that king of persuaders and compelling journalist, William T. Stead, took up the Case of Books with a view to controlling the reading of the multitude, and soon his *Pall Mall Gazette* came out with Lists of the Best Hundred Books, and Lubbock's List advanced as a guide.

This is not the place to discuss that list, or any other similar one, for they were many. Lubbock ran strongly to the "ought-to-be-read-to-be-counted-well-informed" sort—advocating the Bible, Aurelius, Wake's "Apostolic Fathers," Hesiod, Sophocles, Tacitus, Xenophon and so on. His poetry included Dryden and Scott, Burns and Pope, Gray and Byron. He listed Samuel Smiles's "Self Help," which we had somewhat scorned; Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which we had counted as worthy of retirement; Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and Scott's novels, and both authors we had looked upon as theatrical. He gave us "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe," which we accepted as we would have accepted "Mother Goose." He laid stress upon Southey's "Thalaba," while John Bright would have had us go to Whittier and Bryant.

So we read Lubbock's List, with other lists made by literary lights, and came to the conclusion that our would-be guides were narrow-minded men in large circles that their tastes were not as discerning as our own, that we preferred to run wild and practice individual verification rather than go by authority. Still, there was the collision and a resultant check. Evasions

ght and refuge from a new idea were not r us. So we tried our hands on Spinoza, d Comte, and Ramayana, hoping to hold the bright countenance of truth, ıt instead she seemed a wrinkled and interesting hag. We had commenced to ad from duty rather than from desire. e had lost interest.

But that was not all by any means. Our ucational curriculum up to that time d taken no heed of literature, but a new der arose. Schoolmen took the world of erature in hand and every professor who rote a book that purported to be a history literature seemed able to get his lucubra- on into print. Often, out of the amplitude their imagination, they discussed books d authors. Bitter in the belly became literature for the children of those who had roamed at will, bitter because a thing hedged, controlled, restricted, no longer sympathetic and flexible. A world was told what it had to think of authors and their work, was told with severity what it had to read, was warned against this and that, and in the telling personal prejudices and idiosyncrasies were abundantly paraded.

From the time of the inclusion of a so-called study of literature in the school curriculum commenced the sharp decline of interest in literature. Today, I say it with infinite frankness, the members of the American Library Association are the last of the old guard gathered about the true banner.

FREE SPEECH IN KHAKI

BY AN ARMY OFFICER

LIBERTY of expression, as of opinion, is deeply ingrained in Anglo-Saxon public policy and private right. "The allowance of this right," declared Alexander Hamilton, "is essential to the preservation of free government; the disallowance of it fatal." To encourage a Reed, we must endure a Heflin. Abuses may occur, but without free speech we might as well return to the index of forbidden books, to the tyrannies and prejudices of medievalism.

In the placid city of Hudson, N. Y., a printer was indicted for scurrilously calling Thomas Jefferson "a malicious and seditious man, of a depraved mind and wicked and diabolical disposition." The issue was political, the attack personal. In a legal brief submitted in this case Hamilton wrote words, approved by the court, which have become almost a classic definition:

> The liberty of the press consists in the right to publish with impunity truth, with good motives, for justifiable ends, though reflecting on government, magistracy, or individuals.[1]

Free speech does not, as Chesterton says, consist merely in being free to remark that there are mile-posts along the Dover Road. The right to speak includes the right to be controversial. "If," said Lord Stanhope, "our boasted liberty of the press were to consist only in the liberty to write in praise of the Constitution, this is a liberty enjoyed under many arbitrary governments." To which Thomas Erskine added:

> While we render obedience to government and to law, we will remember at the same time that, as they exist only by the people consent and for the people's benefit, they hav a right to examine their principles, to watc over their due execution, and to preserve th beautiful structure of their political syste by pointing out, as they arise, those defec and corruptions which the hand of time neve fails to spread over the wisest of human in stitutions.

So far the civilian. What, now, of th soldier? To what extent does he understan these facts and appreciate these principles Has he so far "lost all notion of civil life and does he stand so far "outside of civ society" that the importance of free speec forms no part of his heritage? Must mem bers of the Army—servants of the stat sworn to absolute obedience—refrain fro all civil discussion? Does the strict hab of military discipline quite obliterate th right of free speech? Is a soldier required t sit silent when "defects and corruptions appear in the state which he serves or i the uniformed organization of which h forms a part? These are all questions whic have actually arisen in military history.

Political systems live by representatio military systems by subordination. "A army," declared Maitland, "cannot b kept together if its discipline is left to th Common Law." "Military law," sai Judge-Advocate-General G. Norma Leiber, "is founded on the idea of a depa ture from the civil law." Enlistment abr gates certain rights and changes statu The soldier lives under a legal system base upon Articles of War and Army Regula tions; he serves in a world of courts-martia and summary disciplines. Mere executiv orders alter his clothing, shelter, food Political discussion is the prerogative o

[1] The People vs. Creswell, 3 Johns. 336.

ry citizen, but soldiers must stand si-
t. Accept the President's commission,
l you relinquish the inalienable right of
ry American to cuss out his Congress-
n. You comply with orders; say noth-
. You comment neither upon the order
upon the individual.

Since 1863, formal codified Army Regu-
ions have contained a passage, changed
ghtly from time to time, but generally
act in meaning:

> Respect to superiors will not be confined to obedience on duty, but will be extended on all occasions. Deliberations or discussion among military men conveying praise or censure, or any mark of approbation, toward others in the military service, and all publications relating to private or personal transactions between officers, whether newspaper, pamphlet, or handbill, are strictly prohibited.

n 1874, a lieutenant, T. J. Spenser, at
t Richardson, Texas, called his post
mmander, in writing, a "moral coward"
l was dismissed by court-martial for be-
"disrespectful and contemptuous." In
same decade a colonel, D. S. Stanley,
olished in the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* and
the New York *Times* his unfavorable
nion of the courage and honesty of a
erior. A court-martial found him guilty
'conduct to the prejudice of good order
military discipline." So spoke the
itary moguls:

> civilian attacks another in this manner only the risk, so far as any legal liabilities are oncerned, of proceedings for libel. But at ilitary law such a publication is a high ffense, whether the statements be libellous not. His declarations may be true, and may e worded without exaggeration or temper; et he is no more authorized to publish them the Army or the community than if they ere false in fact or violent in expression.

n 1871, Captain Steelham of the 15th
ntry suspected that he had been court-
tialled out of personal spite. He so
ed in court. After his acquittal he
ned through the printing-press the same
ent and vituperative words he had used
he trial, calling his accuser (who was
a lieutenant) one devoid of the in-
stincts of a gentleman and a disgrace to the service.

He was promptly court-martialled again, and this time convicted. His new offense was the public slurring of a brother officer—"a serious military offense to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."[2] Even privileged statements made in self-defense, it appeared, could not be later printed and circulated.

In January, 1878, Colonel August V. Kautz, brevetted major-general, and commanding the Department of Arizona, objected to a decision of the President which set aside a court-martial judgment on account of certain flaws discovered by the Judge-Advocate-General. The irate colonel addressed a long letter to the Adjutant-General commenting on the Judge-Advocate-General's ideas. He also circulated it in the Army as a printed paper. In it, among other things, he said:

> I hold that the opinion of the Judge-Advocate-General misrepresents the record, that it is unsound in law, and, if accepted as correct, destructive to military authority; manifestly unjust to me and biased in favor of the convicted officer.

For this rash piece of literature Colonel Kautz himself was promptly tried. His publication was alleged to be "throughout wholly irregular and unmilitary." The papers went for scrutiny to General W. T. Sherman, a strict soldier if there ever was one, who said he wished to announce certain principles of military government which concerned the honor and dignity of the Army. The essence of them he set forth as follows:

> Obedience to and respect for the lawful decisions of the constituted authorities, from the highest to the lowest, is not only a duty enforced by penalties, but should be the cause of pride to every officer and soldier in the Army. When such decisions are made and announced by the proper officials, a cheerful obedience is all that is left for the officer, and the higher his rank and office, the more important the example. This is not the obedience of the slave, but of the knight, true to his sovereign—in our case, the law.

[2] Winthrop's Digest, 1880, p. 458.

> The progress of the world and of science may introduce into practice new methods, which will in due time solve wisely and satisfactorily every question, such as arose in this case, but meantime the decision of the Executive on this and all kindred subjects must be accepted as binding in law and in honor. Any discussion in the journals of the day, of matters adjudicated, is wrong.[3]

II

War is a clash of national wills. The general in command makes his decision, and every available resource, without cavil or question, must be bent to the accomplishment of the common coördinated plan. The great defeats of history have been almost invariably due to lack of will power on the part of the commander, lack of obedience to his will on the part of his men. Implicit compliance is the secret of success. This presumes in fighting forces a strict discipline, a state of mind so that all men are of one mind, of the same mind as the leader in command, shaped by the habit of discipline. "The first, second, and third part of a soldier's duty," said Lord Mansfield in the famous case of Sutton vs. Johnstone, "is obedience." Once a decision is taken, the policy and the course of action decided, the Army,—from general to private, colonel to subaltern,—must conform. That decision, as General Sherman declared, is binding on the soldier soul, in law and in honor.

The two most striking trials in American Army history are probably those of Brigadier-General William B. Hazen and of Brigadier-General William Mitchell. Both occupied high places. Both defied authority on topics of wide popular interest, and had much popular sympathy. But both ran foul of the basic and vital military doctrine.

In 1881, Lieutenant A. W. Greely went to the shores of Lady Franklin Bay in command of an international polar meteorological observation station. Disaster met the expedition. Survivors were few. Hardships were great. The people were ha rowed to hear of the sufferings encou tered. There was agitation to send a reli party north in September, 1883. The Secr tary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, decide that such relief was "not practicable" late in the season. A year later, in his a nual report as Chief Signal Officer, Gener Hazen dared to say that on September "there was still time, as known from pr vious experience and shown by subsequer facts, to send effective relief." In his ow annual report for 1884, Mr. Lincoln w "pleased to make" General Hazen th object of severe strictures for thus cor menting gratuitously upon the Secretary decision. General Hazen smarted under th hurt, and on February 17, 1885 tried to r open the argument by writing to Mr. Li coln. The Secretary curtly replied:

> The correctness of the judgment of the Chi Signal Officer in his annual report as to t propriety of the action of the Secretary War is not a proper subject of discussion b tween the Chief Signal Officer and the Secr tary of War. A breach of military discipli which could not be overlooked may avoided by the retention of the Chief Sign Officer of the within paper within his ow hands.

Then newshounds got the scent. Gener Hazen gave out the correspondence. Th was too much for the military. A cour martial found the general guilty, thoug it sentenced him merely "to be censured orders." Grover Cleveland signed the o der, which said:

> To an officer of fine sensibilities, the mere fa of being brought to trial before a cou martial must be in itself a mortification and punishment. The accused, whose high ra and long experience in the service should ha inspired him with a full realization of th respect for constituted authority which essential to military discipline, has been a judged guilty of indulging in unwarrant and captious criticism of his superior offic thereby setting a pernicious example su versive of discipline and the interests of t service. Subordination is necessarily the p mal duty of a soldier, whatever his grade m be. In losing sight of this principle, t accused has brought upon himself the conde

[3] GCMO 26, AGO, 1878.

ıation of his brother officers who examined he charges against him and seriously im-aired his own honorable record of previous onduct. It is to be hoped that the lesson vill not be forgotten.

In the Mitchell case, likewise, it was vspaper publicity which precipitated uble. After the Armistice and demobi-ation, the National Defense Act of 1920 ovided for the creation of a separate and werful air force. But the country was ting back to normalcy, adopting the nomy programme, cutting down rather ın increasing military organizations. ccessive appropriation bills slashed the ailable funds until a mere skeleton was ing to carry out the ambitious pro-ımme, and supplies and equipment of all ts were wanting. The forces were cut to ,000 instead of the 280,000 originally ended. The Air Service received its cuts ng with the other branches.

During these lean months, the General ff decided that something must be done the aviators. A group of high officers ming the Lassiter Board recommended 1923 a consistent and balanced air devel-ment programme. It called for increased sonnel and more expenditures. It ran ectly counter to the economy pro-ımme of the President and was therefore oroved only "in principle." But the retary of War and the General Staff did give up the fight. In his annual report 1924, Mr. Weeks listed the air pro-ımme among his most pressing projects. said:

> The present organization, strength, and quipment of the Air Service bear no relation o defense requirements and afford little or o foundations upon which requirements in ither personnel or material can be built.

These were strong words. Yet not strong ugh for the ardent air enthusiasts. Uti-ng every weapon of propaganda, officers the Air Service began openly to express ir desires and to advertise their needs. ominent among them was Brigadier-ieral Mitchell, then assistant chief of Air Service. In public speeches and in the public press he urged the matter. To his view all other forms of fighting were obsolete and futile. The Hearst newspapers took up the battle, and General Pershing rushed in to say that "during the World War extravagant tales of havoc done to enemy cities and installations were brought back by some of our aviators, but investigation after the Armistice failed, in the majority of cases, to verify the correctness of the reports." However, not even a Pershing could seal the lips of Billy Mitchell, who continued to talk of aviators compelled to fly antiquated craft, of flaming coffins, and of administrative neglect. He said:

> We, in the air fraternity, decided to put the issue squarely up to Congress and the people. We received an immediate response from the people and the Congress, because they saw the right of our proposition.

Then ensued the bitterest publicity campaign that has ever convulsed the American people on a military question. Recriminations were bandied back and forth through the daily newspapers and in the popular magazines. Finally, in September, 1925, just after the Navy Department dirigible *Shenandoah* crashed to earth with appalling loss of life, General Mitchell took advantage of the horror-stricken state of the public mind to give out a statement to the press in which he publicly accused the War and Navy Departments of "incompetency, criminal negligence, and almost treasonable administration." He charged them with giving Congress "incomplete, misleading, or false information about æronautics" and with acting "irrespective of the public welfare." Apparently not satisfied with having spoken once, he spoke again, and his defiant words went country-wide:

> In time of war conditions have to be met squarely, willy-nilly, but in time of peace questions of great moment to the country must and will be investigated by all the people of the country on their merits, otherwise we would not have representative government. To obscure the issue in this case, which is the fact that our æronautics is in a

disgraceful condition and our whole national defense is little better, is merely to delude the public.

Here was a square issue. General Mitchell, it will be noted, admitted that discussion should be suppressed in time of war. But in peace times, he contended, free speech should be permitted to Army officers, even to the detriment of the principle of subordination. He was answered with a formal set of court-martial charges, alleging he had acted "to the prejudice of good order and military discipline and in a way to bring discredit upon the military service" and had been insubordinate, disrespectful, and contemptuous of the War Department. He was found guilty as charged. President Coolidge approved and announced the sentence, saying that he had been "breathing defiance towards his military superiors" with statements "without basis in fact." He added:

> The accused has been guilty of highly censurable conduct. The country has every reason to expect that its officers, especially those who hold positions of high rank and have had long experience in the service, will at all times be strictly obedient to the provisions of the law and the requirements of the rules by which they are governed.
>
> The theory of government implies that every official, so long as he retains office, shall deport himself with respect toward his superiors. This is especially true of those in the military service. Unless this rule is applied there could be no discipline in the Army and the Navy, without which those two forces would not only be without value as a means of defense but would become actually a menace to society.

And so, on this point, the Republican Calvin Coolidge was of one mind with the Democratic Grover Cleveland. Problems of public policy are in the province of political officers, not of Army officers—even problems on which military men may properly be considered experts.

During the Great Rebellion in Britain, Milton pleaded for liberty of printing in times of stress even more than in other times. He said that even in a city "besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, with inroads and incursio all round," free discussion should go o Men should be "disputing, reasonin reading, inventing, discoursing." But t "Areopagitica" is nearly three hundr years old, and almost forgotten. The Wor War was fought in the Twentieth Centur not in the Seventeenth. It was fought wi propaganda and censor's scissors as well with powder and shell. Liberty of speec of writing, even of thought, was represse

Army men, naturally, were subject more severe restrictions than men in ci zen's clothing. Holding up their rig hands to take the enlistment oath, th forswore all independent opinion. Lo before the United States entered the w they had their orders. On August 19, 191 President Wilson, their commander-i chief, had spoken his national warni against any "breach of neutrality." He h declared that the United States "must neutral in fact as well as in name" a "impartial in thought as well as in a tion." Coming from their superior offic these words were to military folk tant mount to a command. And so, in tho confusing times, when all the count sought explanations of military matte from those fellow citizens in uniform w were the most competent to explain, Arm men were told to keep silent. The Adj tant-General issued instructions for offic to refrain "from giving out for publicati any interview, statement, discussion, article on the military situation in t United States or abroad." Literally a plied, this order would have smother even the Plattsburg movement.

After America prepared to enter t struggle, as combat divisions were bei formed and mobilization camps teem with new troops, many individuals wro booklets to explain the regulations a drill in words the recruits could und stand. They offered suggestions abo training technique, and convenient guid to behavior and duty for the thousands unseasoned new officers. Tons of volum of this sort were sold. But, lo, there ca

heck upon their production. Uniformity st rule. On December 29, 1917, the War partment ordered:

> Officers, enlisted men and other individual members of the service are prohibited from printing or distributing through publishing houses or otherwise any pamphlets or books not previously published or in process of being published on any military subject whatever, except as an approved government publication or as authorized by the War Department.

For the few who already had their voles on the market, royalties might keep ling in. But other prospective authors re debarred from publishing their mans without express permission. A few re approved, but the general deluge was yed.

Within a week, the general military cenship order was out:

> All persons in the military service are forbidden to act as paid correspondents for or contributors to any newspaper, magazine, or other publication, or to receive any payment or reward whatever from any such publication for any letter or item of news written or furnished by them, whether the article in question is sent direct to the paper or periodical, or consists of private correspondence which the writer permits to be published.

Officers were designated to scrutinize respondence and matter intended for lication and to "delete all references able of furnishing information to the my." Though special freedoms were nted regularly paid newspaper correndents not in the military service, the lier penman was restricted. The surrepous newspaper revelations of South Af, the Crimea, and the Civil War, were forgotten. They would not be repeated. lid was on.

fter the Armistice it took some time eturn to normal methods and manners. as September, 1919, before the censor order was revoked. In June of the e year, the restriction upon the publion of military manuals by officerors was altered by a general order:

> Any member of the military service may publish articles on military subjects which contain nothing of a confidential nature and nothing prejudicial to military discipline, provided, that in cases of matter interpretive of military publications or designed as a guide to the performance of military duty, the manuscript of the desired publication shall first be forwarded through military channels to the Adjutant-General of the Army, with request for permission to publish.

Then the army began to get down to a peace-time basis. A vast reorganization was under way. Experiences and practices of the World War were being studied. The old training regulations and manuals would have to be re-written. "The way we did it in the First Division" and "the way we did it in the Third Division" would no longer be argued out on parade ground or in officers' club. It would all be put into the books. An entirely new series of regulations was projected. It was intended,— and so stated in General Order No. 51, 1921— to provide, in official publications, all information needed in the performance of military duties. In the face of this programme, the individual officer-author found the field for originality in interpretation severely limited. He became a mere condenser and compiler.

III

But though the technical military writer was thus circumscribed, the polemical militarist was given a new lease of life. On May 15, 1922, General Pershing, as General of the Armies and Chief of Staff, announced:

> The Secretary of War authorizes and desires public discussion on appropriate occasions by officers of the Army in support of the military policy of the United States as established by law and of the policies of the War Department in furtherance thereof designed to secure the national defense. . . . This policy is in entire accord with the spirit of our institutions and has met with the approval of all who have given it study and consideration. The sympathetic support of the public is necessary for its maintenance and it is to be expected that this support will be freely given when attention is called to the burdensome

and dangerous alternative that must be faced unless it is made fully effective. The national defense is the ultimate mission of the Army, and a proper presentation to the public of the necessities in this regard, since it is essential to the accomplishment of this mission, becomes naturally and logically one of the important duties of the officers of the Army.

As the policies have been worked out with much care after a very full consideration of all the factors entering into the problem, it is desired, in order to avoid confusion, that they should be discussed from the standpoint of the War Department, unless special authority for a different presentation is obtained from the Adjutant General.

This is the famous Propaganda Order—now embodied in permanent Army Regulations—that made the pacifists rage. Junkers and militarists, they charged, abounded beneath khaki cap and shoulder strap. The Liberals tried to choke off anti-pacifist speeches by officers. When two brigadiers, Amos A. Fries and Albert J. Bowley, denounced the "spider web" of pacifist organizations, they incited the rigorous wrath of the W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C. A., and the Society of Christian Endeavor. Disarmament lobbyists raised a howl over the "defense test" of 1924, and flayed the press bureau of the War Department.

IV

Now, the discussion of topics such as these, though dealing only with problems of military policy, still fringes very closely upon political controversy. It has already been seen how General Mitchell's aviation advocacy clashed with the economy programme of the President and his administration. A similar incident occurred in 1927, involving General Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff of the Army. On an inspection trip he animadverted decisively and publicly upon the execrable conditions of left-over war-time barracks still occupied. They had already been described in the annual report of the Secretary of War for 1924 as "dilapidated, flimsy, unsafe, unsuitable, uncomfortable, and unsanitary." But General Summerall was cal
back for a "conference" with the Pre
dent, and his speeches stopped. His reve
tions made campaign material for Gov
nor Smith a year later. The Baltimore *S*
a Democratic paper, printed a series of
ticles describing many rotting army pos
One of these was Camp Meade. He
quarters at that camp promptly issued
order,—also printed in the *Sun*,—whi
forbade Army officers to discuss housi
conditions with journalists. Just
promptly appeared a supplementary
ticle, based upon journalistic conversatio
with officers' wives. And there the iss
became clear. The women were able
speak, though their officer-husbands we
commanded to reticence.

For many decades the Army Regulatio
have formally prohibited—in one of t
earliest paragraphs of the big book—"
forts to influence legislation." Since 19
the regulations have said:

No person in the military service will use
official authority for the purpose of interf
ing with an election or affecting the res
thereof. Such persons, while retaining t
right to vote and to express privately th
opinions on all political subjects, will ta
no part in political management or in p
litical campaigns.

Far back in June, 1776, a group consi
ing of R. R. Livingston, John Rutledg
James Wilson, John Adams and Thom
Jefferson framed the first Articles of W
our Army ever knew. Jefferson had el
where strongly stated that "truth c
stand by itself" and that "restraints up
freedom of speech or the press are n
necessary," but he said these things,
appeared, for civilians, not for Army me
The Articles of War which his committ
drew up threatened cashiering for any of
cer who should use "traitorous or dis
spectful words against the authority of t
United States in Congress assembled or t
Legislature of any of the United States
which he may be quartered." In 1806, t
words of the article were altered to forbi

ontemptuous or disrespectful words against
ne President of the United States, against
ne Vice-President thereof, against the Con-
ress of the United States, or against the chief
iagistrate or the Legislature of any of the
Inited States in which he may be quartered.

With only minor modifications in
raseology, this article has been
dopted in every successive enactment
he Articles of War. It has preserved that
ject for civil authorities which the
ny Regulations of 1881 indicated to be
ie duty of all citizens and especially
se in the military service."

Vinthrop's treatise on military law,
olished in 1886, stated that only one
e was known, up to that time, of an
iignment upon a charge of speaking dis-
pectfully of the Governor of a State
d upon this the accused was acquitted),
no case at all of assailing a State Legis-
ure. The unique gubernatorial case
urred in Kentucky in 1864. Brigadier-
neral E. A. Paine, U. S. Volunteers, was
sidered to have violated the article—
il the court acquitted him—by "openly
publicly" denouncing Thomas E.
mlette, Governor of Kentucky, as a
el.

Military men are usually not interested
he local affairs of communities adjacent
heir garrisons. Their constant changes
tation militate against close, continu-
contacts. The habit is to assume a re-
ctful aloofness. Occasionally, however,
nts occur which cause the soldiery to be
cted by the acts of civil administrations,
upon such occasions it is not rare for
cers to speak their minds publicly.

or instance, there is the army recruiting
gan which says: "The Army Builds
n." Magistrates at times feel that a
se of military discipline would be good
some of the drifters brought before
n. So it is not unnatural to hear occa-
ally of a judge "sentencing" an of-
ler to serve an enlistment.

Whenever this happens, the recruiting
ers take immediate action to prevent
acceptance of such an individual in the Army. Nor are mere protective measures all. They express themselves openly upon the subject. The offending judge receives a letter, a copy of which goes to the local press, excoriating him for his ignorance of modern military standards. Thus the Army openly criticises the judicial action of civil authorities.

According to the *Army and Navy Register* of November 27, 1926, Mayor W. H. Black of Wooster, Ohio, gave a culprit before him for assault and battery the choice of a hundred dollar fine or joining the Army. The accused chose the Army and was tentatively accepted by a branch recruiting station. When his papers reached Fort Hayes, Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Ballin cancelled the enlistment and wrote to the judge—and gave to the newspapers—a letter in which he said:

> The ranks of the Regular Army are composed of honorable and upright men, whose standard of morals precludes acceptance in their midst of an individual convicted of an offense involving moral turpitude, whose proper place of abode is a jail, penitentiary, or other like institution.
>
> The legal code which governs your judicial actions does not authorize you to offer service in the Regular Army as a substitute to a jail sentence, and unless you abstain from doing so in the future this office will take steps to compel you to desist from following this, to say the least, very questionable and unethical procedure.

Even a corporal in Kentucky could adopt a similar attitude toward a magistrate. A chicken-stealer was before a judge in Owensboro. His mother pleaded for mercy, saying she would have him enlist in the Army. The judge consented and the case was filed away. But when the miscreant appeared at the local recruiting office, his application for service was rejected, and Corporal A. B. Wilson went so far as to tell the reporter for the Owensboro *Messenger* that "Judge Watkins need not think he can unload his prisoners on the government."

These recruiters were treading on treacherous ground. They might have been considered guilty of contempt of court. But

their attitude and acts met with the approval of higher authority. They were warmly praised in military publications.

Not far different in character was a little affray in Georgia in 1926. I take the story from an editorial in the *Army and Navy Register*, for July 31, 1926:

> Army officers endeavor at all times to have soldiers under their command receive fair treatment in the communities where they serve, and, if difficulties arise, see that the legal rights of the soldiers are fully protected. Officers from Fort Benning, in the discharge of such duty, in connection with the cold-blooded murder of a Negro soldier at Americus, Ga., attending the trial in the uniform of the United States, were the subject of slurring remarks by citizens attending. The murderer was promptly cleared in a trial marked by references to the events between 1861 and 1865 and to "our sainted and beloved commander, General Robert E. Lee." Army officers at Fort Benning were incensed at this travesty on justice and were outspoken in condemnation of conditions producing such disregard for human life. This feeling culminated in an article appearing in the *Nation* by an officer who set forth the facts in connection with the murder and the farcical trial. . . . Such an attempt to expose an apparently clear injustice would of course cause resentment on the part of those people whom the truth would hurt. As a result, efforts were made by certain newspapers and citizens of Georgia to have the officer brought to trial.

The situation was delicate. Mr. Julian Harris, of the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*, had recently received the Pulitzer Prize for agitating reforms in Georgia. His work had that very Summer been the subject of articles in the *Forum* and in The American Mercury, which aroused grave recriminations among Georgians. Public feeling was fevered. The *Nation's* story of the trial the previous Autumn had been delayed in publication until the Summer of 1926, when there was much rancor. Matters began to take on a serious aspect for the offending officer. A newspaper suggested "direct action against the individual"—though whether or not this meant a lynching, it is hard to say. Other papers printed letters written by public officials to the local commanding general, demanding redress, even demanding the court-martia of the officer for criticising civil officia and for meddling in "politics." The *Arm and Navy Register* at this juncture declare

> The issue is one of considerable seriousness t the Army, in the protection of its commi sioned and enlisted personnel. It is hoped tha the Army will continue to wield the weapon of free speech to defend itself against unwa ranted contumely on the part of neighborin communities.

But not so. This was not a case for fre speech. The politicians were too interested Public opinion in the State was too strong Although none of the newspapers carrie any later mention of a court-martial, whic the Georgian editors would have bee glad to report, the Columbus *Ledger* o September 2, 1926 printed, avowedly wit the sender's permission, a letter from th commanding general to Senator Harris saying he had nothing but fine feelings fo the people of Georgia and declaring tha he had "officially conveyed" to the officer author of the *Nation* article his "disap proval" of it.

V

By giving such a letter to the papers, th general was illustrating a sure distinction a distinction of rank. In Georgia, it bega to appear a senior officer might give to th local press his opinion of a junior and hi actions. While the row was at its heigh and the removal of Negro troops fro Georgia was being urged, the Pittsburg *Courier* reported that "two very prominen officers in the Army have stated that, n matter what their personal feelings migh be, they cannot speak for publication. Army discipline and the principle of sub ordination were being put into force. Th affair had become a political issue. Dover were in Georgia, there were no even mile-posts along the road.

The outcome beside the Chattahooche might at first appear unusual in view o subsequent events and pronouncements But close distinctions will make the Arm

ctrine clear. In December of the same ar, 1926, the press was interested in ac- unts of a skirmish between Lieutenant- lonel George Chase Lewis and the Rev. hn Nevin Sayre. The latter gentleman ote to the Secretary of War charging at Colonel Lewis had used his influence prevent an address in the Y. M. C. A. ll at the University of Oklahoma. Mr. yre asked the War Department to put a ake upon the activities of Colonel Lewis. e Secretary of War promptly replied in s manner:

> t appears that Colonel Lewis was expressing is individual views as a citizen and that he id not even inferentially imply that he was xpressing the views of the War Department. It is manifestly beyond the power of the Var Department, and, if possible, it would be bviously opposed to the principle of free peech, for the War Department to attempt o control all expressions of opinion that fficers of the Army may make as private itizens.

Mr. Sayre was interested in agitating against militarism in education. Recalling that fact clearly, we can arrive at a solution, though one which makes for confusion and difficulty in interpretation. The officer in Georgia signed his *Nation* article without his rank, writing as a private citizen. Still, he was "officially" informed that his conduct was disapproved. The officer in Oklahoma signed his letter with full indication of his rank and branch of the military service. And yet he was allowed free speech!

We must look further. The officer in Georgia defended the Army, but his opponents were high-ups in the political world. The officer in Oklahoma was defending the official military policy, but his opponents were simply Liberals of the sort whose propaganda and principles have been for a decade the bane of the War Department and of its citizen training programme.

ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE

BY ROBERTO PIÑA

Cabarets

With the successful termination of the revolution against Huerta, Mexico City went American with a bang. The stately victoria disappeared from the streets, and in its place appeared limousines; the humbler cab was also done away with, twenty Fords clamoring for its place at the stands. Coachmen traded in their boots and top hats toward chauffeurs' outfits, and soon thereafter began being arrested for making insulting sounds with their horns to each other and to traffic cops, instead of whistling, as formerly. These insults are made by a series of sharp toots of varying length, each of which is conceded popularly to represent a syllable of a well-known and particularly offensive phrase.

About this time a number of chorus girls were imported from Broadway, and the local product immediately applied scissors to their costumes, establishing a mode that has lasted to this day. Also, some Negro tap dancers reached the Regis, and the next day a score of native young men went them one better. American cigarettes, jazz, lipstick and magazines found an avid market. Quick lunches sprang up, and people ate hurriedly, to conform with the new style, although later they found difficulty in disposing of the two hours allowed them for lunch.

Not all, however, was beer and skittles. Two ambitious young men, for example, started a restaurant fashioned after the American automats. To overcome the difficulty in the size of coins, they procured slugs, which a cashier sold near the entrance. The place was always crowded and the young men were delighted; tha is, they were delighted until they checke up on their profits some time later, an found on their hands several times as man slugs as they had started with.

Then again, there was some resistanc on the part of certain conservatives. Whe the girls left half of their garments a home, rouged their lips and bobbed thei hair, there were loud yells of protest, an at one time even riots. But these objec tions were quenched, literally enough, b the hose of the fire department, and prog ress resumed its triumphant march.

All this frenzy of imitation has nov somewhat abated. A long time has elapse since a hatless gentleman stood noncha lantly at one of the corners of the Cinco d Mayo attired in tortoise-shell spectacles a loud sweater, and golf pants. A usuall indifferent populace stared hard at him refusing to believe what they saw. When later on, attempts were made to ape thi fashion, the indigenous satirists and cari caturists saw a whole new field opening t them, and went to work with a will. Thi may have had something to do with in ducing Mexicans to look twice befor jumping into a pair of plus-fours. The er of imitation is not, by any means, com pletely over, but fashions and movies rah-rah clothes and trick lighters are nov inspected more closely than formerly.

This brings us to the cabaret. While no distinctly American, it nevertheless trace its origin to the States so far as Mexico i concerned, for it was imported bodily Negro orchestras, colored lights, stagger ing prices and all. Before its advent Mex

n women had been spared the spectacle their males in the process of getting ckled. The *cantina*—as common in Mexico the drug store in the States—had always en forbidden land to them, even to the *n sancta* portion of their sex. Those of us ving near the border or hobnobbing with e American colony in Mexico City were casionally privileged to see a woman ith one foot on the brass rail, shaking e dice and thumping the mahogany, hile calling loudly for the next round. ıt, as I say, Mexicans not exposed to such oadening foreign influences still held all rritory beyond the swinging doors to be holly their own. Not so, however, after e crafty *cantinero*, by adding an orchestra, dancing place many times too small, and list of complicated drinks to his staple ferings, doubled his patronage and tripled s prices, inwardly calling down blessings the Americanos.

No doubt all of these happenings took e Mexican woman by surprise. But as on as she had found her stride every ovement toward the new freedom found r in its foremost ranks, inciting the beldered males to follow. Thus it was that rtain once almighty he-Mexicans found emselves at the tables of a disguised *ıtina* with scores of emancipated girls, ıo now stood on their own feet and chalnged masculine superiority, dry Martini dry Martini, and olives be damned.

Occasionally, in this scene of innocent yety, there occurred clashes between the w ways and the modes of yesteryear. d-fashioned males, for instance, somenes forgot that ladies were now pertted to circulate freely among them, and ted as they were wont in the days of sculine exclusiveness. If these forgetful es merely shouted, or wept, or did such ings as peaceful drunks do when among emselves, tactful words sufficed to bring em to the present era. Otherwise the lies witnessed scenes and heard remarks ıt before would have reached them only second hand.

I am reminded of one such scene that took place in one of the merriest cabarets in the city, next to a popular theatre. Its decorations are the traditional mirrors, and colored lights, with cardboard flowers on the walls. Around one of the ringside tables was a party of the *nouveau riche*, generals and politicians. They were stagging it, and as their glasses were filled and emptied the conversation grew more and more sentimental. One of them, a moustachioed war lord fresh from the mountains of the North, related over and over a tale of an injury received at the hands of one supposed to be his friend. With each repetition he put more emphasis into the more poignant aspects of it. Evidently he thought he was not receiving as much attention as he ought; perhaps he was angered because the world in general did not stop and grieve. Anyhow, he rose abruptly, pistol in hand, and began firing at the ceiling. There was a terrorized shriek from the crowd. The orchestra stopped playing, the waiters stood where they were, laden trays motionless on high. Women crawled under the tables, and the war lord, swaying uncertainly, reloaded his pistol and continued shooting.

From one of the corners of the room rose a tall, blond chap. In his right hand he held firmly a heavy earthen jug taken from the nearest table. He cautiously skirted his way around the triumphant war lord. There was a breathless moment as he lifted the jug, and a unanimous shout of relief as he brought it down with great force on His Excellency's skull.

A few minutes later the dancing had been resumed, while around the young Americano's table a crowd milled, fighting for the honor of paying for his next drink.

II

Justice

The monotony of an unending stream of prostitutes, beggars, petty thieves and the like appearing daily before a minor police official was relieved one afternoon by the

appearance of two prosperous-looking American women and a somewhat puzzled policeman leading a grinning *pelado*, this last in the traditional straw hat and white cotton trousers.

The older of the two women placed a broken camera on the official's desk, and began at once stating her grievance, turning now and then to point an accusing finger at the culprit. The official sent a hurried call for an interpreter, endeavoring in the meantime by word and action to soothe the ruffled lady's indignation. But being too incensed to wait, she continued pouring into uncomprehending ears what was without a doubt the relation of a major crime. In due time the interpreter put in his appearance, but since he was not a very good one, it took half an hour and at least six repetitions of each sentence before the lady's trouble was clearly established. It was then learned that she and her companion were tourists, and had spent the morning taking snap-shots of what struck them as colorful about the town. They had snapped an old beggar woman on one of the corners, when all of a sudden this criminal jumped out of nowhere, and snatching their camera, smashed it on the ground. They ended by demanding that he be punished with the greatest severity, as an example to other would-be molesters of peaceful American women, threatening that otherwise the affair might be made to assume international proportions.

The man's side of the affair was then called for. In answer to the magistrate's questions he said that his name was Juan Perez y Perez, and that he was married, and a carpenter by trade. Further, that on his way to a friend's house he happened to see the two American ladies, who were going in the same direction. At the corner of the Calle Juarez, his friend, Don Nacho Borbón, stepped from a *cantina* in a state of great exhilaration, and the ladies promptly brought out their camera and took pictures of him. That he was much offended, Don Nacho being his friend, but said nothing and continued his way. That further up the street were some poor chil dren playing, naked and a little dirty owing to the poverty in which the capital ists keep the people, and that these, also were photographed. And that when th ladies for a third time made ready to tak pictures of the blind beggar woman at th corner of the Calle Hidalgo, whom every body pities, he became very indignant an smashed their camera.

"These ladies passed right by the beauti ful church of Nuestra Señora, and took n picture. Also before the new Palacio d Gobierno, and right under the residenc of Don Alfredo Galván, which is very large, and worth taking pictures of. In stead they took pictures of everything dirty and ugly, to show their friends i the North, and laugh at our *pueblo*."

The magistrate, however, found for th ladies, and sentenced Juan to thirty day in jail, at which they were very muc elated, and offered him a banknote, whic he accepted with great dignity. The luck less carpenter was then placed behind th bars with all the ceremony of soldiers wit drawn bayonets with which a man i marched to his cell in Mexico.

But as soon as the ladies had gone Juan was again called before the magistrate, who lectured him at length on the queer way of the Americanos, who are next to irre sponsible when out of their own country and certainly no intelligent man of th world such as Señor Perez should minc their going around taking pictures of wha appealed to their queer tastes. He was the admonished to keep out of sight until th ladies should leave town, with which h was dismissed, and the interrupted strean of prostitutes, beggars and petty thiefs re sumed its course.

III

Ley Fuga

I don't remember how the conversatio started. We had gathered in the office of motion-picture house after the showing of the last film, which happened to be

ison story, and I believe that one of those esent commented on it. This took them prisons in general. I wasn't paying uch attention, until the manager said:

"Before I took up motion-pictures I was notographer at the National Penitentiary. here were men then in jail who they emselves knew they were in there, but body else in the world was aware of it. some cases not even their families. I re-ember one man particularly, of whom ere was absolutely no record in the fice, and yet he had been there for onths."

I was a little surprised at this, remem-ring a clause in Mexico's Constitution hich requires the authorities decreeing man's arrest to appear before the com-tent judge at the end of seventy-two urs to show why he should not be ed.

"Oh, no, it's entirely different," said e manager. "At the end of seventy-two urs, if the man is not freed, he auto-tically becomes *formalmente preso*. He is en photographed, his finger-prints and easurements are taken, and he is trans-red from the *prevención* to the jail proper."

This interpretation was rather startling me, but I let the man continue:

'I remember the case of a wealthy mer-ant who was arrested I don't know why, r do I recall the circumstances that pre-nted his being released within the period. t I do remember that it was all a mis-ke. All the routine of measurements and forth had been completed when he was ally freed, and the man afterward spent ortune bribing minor clerks to steal or stroy the plates of his photograph and ger-prints, and the innumerable copies at are broadcast to all police and judicial nifications.

'I was there immediately after we took e Penitentiary over from the *Huertistas*. course a good many of the men in it re political prisoners, and these were charged as soon as they could identify emselves. Many could not do this satis-torily, and just had to stay there. This man that I was telling you about claimed he didn't know why he had been arrested, but some of the other prisoners thought he was a *ratero conocido*—a known petty thief. I found, instead, that he had been employed for many years as porter in the National Museum, and checking the dates as closely as I could, I learned that he had worked there up to the time of his arrest. I went to General X, who was in charge of the prison, and informed him of these facts.

"I said that it was not reasonable to suppose that a man who had worked for years in a museum in which there are many priceless objects—carved jewels and small things that could be easily concealed and made away with—could be a thief. The general agreed that it was rather improb-able, but not having authority to release prisoners himself, he said he would take it up with the Attorney-General at the first opportunity."

"Was the man ever freed?" one of the group asked.

"I don't know. I had the chance to start a picture house in Vera Cruz shortly after that, and I never found out whether or not he was released. He may be rotting there yet, although I believe that they probably got tired of seeing him around and just turned him loose."

"Did you witness any suicides?" asked another.

"No, I didn't, but I heard about them, sometimes from the suiciders themselves. Often I knew in advance that a certain man was going to be suicided."

Let me explain here that in Mexico, when speaking of jail inmates, one does not say he committed suicide. One says he was suicided—*lo suicidaron*. This is a vari-ant of the old *ley fuga* (law of fugitives), so popular with the Diaz administration. Now and then a man would arise and begin picking flaws with the government. If he was insignificant, he was ignored. If he was powerful but venal, he was bought. Failing this, he was probably deported. As a last resort the *ley fuga* was applied to

him. It worked in the following manner: the malcontent was arrested on some technicality, and his transfer to another prison was ordered shortly thereafter. (The original prison in which he was landed was always found unsuitable for some reason or other.) The guards would arrive at their destination with the man's body riddled with bullets and the explanation that he attempted to escape *en route*, and they had to shoot him. The authorities deeply regretted the man's imprudence. This practice fell into general disrepute when Huerta came out with his neat yarn about a group of men attempting to rescue President Madero, who was accidentally shot several times in the ensuing *mêlée*.

Thereafter the suicide method was resorted to. It is simplicity itself, and consists of a man committing suicide in his cell. It is based, presumably, on the theory that firearms should be as accessible to a prisoner as his pitcher of water.

Some one in the group expressed disgust.

"But you must remember the conditions of the country at the time," said the manager. "The bitterest revolution in Mexican history had been going on for some years. Industry and agriculture had been completely paralyzed. Work was nowhere to be found. Thousands upon thousands of the poorer classes were starving on the streets. There were hundreds abroad every night who would not hesitate one second to murder a man for a copper coin to buy some *tortillas*. And then again, when we entered Mexico City, the government was taken charge of by the men from the North, few of whom had ever been in the city before. There was no police force, and the courts were all upside down. You remember that at that time it was a secret shouted from the housetops that any juror would sell the verdict for a square meal. Under such conditions it was impossible to deal out justice in the proper manner.

"I am not saying that it was not unpardonable cowardice to eliminate political opponents by this subterfuge. No doubt many outrages were committed by ignorant *caciques* who suddenly found themselves with the power of life and death over those around them. But if you will look back, there were really very few political murders. Those 'suicided' were invariably incorrigible criminals of the lowest type, who for some reason could not be punished by ordinary methods. It was a sort of martial law until the country could be normalized. And now that things have been made much easier, now that the courts are dealing out justice after their fashion, at least to those without political pull, isn't it true that you never hear of such arbitrary methods any more? Oh, it is dangerous to rush to conclusions about anything concerning Mexico. But you fellows have me all worked up. Come, let us talk of more pleasant things."

IV

Worship

I am afraid that a preamble is necessary before the following incident can be related.

Many people have noticed that a great majority of those Mexicans who profess Catholicism in reality observe but the outward rites of a religion originally imposed by force, curiously blended with pre-Conquest idolatry. It would take volumes to go deeply into this. Suffice it to say that, if the scattered remnants of the old Diaz aristocracy are excepted, religion in Mexico consists mostly of certain gestures such as kneeling in church, lighting candles before the images of saints, having masses sung for the deceased, and making propitiary gifts to the clergy. That there are people willing to die for the privilege of going through these motions, however, has been amply demonstrated.

Gruening, in his "Mexico and Its Heritage," has the following to say:

"Of the fifteen million *nominal* Catholics . . . at most two million are Catholics in the sense accepted in the United States; an equal or larger number are agnostic or indifferent, and the remainder, while ob-

rving in their worship some of the out-
ard form of Roman Catholicism, are in
ality pagans."

Into this last classification two old ladies
hom I knew in my childhood would cer-
inly have to be consigned, were we to
nploy Catholicism in its proper sense,
though no doubt they would have been
rribly scandalized had any one even ex-
ressed doubt as to the propriety of their
votion. Both were held in high esteem
the local priest; they had not missed
ing to mass one single morning for I
n't know how many years, and while
was being said they knew exactly when
kneel and when to stand, the rest of
e congregation following their cue. In
e Summer they rounded up the children
the neighborhood and led them to
techism classes, willingly or otherwise.
ey were, in short, models of piety and
votion, sneeringly referred to as *beatas*
the heretics of the town.

And yet each of these old ladies had in
e place of honor in her home exact rep-
as of a statuette of St. Anthony of
dua, purchased about the same time and
m the same source, and in all the years
at I knew them, they never failed to
asp an opportunity to quarrel as to
hich one of the statuettes was the more
tent. They recited at length and in
owing terms innumerable instances of
latives and friends being saved by the
int's intercession, matching them one
one, and when one of the two was out
earshot, the other would refer con-
mptuously to her rival's miracles.

Many similar instances could be related
Catholicism which in reality borders on
latry. At the time the churches were
sed in Mexico I several times heard old
dies remark that they didn't mind the
sence of priests at all, inasmuch as they
d at home their own particular saints
whom to pray.

And now for the story:

In a certain village in the State of Puebla
ere is (or rather there was, since religious
cessions are now prohibited) a day set apart each year for the people to march through the streets with images of their favorite saints. These parades wound up in the local church, where the priest sprinkled the images with holy water, thereby making them doubly precious in the eyes of the owners.

At one time there marched among the paraders a man with an enormous, almost life-size statue of St. Joseph. He sweated copiously under the weight, but bore it proudly nevertheless, looking down on his neighbors, who carried smaller images. One of them was carrying a particularly small one, hardly three inches in height, of the Virgin of Guadalupe, on the upturned palms of his hands, held piously before him.

The man carrying the St. Joseph was a bit uncertain in his walk, due to the image's weight, and at one time bumped into the man with the Virgin.

St. Joseph's devotee looked wrathfully at the man with the smaller image, and said:

"*Sáquese con su mirruña!*" (Out of the way with your trinket!)

The other man returned the angry look and replied:

"*Y usted sáquese con su animalote!*" (And you, out of the way with your big animal!)

V

Elections

Classes were very sharply divided in the last presidential campaign. Ortiz Rubio, being the administration's candidate, naturally had behind him all of those holding government jobs, as well as those profiting directly or indirectly from their connections with the government. The weight of the innumerable political machines built up by local *caciques* was also thrown behind the official candidate. Great pressure was brought into play to swing the army of minor government clerks into Rubio's columns. Some were mulcted out of one day's pay each month during the campaign,

while others were forced to attend meetings and to march in parades.

On the other hand, the supporters of Vasconcelos were mainly independent merchants and people of modest means. But these were careful to hide their views, lest they be classed as reactionaries and their enterprises obstructed. Practically the only unqualified support that Vasconcelos had came from the students and other young men who had nothing to lose. These young men could contribute great vociferousness and sincere spontaneity, but little else, whereas it was an open secret that the opposition collected and spent millions for campaign propaganda. Many curious incidents occurred in the clash between these fervid young men and the shrewd, experienced politicians.

Not having the wherewithal to hire halls, brass bands and other indispensables for political meetings, the young men would go out on the streets, and in Salvation Army style begin their orations without further ado. This practice, however, was frowned upon by the government, because the orators rarely failed to fire the crowds with their own enthusiasm. Shouting "Viva Vasconcelos! Down with the Imposition!" they would strike a bee-line for the nearest Rubio gathering, where fists and clubs would displace the word as agents of persuasion.

It was not at all unusual at theatres, when the curtain went down between acts, for a young man up front to rise, face the audience and shout: "Señores, a minute of your attention!", and launch into a speech that lasted as long as the intermission. Mexico City was amused, and the spectators willingly chipped in to pay the young man's way into the next theatre. Street cars and omnibusses were also fair game, and one was often entertained the length of the ride by an earnest young man who urged all "free Mexicans" to join him in the support of his candidate.

The Frente Nacional de Estudiantes Vasconcelistas, the national organization formed by them, divided the capital into sections, and delegated some of its mem bers to ballyhoo in each, but having a oversupply on hand, it sent some of ther to other cities also, usually with barel enough money to get there and back.

The visit of three young men to one c the cities in the South coincided with tha of Ortiz Rubio. They watched enviousl the reception that the *jefe de operacione* (sectional military chief) and the municipa authorities had prepared for the officia candidate's arrival, and were among th bystanders when he was paraded aroun the city in the *jefe's* car. When the festivi ties were over they went to a central hotel and opening the windows of their room which faced the street, began at once t address the populace. Naturally, a crow gathered on the street below. The youn men spoke for hours, relieving one another with unflagging vehemence.

The *jefe* was informed of what was hap pening on leaving Ortiz Rubio, and sur rounded by some of his staff, went t listen. When the young men spotted hin from above they toned down a bit, bu continued speaking. He stood about fo a while, and deciding he had heard enough nodded to some soldiers who were waiting close by.

The soldiers went up and fished one o the young men from behind an enormou dresser; another they found hanging fron a window ledge, while the third wa caught on the roof, trying to decid whether or not it would be worth it t jump three stories. All the way to jail marching between rows of soldiers, they continued speaking, and in fact observe but few intervals of silence in the two day they were held.

They were called before the *jefe* on th afternoon of the second day.

"And how are the brave young fools?" asked the *jefe* smilingly.

"We are young, my General. We ar also brave, but we are not fools," replie one of them.

"What else would you call those wh persist in butting their heads against ston

lls? Don Quixote, you will remember, o objected to being called a fool."

'True, sir. Also, at one time there was king who ordered the ocean to stop ling."

At midnight a patrol consisting of a utenant and six soldiers put them into automobile and whisked them out of wn, without allowing them time to call the hotel for their baggage. Some ten les out, on a lonely road, the car stopped d the young men were made to get out.

'You are free," said the lieutenant. ou may go."

'Yes, we will," they replied together, ting on the ground.

'Go on," urged the lieutenant. "You take the train for Mexico City at the t station."

'And get shot for trying to escape? If are going to shoot us, do it now. If , go back to the city and we will find way when you are gone."

The lieutenant smilingly complied. When tail-light of the car had been lost in the tance, the young men grumblingly took the trail to the next town. They arrived Mexico City the following day, where escue party was being organized to go k for them. At headquarters, when y had finished their tale, one of them d:

'Will you let me have space in the next ue of *Trabajo*? I want to protest against s most ridiculous dénouement of our venture. If only they had beat us! But came out without a scratch after having yed for the first time in God knows w many years!"

VI

Rebellion

is is the story of how three Chinese died rebellion against the constitutional vernment of Mexico.

The notorious Division of the North, mmanded by Villa, had been dealt its th blow by Obregon's Division of the rthwest. Complete disbandment followed, and the country around Guanajuato seethed with roving bands of Villistas, trying to make their way to their native Chihuahua as best they could. Scores of prisoners were being caught daily, and either summarily executed or incorporated into the ranks of the victors, depending on the whim of the officer commanding the captors.

At Parral there was a regiment composed entirely of former Villistas, who upon their capture were made to swear allegiance to the provisional government set up by Carranza. Later it was admitted that it had been a mistake to keep the Villistas as distinct units within the army instead of mixing them thoroughly into the victorious ranks.

They were quartered in a large adobe building formerly used as slaughter-house, on the outskirts of the city. Among them were the three Chinese.

Along with others of their race, these Chinese had attached themselves to the army to keep from starving. They were not soldiers, nor did they take part in the battles, but followed the troops everywhere, performing menial tasks for the officers or begging for their food. More than likely they once owned small grocery stores or truck gardens near some city; one or two visits from victorious bands of drunken soldiers who filled their haversacks amid gleeful shouts of "Charge it to the Revolution!" left them with empty shelves and face to face with starvation.

One night the ex-Villista officers drank more than they were wont, and quite naturally, began recalling incidents of their days with the bandit chief. Soon after they were shouting "Viva Villa!" and all in good fun, arrived a guard patrol with drawn pistols. Shots were exchanged, and the survivors of the guard retreated hastily toward their headquarters, leaving the ex-Villistas to their revel.

The Carranzista general couldn't see the joke at all, and proceeded to the scene of action with his troops in battle formation. Then things began to happen. The ex-

Villistas, surprised in their sleep by overwhelming numbers, and not knowing what all the shooting was about, vaulted the adobe wall surrounding their barracks, and fled into the fields. The cavalry, ordered to pursue them, returned several hours later with fourteen of them, among which there was a major and the three Chinamen.

At dawn they were marched to the cemetery, where a deep trench had been dug during the night to receive their bodies. Preparations for the execution were being made when the major approached the Carranzista general and endeavored to explain that the drunken officers had not meant to revolt, and ended by begging forgiveness.

"Ask God to forgive you," replied the general, pushing him back roughly. "I could not forgive twice traitors."

But the major was not ready to die. H bolted from the group and ran madl among the tombstones to a brick wall be yond, over which he jumped, untouche by the bullets from the soldiers. Unluckil he landed a few paces from a group c cavalrymen, resting from their night' work, who were more accurate with thei pistols. He died a hundred yards furthe on, in the bed of a dried creek.

"Shoot before somebody else tries t escape," commanded the general. Th squads had not been formed yet, nor ha the prisoners been asked if they preferre to be blindfolded, as is customary. But n doubt the soldiers were glad enough to ge the sorry mess over with. They bega shooting indiscriminately, and the bodie of the prisoners, riddled with bullets, fel in a heap into the ditch. Among them wer the three Chinese.

AMERICANA

ARIZONA

ous boast of the Rev. Carl Basset, trom-ne-playing evangelist holding forth at e First Baptist Church of Tucson, as re-rted by the *Arizona Daily Star*:

f I ever had a boy who hung around an nfidel university, I would apply a hornet's est to the seat of his pants and send him ome across back lots traveling so fast he vould have to have a cold, wet rag hung on behind to keep from setting the weeds on fire.

ARKANSAS

OTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the ebrated *Baptist and Commoner* of Little ck, tells the skeptics why God did not ke the Bible fool-proof:

keptics ask why God did not make the Bible fool-proof so that there would be no hance to misunderstand. The answer is that God did not make the Bible to please the whims of skeptics. He made a clear revela-ion of Himself and His will and stopped with that. He knew that skeptics would try o find fault and He knew that they would pick flaws. The fact that He did not make fool-proof Bible is sufficient to show that t is inspired. If He had made a fool-proof Bible the skeptics would have said: "See here. The writers of the Bible were in collu-ion. They could not agree like that if they were not in conspiracy to lie. It is a rule of vidence that where several witnesses agree xactly in every word and detail they are ying for the simple reason that no two men will tell what they saw and heard exactly like. They will use different words to con-ey the same idea." So what the infidels de-nand in the Bible would be certain evidence of fraud in any other case. They unreasonably DEMAND THAT THE BIBLE BEAR ON ITS FACE HE EVIDENCE OF FRAUD before they will be-ieve it. In making such an absurd demand hey convict themselves of insincerity. The Bible is inspired of God. He inspired men to write what they knew in their own words nd superintended them in the writing so hat they wrote nothing but the truth. The nly thing inspiration did was to insure that no falsehood or contradiction, that no error be in the Bible, and it does not mean that the Spirit dictated the exact words, except in such instances where we are told that the exact words are dictated as in the case of the Ten Commandments and some other instances. . . . The greatest of marvels is that after two thousand years of caustic criticism and fault hunting not one material error has been discovered in the Bible.

THE same scholar solves the problem of the exact date of Jesus' birth:

> Concerning the exact date of the birth of our Lord, the exact date not being given in the Bible, [a skeptical] lawyer asks: "Were these reports concerning the birth of Jesus written under the direction of the Almighty, or by historians who did not know the date of the birth of Jesus?" The answer is that the accounts were written under the direction of the Almighty and also that in all probability each one of the writers did know the exact date of our Lord's birth. But it was not the intention of the Holy Spirit to give to the world the exact date. If God wanted to withhold the exact date whose business is it?

CALIFORNIA

THE REV. PERCIVAL CLINTON, a celebrated Anti-Saloon lecturer, speaking before a group of Christians in San Diego, as reported by the *Sun* thereof:

> I cannot see that there would be any crime in shooting at sight any man who violates the law, especially the Prohibition law.

THE reverse side of the business card of the Hon. Allen O. Davis, San Francisco trader in used cars:

> I have been bawled out, balled up, held up, held down, hung up, bulldozed, blackjacked, walked on, cheated, squeezed and mooched; stuck for war tax, excess profits tax, state dog tax and syntax: Liberty Bonds, Baby bonds and the bonds of matrimony; Red Cross, green cross and double cross; asked to help the society of John the Baptist, G. A. R., Woman's Relief Corps, Men's Relief, and

stomach relief. I have worked like hell and have been worked like hell, have been drunk and got others drunk; lost all I had and now because I won't spend and lend all the little I earn and go beg, borrow or steal, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to and talked about, lied to and lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and damned near ruined, and the only reason I am sticking around now is to see what in hell is next!

LEADING editorial in the illustrious Menlo Park *News*, edited and published by the Hon. David H. Moore, a prominent 100% American of these parts:

In every little ward of a large city, in every little hamlet and town in the United States today there is raging a battle. The red element is raising its head and endeavoring to gain supremacy. They do not go under the names of reds. They carry no banners. But their war cries are the battle cries of the reds. They may even go under sundry names. Sometimes it is progressives, sometimes freedom and liberty organizations. But always they contain within their ranks the queer misfits of humanity. Look them over. Look a gathering of them over, and in the faces of all of them will be seen the same similar quality. It cannot be called ignorance. For healthy, brutal ignorance has not the wild, mentally unbalanced look that gleams from out their eyes. The reds that one finds in every community are the sick. They usually have, to use a popular slang expression, a screw loose somewhere.

They are mentally incompetent but are not crazy or wild enough to be put in an asylum. Many causes contribute to their mental condition. These causes range all the way from terrible venereal diseases contracted by their parents and inherited by the children to the results of drugs, narcotics, intoxicants, and the mental and nervous strain caused by our modern civilization. But in every community you find these men and women. And because of their queer mental condition they and their children are usually fit subjects for whatever oppression may exist about them. And for the same cause they are usually banded together in one fraternal brotherhood, and can always be counted upon to align themselves against their more normal neighbors.

They may be ignorant, they frequently are, but their disease is not ignorance. Good healthy ignorance is a gift of the gods in comparison with the ailments of these children of sinful parents or the victims of our too strenuous civilization. They are cursed with insanity, a species of insanity,that is all too prevalent today. Were they in le numbers, without a doubt, with our gre modern progress we would place many them in insane asylums. But we cann incarcerate such a multitude. It would be in possible. So individually we call them rad cals or reds and let it go at that. And whe under the leadership of unscrupulous men normal minds, or when taking advantage chaotic political conditions, they win ou in an election, as they all too frequently d today, many people who ought to kno better give way to them and follow the banner, paying for their allegiance in th end in much civic sorrow and personal regret

The dregs of the white man's civilization— the misfits caused by his greed for gold bot in his sale of poisons, his violation of nature laws in regard to sex and his chase after th almighty dollar in our too complicated an strenuous civilization—have so increased tha they bid fair to some day fill the entire glas

First the radicals and reds will win th small hamlets and towns, next they will tak the large cities, next it will be the countr districts—THAT IS IF THEY WIN—and the they will have taken the nation and we wi be as Russia was and as England is rapidl becoming. . . .

In every little hamlet and every little tow the war is on. If we are as a people to wi the battle must be twofold. First, THE DREG IN THE GLASS MUST NOT BE INCREASED. THOS ELEMENTS OF GREED in our society that mak insanity, radicals and reds must be destroyed The death penalty should be put on all suc crimes. And, second, we should stand guar at the polls to see that only honest, intell gent, level-headed business men are electe to public office.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SUBLIME dialogue between two statesmen as immortalized in the *Congressional Record*

MR. SHEPPARD. Mr. President, in a new paper article, which has been widely circu lated, the following statements appear i reference to me:

SHEPPARD hates liquor. He hates beer. H hates wine. And he hates anyone wh likes them.

Mr. President, the statement that I hat anyone, whether in connection with liquo or anything else, is entirely in error. I hat nobody. Love for all humanity is one of th principal forces behind the Prohibition move ment.

MR. COPELAND. Mr. President, I should lik to say to my friend from Texas that I believ what he has just said.

Mr. Sheppard. I thank the Senator.

Mr. Copeland. While we are in opposition on many matters with reference to the efforts made to enforce Prohibition, I know of no man who is more genuine in his character and in his attitude toward men in general, and the statement the Senator from Texas has made I thoroughly indorse.

Mr. Sheppard. I am very grateful to the Senator from New York.

FLORIDA

Prophecy and warning by an inspired Christian of Orlando:

The writer has reason to believe that there is about to transpire one of the greatest events in all the history of man: an event that cannot be seen with the natural eye and probably will not be discerned by men until the effects of it begin to be manifest upon the earth; namely, the binding and sealing up of that mighty being, Lucifer, who has ruled this earth from its Heaven for 6040 years. Because of his own disobedience and his activity in deceiving and leading nearly all of God's intelligent creatures into disobedience he has been given many names, each one of which discloses some of his evil characteristics; as, Satan, the Serpent, the Devil, the Adversary, Abaddon, Apollyon, the Crooked Serpent, Behemoth, Leviathan, the Assyrian, King of Babylon, etc. The Scriptures assure us that he is the god (*i.e.*, mighty one) of the present evil cosmos or order of things upon this earth.

It is believed that after this transpires there will be uneasiness, anxiety and uncertainty in the minds of men, especially those who have exercised power and authority, because they have paid little heed to Jehovah and His ways, preferring the lies that this Lucifer has built up and, until now, perpetuated upon the earth.

It is believed that in less than three months after this event of the binding of this mighty spirit being, the present Satanic governments of earth will begin to crumble as the dry and little clay that suddenly comes under great pressure, and in a very short time it will be apparent that Jehovah has begun to put Jesus' enemies under His feet, as the Word of God foretells.

The writer would here venture a little scriptural advice, that, when it begins to be manifest that what has been reported here is transpiring, let every man, woman, and child (who may have reached the age of discernment) seek meekness, seek peace, seek humility, and prepare their minds to cast away their idols; *i.e.*, their own man-made ideas and Lucifer's deceptions concerning Jehovah and His plans. Be forewarned.

With love for all humanity,
G. H. Broadwater.

835 Magnolia avenue,
Orlando, Florida.

GEORGIA

Title of an article in the *Southern Funeral Director*, published in Atlanta:

MAKING THE PUBLIC
BURIAL-MINDED

ILLINOIS

Chaste literary musings of the Hon. W. G. Sibley in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce & La Salle Street Journal:*

> We have of late been reading the series of novels by John Galsworthy that begins with "The Forsyte Saga," and are well through the fifth one, in the latter part of which Fleur, a young wife and mother, is using all her charm and mental ability to seduce Jon, another woman's young husband, from his trusting wife. Whether she succeeded or not we do not yet know, but her conduct so far has been as abominable and wicked as anything we ever read in fiction. There is nothing obscene nor indecent in the book, but this deliberate attempt to lure a happily married man from his wife, by a woman whose sexual passions control her, is about as offensive as anything of that kind we have ever read. If this book reflects truthfully what is going on among the younger people in rich and prominent social circles in England, decadence is far advanced in that country. We are not particularly sensitive, but we hope we shall never read another book of this character. The stories in the "Decameron" are comparatively innocent.

NEW JERSEY

The New Biography's latest triumph, as revealed by the title of a serial in the *Borough News* of Edgewater:

JESUS AS I KNEW HIM

NEW YORK

The Hon. Wm. F. Markoe in the *Monitor*, a leading Catholic journal of New York City:

> America was stamped all over from the first for a Catholic land. Her rivers, lakes and mountains, her cities, towns and hamlets bear the names of Catholic saints, dogmas and mysteries. Her very name is that of the

patron saint given in baptism to Amerigo Vespucci. . . . A nation who stamps its coin "In God We Trust" is proclaiming its perpetual Credo. The nation whose motto is "E Pluribus Unum" cannot fail to recognize the necessity for unity in religion as well as in its geographical boundary lines. With St. Augustine guarding its Atlantic coast, St. Francis its Pacific coast, the Apostle St. Paul kindling religious zeal in the North, the gentle St. Anthony inspiring peace in the South, the warrior King St. Louis in the center, and Mary Immaculate presiding over all as its chief patroness, can anyone doubt the Catholicity of America? Was not the first hymn sung in the Western Hemisphere the Ave Maris Stella? Was not Columbus' ship named the *Santa Maria*? Was not the very name Christopher Columbus symbolical of the dove of peace and the Christ-bearer? Surely, God's plans are manifest. America is the latest and greatest of nations, and He means to possess her for Himself. And what other church, may I ask, can be found so worthy of the intelligence, the earnestness and the lofty aspirations of the American people? She alone can offer doctrines so sublime, philosophy so impregnable, morality so divine, traditions so glorious, charities so God-like, organization so matchless, discipline so superb, and ceremonial so magnificent!

WANT AD in the *Times*:

Bookkeeper and typist, thoroughly experienced, prefer one with silk underwear; experienced. Tri-Knit, 31 East 32d.

NORTH CAROLINA

PUBLIC notice in the Whiteville *News Reporter*:

This is to state that we don't give (One of Mr. Henderson's curse words) whether anybody likes the Fire Department or not. We will do the best we can.

Signed—Members:

J. B. MCGOUGAN,
P. K. AVANT,
A. J. KRAHNKE,
ARCHIE RUSHING,
H. M. LEAMAN,
DEWEY HARDIE,
RALMOND HEATH,
EUGENE F. DAVIS,
B. E. FOWLER,
O. M. GRAHAM.

OREGON

BUSINESS card of a Portland scientist:

Regular Office hours from 1 to 7:30 P. M.

DR. J. S. CHARLEBOIS

METAPHYSICIAN, NATUROPATH AND SCIENTI
MASSEUR

From 1 to 6 days cure or no pay on t
following:

Acute Appendicitis, La Gripp, Typhoid,
Pneumonia, and Spanish Flu

Consultation is free.

OFFICE 307 ABINGTON BLDG, 3RD ST. B
TWEEN WASH. AND STARK STS.
PORTLAND, ORE.

Also, the following are cured from o
week to three months, or money returned.

Chronic Appendicitis, Tonsilitis, Adenoi
Mastoid, Goitre, Tumor, Cancer, Diabete
and all kinds of Eczema.

By Scientific Massaging with my Twentie
Century Healing Oil, all contracted muscul
troubles which cause Neuralgia, Neuriti
Sciatica, muscular and other forms of rheum
tism, including locomotor ataxia. Sometim
cases of deafness and headaches, distressfu
ness and paralysis are easily cured. So wri
or call at the Office, for I have neither tin
nor money to lose for telephones.

PENNSYLVANIA

CIVIC news from the flourishing town
Wilkes-Barre, as released to the nation b
the Associated Press:

Those who like to go hatless in Winter ma
find this city inhospitable to their whi
should the city council pass a resolution su
mitted by Mayor Hart, who thinks that n
to wear a hat in Winter is an insult to th
intelligence of "God-fearing citizens."

So Mayor Hart, admitting he wants
stimulate the sale of hats here, as well
rid the town of a "new species of lunatics,
has drafted a resolution to the council whi
declares that "those who insist on goi
hatless in Winter weather be declared insa
and placed behind the walls of asylums."

SOUTH DAKOTA

EDUCATIONAL news from Sioux Falls Co
lege, as reported by the *Argus-Leader*
the same blessed town:

A paper dealing with the life and accom
plishments of Aristotle, composed and rea
by Professor M. F. Martini, was the featu
of the regular meeting of the Sioux Literar
Society at Sioux Falls College held in Glidde
Hall. According to Professor Martini, Ari
totle can be classed among the greatest in
tellects of the world excluding, of cours

ıch men as Christ, Paul, and a few others. native of Stagira in Thrace, Aristotle was ɔrn in 385 B. C. He had a speaking and writ- g knowledge of almost every type of sub- ct. He was acquainted with all, and was the ıthor of a comprehensive book on evolution. e also was an authority upon philosophy, onomics, politics, sculpture, painting, and ɔetry.

A discussion of the paper by the members the society followed its delivery. The udents evinced a great deal of interest in ıe remarkable accomplishments and men- lity of the great man. . . .

Miss Simonne Sirois gave two readings, The Mysterious Pup" and "At the Circus."

TENNESSEE

RCISE in the logic of morals by an nent barrister of Nashville, as revealed he world by the *Banner*:

the city council can rightly repeal our nday gas law to accommodate tourists, hy should they not repeal our laws against ealing, murder, lewdness, bank robbery, son and kidnaping? If we are going to let urists, good and bad, violate the Sabbath ere, why not let them also steal, break our nks, kidnap our children, violate our girls, urder our wives, or do any other wickedness at might suit their fancy? According to od and Anglo-Saxon civilization, Sabbath- eaking is just as wicked, and just as great menace to our safety, as stealing, murder, pe, or perjury.

WASHINGTON

VERTISEMENT in the illustrious Seattle *-Intelligencer*:

DOC" HAMILTON RETURNS FROM FOREIGN LANDS

MED "BARBECUREAN" IS BACK FROM SNO- OMISH COUNTY, EVERETT HIGHWAY AND KING COUNTY JAIL

EOPENING BARBECUE PIT AT 908 TWELFTH AVENUE

aving taken a post-graduate course in cooking der that renowned epicurean, Sheriff Claude nnick, I am now able to cook 'possum and eet 'taters to the taste of H. R. H. King George England or that great doctor of divinity, Billy nday.

I have made my gin fizz shakers and cock- il concocters into boilin' pots and skillets. ıave some of the cutest little chickens, the ɔst bashful little pigs, bullingest little efs, you have ever tasted in your life. Yes, ! I have even learned to sing the blues taught by those inimitable professors, Lyle and Whitney.

I want all of my past, present and future patrons to come to the first and only real Barbecue Pit, which has been enlarged in the last few weeks to accommodate over 200 people. There we will hold revival meetings and help to celebrate the holidays by eating caviar for culture, hogshead and black-eyed peas for luck, chicken and corn fritters for beauty, ham and pork for plumpness, turkey for flightiness, 'possum and sweet 'taters for wisdom, and nice juicy beef for family and kidney troubles. Yes, sir!

Hear me sing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Old Man River," "Moanin' Low" and "Piccolo Pete," and then I will dance the hoedown.

"DOC'SOLOGY"

WEST VIRGINIA

PUBLIC notice in the *Grant County Press*, published at Petersburg:

All Moonshiners and Liquor Handlers are hereby warned not to give or sell my father, Sam Self, a drop of liquor in any shape or form. All parties not heeding this notice will be dealt with according to law.

JACK SELF.

WISCONSIN

EDUCATIONAL news from Wisconsin University, one of the Republic's most celebrated institutions of the higher learning:

The auditorium committee of Wisconsin University has refused use of the gymnasium for a lecture by Bertrand Russell, English philosopher, because Dr. Walter Meanwell, basketball coach, said it would interfere with practice.

THE new science of pedagogy captures Milwaukee:

On the theory that education should include the training of people for the things they like to do, Shorewood High-school, in Milwaukee, is giving lessons in bridge two nights a week.

GENERAL

THE HON. F. SCOTT MCBRIDE, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, as reported by the Detroit *Free Press*:

The league was born of God. It has been led by Him, and will fight on while He leads. And the one thing that stands forth in this progressive age is that those things that are in the way of the progress of the Kingdom of God must get out of the way.

THE FOREIGN LANGUAGE GRINDSTONE

BY WILLIAM NORWOOD BRIGANCE

Latin and Greek, in the Middle Ages, were basic necessities to the scholar. They were the tools of his trade. The vernaculars of Western Europe were regarded as unfit for the uses of letters. Books were written in Latin, correspondence was carried on in Latin, records were kept in Latin, sins were absolved and souls were damned in Latin. It was a true international language. As for Greek, it was the language of scientific studies. A knowledge of both was thus necessary to men of learning. They could see no virtue in the use of their mother tongues.

But following the Renaissance, Latin was dethroned from its pedestal. Wycliffe translated the Bible into English, and Bibles in German and French soon appeared. Radical tutors began to teach, partially at least, in their native tongues. Then it was that scholars, alarmed at the decline of the two learned languages, brought forth an argument, *not until then uncovered*, for their retention as a compulsory part of all education—namely, that *the study of Latin and Greek was indispensable as a mental discipline, that such training alone would develop one's potential mental capacity to its maximum.*

John Locke, in 1692, railed against wasting time and money in teaching Latin to a pupil intended for a trade—"wherein he, having no use of Latin, fails not to forget that little which he brought from school, and which 'tis ten to one he abhors for the ill usage it procures him." But Locke's protest was unavailing. The pedagogues of the day decided that the minds of tradesmen as well as scholars must be sharpened upon the grindstone of Latin.

Again in the Nineteenth Century, wit the rise of scientific studies, the compu sory study of ancient languages was a tacked. Charles Francis Adams II led spirited onslaught upon it before the Ha vard chapter of Phi Beta Kappa in 188 "Learning by heart the Greek grammar, he said, "did me harm—a great deal o harm. While I was doing it the observin and reflective powers lay dormant, indee they were systematically suppressed. . . We were [taught] to grapple with livin questions through the medium of dead lan guages." Again, "I have never been able— and now, no matter how long I may live I shall never be able—to overcome som great disadvantages . . . inflicted upon me I am only one more sacrifice to the fetish.

But again the classical scholars aros with an answer. They had by now dis covered that *the study of Latin and Gree developed facility, purity and power in the us of the native tongue.* This power in the use o the native tongue, they argued, could b acquired only through the medium of foreign tongue.

Here, then, is the history of the matte in brief: Foreign languages were studie originally in order to master them. Bu when the widespread need of them de clined the pedagogues discovered a nev and hitherto unheard argument: that thei study was indispensable as a mental disci pline. This argument sufficed to hold ther in a preëminent place for several more cen turies. When it in its turn was attacked the pedagogues brought forth their secon argument: that power in the native tongu was to be attained only through the me dium of a foreign tongue.

Both arguments, it will be seen, were nceived in the heat of necessity, without investigation into the legitimacy of eir ancestry. Since then debate upon the sue has led to a stalemate. But meanwhile e experimental psychologists of the orld have not been idle. Techniques have en perfected and experimental investigaons have been conducted. Let us now test e legitimacy of each argument in the ght of these investigations.

II

rst, is the study of foreign language inspensable as a mental discipline? For an swer, let us turn to the investigations of ofessor Michael West, a member of the aff of Dacca University in India and incipal of a Teachers' Training College. rhaps no living investigator has had a ore intensive contact with the problem foreign language learning than Professor est. It is the paramount problem of edution in India and necessity has driven the ucators there to supplant theorizing out it by unbiased investigation.

Professor West, as the leader of that instigation, approached the problem from horoughly scientific and broad historical ndpoint. The native language in his ction of India is Bengali and toward inuction in that language he is wholly mpathetic. No attempt whatever is made force the English language into the hools, whether for commercial or for litical reasons. Bengali is the basic lanage of instruction. English is introduced ly because of the technical and scientific ucity of Bengali, which makes a reading owledge of some one of the major lanages of the world necessary for those who uld pursue their education to the second- or the college level.

Upon a vast scale Professor West meased and tested and retested the effect of s foreign language study upon the Beni youth. Records of the comparative ogress of controlled groups was made fore and after commencing the study of English; tests were made of selected groups, otherwise equal in ability, some of whom pursued no foreign language, some of whom pursued one type of course, some of whom pursued other types. So intensive was this investigation that Professor West even carried out a stupendous programme of rewriting numerous works of English literature, grading each work to fit the vocabulary levels of students at different stages of progress. In this way, for example, four versions of "Robinson Crusoe" were written, one adapted for each of the first four years in English.

Then, having completed his tests, Professor West announced the results in his invaluable book, "Bilingualism." Briefly summarized, those results are as follows: (1) There is certainly no advantage, but rather a disadvantage, in being born in a bilingual country; (2) the mastery of two languages, instead of being a mental discipline, is a mental handicap—or, as Schuchart says, "if a bilingual man has two strings to his bow, both of them are rather slack"; (3) because of the distinct mental handicap which comes from the study of a foreign language, the school system of Bengali has had to work out a course designed to reduce this handicap to a minimum, thereby assuring the students a reading knowledge of a foreign language with a minimum of the handicap which comes from being forced to acquire that knowledge.

The mass of evidence behind these conclusions cannot be reproduced here, but the entire book is available to any interested person. One piece of evidence, however, is too significant to be omitted—namely, that Professor West's careful tests show that the average bilingual Bengali boy of sixteen has acquired a vocabulary barely equal to that of a normal nine- or ten-year-old monolingual English boy.

For a second investigation into the mental discipline of foreign language study let us turn to the work of two internationally known American psychologists, Professors Charles H. Judd and Guy T. Buswell of the

University of Chicago. But before introducing this evidence, I wish to note that I have heard it seriously argued in high places that foreign languages as taught in this country are, at least to some extent, fool-teacher-proof; that they allow even a dub at teaching to insist upon his pupils learning accurately, whereas other subjects which might be substituted make a greater demand upon the teacher's ability and thus can be taught so as to have no disciplinary value. But this argument assumes that foreign languages will have a mental discipline even when taught by a dub—which is precisely the thing I here propose to show is not true. But let us, for the moment, generously grant this assumption. With it granted, I am willing to let the following investigation of Professors Judd and Buswell stand as a complete answer to the underlying argument. It will, I believe, show that foreign languages, far from being fool-teacher-proof, may be taught in a manner which injures the student, even when handled by supposedly skillful teachers.

This investigation was made in 1922. The report is entitled "Silent Reading, A Study of the Various Types." The investigators examined thoroughly the reading ability of the Latin and French pupils in seven high-schools in the city of Chicago. They found that in no case could even the best third-year students actually read Latin. The reason was obvious. They had not been trained to read. *They had been trained only to look at words.* Let me quote a condensation of the report: "It would be less harmful if Latin could be isolated and treated in terms of its own decline. But under existing conditions it is a source of contagion to the whole school. Latin dominates all of the literary subjects, and by its methods contaminates the procedure in every class where its influence is felt." Impairment of general reading ability from the study of French was less pronounced, though still evident.

Now it is a fact, established by an invincible phalanx of educational experiments, that the success of students in al stages of training—from the elementary school through the college—is largely dependent upon their ability to read rapidly and accurately. What claim can be made for the "mental discipline" of a subject which interferes with the perfecting of this all-important tool, and, by so doing, retards the progress of students even in other fields of study? If such retarded progress appears under the hands of supposedly experienced and expert teachers, as one would expect to find in the schools of a large city, what scientific basis is there for the assertion that foreign languages are, in any manner, fool-teacher-proof?

But we have not yet done with the evidence. We now come to the investigation of another internationally known American psychologist, Professor E. L. Thorndike of Columbia. In 1923 Professor Thorndike completed his investigation into "The Mental Discipline in High-School Studies." It was an investigation amazing in its scope, covering 8,564 students in ten cities. Each of these students was given fifteen different tests for general intelligence at the beginning and was again given similar tests at the end. In this way all of the variations arising from imperfections in any one test were as completely eliminated as was humanly possible. At the beginning of the investigation, these 8,564 students were given identical examinations in each of the high-school subjects. At the end, all were given identical new examinations. All tests were scored by the same experts. Other details of the technique need not concern us here. It is sufficient to say that Professor Thorndike was aided and checked by the Institute of Educational Research of Teachers College, Columbia, and that he regards this as one of the most thorough of the many investigations he has conducted. After every variable was controlled and equalization had been made for zeal, initial ability, and special training on the content of each subject, measurement was taken of the pure "mental discipline" of each subject.

How did the discipline of foreign lan-
ages rate with that of other subjects?
was the fall of Goliath before the peb-
s of David. For such plebeian subjects
grammar, physics, algebra, and geome-
were found to have given the students
reater discipline than the long vaunted
tin or French—and every subject in the
riculum stood above German and Span-
. The margins from the highest to the
vest, however, were small—so small,
eed, that it gave rise to Professor Thorn-
e's famous view, now widely accepted
ong scientific educators, that the whole
ntal discipline theory is a pure myth
ich has come down to us out of an age
en arm-chair philosophers directed our
cational policies instead of genuinely
entific investigators. To quote directly
m Thorndike: "When the good thinkers
died Greek and Latin, these studies
med to make good thinking. Now that
good thinkers study physics and trigo-
metry, these seem to make good think-
. If the abler pupils should all study
sical education and dramatic art, these
jects would seem to make good think-
"

The force of this evidence is nothing less
n devastating to the claim that foreign
guage study is an indispensable mental
cipline. The investigation was con-
ted by one of the most renowned psy-
logists in the world, aided by a famous
titute of research. Its scope was wide
ugh to be undeniably representative.
e conclusion irresistibly exposes the ab-
dity of the claim that foreign language
dy is even useful to say nothing of being
ispensable, as a mental discipline. Worse
n that, it casts doubt upon whether
re is, or can be, such a thing as a "men-
discipline" study.

III

there is other evidence even more con-
sive. I refer to the investigations of bi-
gualism among Welsh students made by
fessors Saer, Smith and Hughes, and
published by the University College of Wales in 1924. These investigations included more than 1,400 common-school children in both rural and urban districts. They also included 939 college students. One of the groups investigated spoke English only. The other spoke both English and Welsh. Now, if the mastery of a foreign language is a whetstone of mental discipline, undeniably the results of that disciplinary training ought to be revealed by a comparison of the intelligence level of the group which has enjoyed the advantage of mastering a foreign language with the intelligence level of the group which has not enjoyed that advantage. By including nearly 2,500 persons in the investigations, the factor of individual variations in intelligence was eliminated. In fact, through the skillful technique of these psychologists, every factor was controlled and a precise measurement of the effect of bilingualism was obtained.

What was the result? It was found that the bilingual children—those who had enjoyed the mental discipline of mastering a foreign language, if you please, in early youth—*were distinctly inferior in mental capacity to the children who knew but one language*. It was found that the progress of such bilingual children in school was slower because of this handicap. It was found that this handicap of bilingualism persisted among college students as distinctly as among younger children, thus suggesting that it was of a permanent nature. Finally, it was found that the bilingual children were inferior in dextrality, inferior in sense of rhythm, and possessed a smaller vocabulary than did monolinguists of the same age.

Pointedly, these authors quote from Laurie: "If it were possible for a child to live in two languages at once equally well, so much the worse. His intellectual and spiritual growth would not be doubled, but halved. Unity of mind and character would have great difficulty in asserting itself in such circumstances."

Since the word bilingualism is used fre-

quently in this article, perhaps it would be well to consider here an objection that I have heard offered concerning it,—namely, that there is not a fair parallel between becoming bilingual in early youth from actual contact with two languages and becoming bilingual in later life through the schoolroom study of a second language, and that consequently no comparison can be made between the two processes.

So far as the psychological processes of language learning are concerned, however, it is doubtful if that argument will find a psychologist above the parlor variety to support it. Of all the psychologists to investigate the genetic nature of language learning—Pohlmann, Meuman and Koffka of Germany; Piaget of Switzerland; MacPhee of Canada; Thorndike, Judd, Buswell, Tracy and Waddle of the United States—not one has ever suggested, to my knowledge, that the psychological processes involved in language learning are changed by age. Regardless of age, the visual, oral and auditory processes are the same; the neuro-muscular processes are identical. Learning to speak a language by direct contact in early youth involves precisely the same psychological processes as learning to speak it in later youth. Learning to read a foreign language bears the same relation to speaking that language as reading the native language bears to speaking the native language. The mystical idea of "intuitive" learning of languages by very young children has been smothered by the experiments of genetic psychologists.

The handicap of bilingualism found among Welsh students (and as we shall later see, is also found among others) probably arises from the fact that, although there is a separate hemisphere of the brain to direct each of the two sides of the body —the left hand, for example, is controlled from one hemisphere and the right hand from the other—yet there is a speech center in but one hemisphere. All languages, foreign and native, must be articulated from this one center. It seems to function best under the load of one language.

So far as experiments have yet bee made, there has been no evidence to indi cate that the handicap found among bi lingual children and adults in Wales an elsewhere does not exist also among Ameri can youth who master a foreign languag in the traditionally holy cause of menta discipline.

The entire issue of this mental disciplin claim has been splendidly summarized b Professor Earle Douglas MacPhee of th University of Toronto, one of the mos careful and sane of psychologists. "Fo years, good students have been urged t take Latin. Dull ones have been advised t keep out. Then, because Latin students ar otherwise high in scholarship, it is con cluded in certain quarters that Latin is re sponsible for this achievement. No perso with a modicum of psychology would ac cept such a conclusion."

In the face of these investigations, I hol that a heavy burden of proof lies upo those who assert that the study of foreig language is an indispensable mental disci pline, and call upon them, as they shoul have been called upon three centuries ago to produce that proof; and indeed to shov cause why we should not conclude tha this educational fetish has resulted in in jury instead of benefit.

IV

I now come to the second of the traditiona claims for the compulsory wholesale stud of foreign languages—namely, that facil ity, purity and power in the native tongu are to be gained only through the study o a foreign tongue.

There is an answer to this, so simple an sufficient that its oversight is surprising For it destroys the very premiss of th argument. It is this: If power in the nativ tongue is to be acquired only throug mastery of a foreign tongue, how did th ancient masters of the classical style—fo example, Plato, Demosthenes, and Aris totle—acquire that mastery in an age whe Greek was the only language of cultur

l all other languages were despised by eek scholars as barbaric? Professor Paul orey, who is one of our greatest Ameri- authorities on Greek culture, has, I pect, given us the answer. He compares style of Charles Sumner most unfavor- y with that of Abraham Lincoln. Sum- , says Professor Shorey, knowing Greek, s to ape the Greek masters and succeeds making himself absurd. Lincoln, with- knowing a word of Greek, achieves a ity, precision and simplicity of language re akin to that of classical Greeks than t of any other American—solely through tudy of such English classics as Shake- are and the Bible.

t is less strange, I would suggest, than fessor Shorey thinks. Sumner studied eek; he learned Greek. Lincoln studied glish; he learned English. And experi- ntal psychology has found no law of in- igence to be more inflexible than that ich applies here—namely, that training one field cannot be transferred to an- er unless the identical elements of stim- s and response are found in both. erever the probe has been inserted into mind, be it the mind of rats or of nan beings, this limitation has been .

ut let us return to the evidence of sci- ific investigations. I would call atten- n to perhaps the most exhaustive study single case of bilingualism ever made, fessor J. Ronjat's "Le Développement langage observé chez un enfant bi- gue," published in 1913. It is a study of Ronjat's son, Louis. The father was nch, the mother was German; both e bilingual. From the moment of birth son was spoken to in German by his her and by her relatives and friends, in French by his father and his father's tives and friends. In this way he was to nade as completely bilingual as would humanly possible.

very step of this bilingual development carefully observed and recorded. The nomenon of interest to us here is the lting confusion of the forms and syntax of the two languages. For example, in speaking German Louis tended to follow the French grammatical custom of placing the adjective after the noun, and in speaking French he tended to follow the German construction of placing the verb or present participle at the end of the phrase or sentence. In brief, instead of a second language aiding in the mastery of the first one, we have the two languages interfering one with the other.

From a sheer common sense premiss, it is inevitably so. Syntax in one language differs from syntax in another. Practice in a system of word arrangements belonging to one language cannot, upon any ground, improve the mastery over a system of word arrangements belonging to another language; it may only lead to confusion between the two. Learning the French syntax, which requires me to say "a horse black," cannot improve my facility in English syntax, which requires me to say "a black horse."

If further proof were needed, it would be found in Professor I. Epstein's investigation into the linguistic behavior of polylinguistic persons. The investigation was made in Switzerland among children, general adults, Swiss scientists, and foreign students in Swiss universities. Epstein's conclusions were published by the Lausanne Library about 1916 under the title of "La Pensée et la Polyglossie." Among other results, he found that five important types of inhibition came from the mastery of a foreign language: (1) interference with pronunciation; (2) introduction of words from one language into the other; (3) confusion of grammatical forms; (4) altered placement of words; and (5) errors in the formulation of concepts. This investigation, states Professor Epstein, indicates that *bilingualism interferes with clear thinking and with definiteness of expression.*

The famous German psychologist, Stern, reviewed Epstein's investigation in 1919 under the title of "Die Erlernung und Beherrschung fremder Sprachen." While disagreeing with the latter's approach, his

technique, and his general psychological viewpoint, he fully agreed with him in the one point here at issue—that foreign language study is likely to interfere seriously with the use of the mother tongue.

These are the outstanding investigations into the subject of the mental discipline of foreign language study. All of them have been carried on in a dispassionate, scientific manner. Some of them—as in the case of West in India and of Smith, Saer, and Hughes in Wales—have been published in the face of political hostility to the conclusions which they announced. Yet these scientists, and others over the world, working independently of one another and upon different phases of the problem, have reached conclusions in agreement. These conclusions point to one end, and to one end only—that the study of foreign languages for the purposes of mental discipline and transfer value is one of the most expensive and pernicious schemes ever foisted upon the educational system.

They raise the serious question whether the so-called Dark Ages could not have been ended centuries earlier had the scholars of that time been free to release for creative thinking the appalling energy required in mastering two dead languages and of carrying on all cultural and scientific thought in those languages. Yet even unto this day, the gerund grinding and word wrestling goes on in the name of mental discipline.

V

I am not arguing here against the study of foreign languages as such. The present need is not to abolish their study, but to define its aims, for out of the perversion of aims have come the vicious results of the present system. Foreign language study can hold genuine values. But precisely because these genuine values are not derived from the study as now taught, the defining of aims and the dropping of educational cant about mental discipline is all the more imperative. Admittedly, a knowledge of modern languages is an important tool for scientists, educators and educated persons in gen eral; there is today an international team work of thought which renders the domesti stores of knowledge in any one natio insufficient. This article itself, for example could not have been written without th aid of two foreign languages. And perhap there may be some merit also in the clai that international literacy among thinker and educators may conceivably become factor in international understanding.

But in the main these are not the aim of foreign language study as it is now prac tised in American schools, nor are the achieved by that study. Two million stu dents in our secondary schools each yea are thumbing lexicons and memorizing th grammatical forms of foreign languages To this number the colleges add anothe quarter of a million. It will not be disputed I think, even by ardent believers in th compulsion of foreign language study, tha 99% of these syntax sweaters never acquir a speaking mastery of what they study, o that 95% are never able to read a foreig language, even temporarily, without th painstaking aid of a lexicon. The fruit o all this effort, indeed, is fluency in neithe speech nor reading. One profound reason fo this failure is that the actual learning of foreign language is not the real goal Mental discipline has become the end i itself.

The persistence of this myth of menta discipline has resulted in an absurd em phasis upon the dead languages. Sixty pe cent. of the students in foreign languag courses today are mumbling *amo*, *amas amat*, or learning that all Gaul was divide into three parts. They are expending thei total study of foreign languages upon on which is now dead. They go out of schoo with no iota of knowledge of any foreig language of the present day.

One fourth of this number have bee forced into this profitless task because thei school offers no course whatever in an modern foreign language, while the large proportion of the remainder have bee shepherded into Latin classes under th

surance that here they were to be offered indispensable mental training not to be tained elsewhere.

The teaching methods of ancient lan- age courses show the ill effects of this se doctrine of mental discipline. Gram- ar and grammar-translation methods gn supreme. However deadening and ll such methods may be for the student, ere is supposed to come that mysterious ward of mental discipline—a reward hich comes under a teaching system that held in some quarters to be fool-teacher- oof. We have examined the injurious ects of such medieval methods.

But perhaps the most vicious result of is mental discipline fetish springs from maintaining the compulsory study of reign languages in our secondary schools, gardless of the aims or ability of the in- vidual student. The American high- hool today is an institution of mass ucation, a wholly different institution m what it was a generation ago. To its ors swarm the children of both Judy Grady and the Colonel's lady. Out of it ll come the factory workers as well as e professional leaders of tomorrow. The ns of education sought by these diverse ments are not, and cannot be forced into e groove. Two thirds of these students will derive little or no value from having learned a foreign language. Indeed, I am informed by experienced administrators that one third of them do not possess the capacity to learn it under the present method of instruction. Yet so long as the fetish remains with us of Latin as a mental grindstone, just so long will this grind- stone remain the millstone of our educa- tional system, burdening a large portion of our youth with a labor devoid of profit or purpose.

The salient fact that teachers of foreign language and supporters of the present hierarchy are here called upon to face is that their inflated claims for its mental discipline and transfer value have been punctured by scientific investigations. It may drag its weary way and cast its gloomy shadow through our school curricula for another generation, but it must do so, not upon any legitimate scientific claim of merit, but as a testimony of the weakness of reason to affect conduct, even of edu- cated groups.

Not until we are purged of the cant, and come frankly to the position that foreign languages are to be studied only for the sake of learning them, may we expect teaching to rise above its present level of gerund grinding.

THE MAN WHO KILLED TECUMSEH

BY BERNARD MAYO

Rumpsey, dumpsey,
Who killed Tecumseh?

MIGHTY Tecumseh, "the most courageous, the most hostile, and the most savage foe America ever had," fell in the Battle of the Thames in October of 1813. His death destroyed the Indian power east of the Mississippi and ushered into the vice-presidency Richard Mentor Johnson, his reputed slayer.

The War of 1812 had opened with American boasts of the conquest of Canada—"merely a question of marching"—, but the Autumn of 1813 saw the frontier from New York to Georgia desolated by the puissant Indian Confederation which Tecumseh had organized and allied with the British. Prisoners ran the gauntlet and had their whiskers plucked by filthy squaws. On the river Raisin the skulls of five hundred captured Kentuckians were crushed by drunken braves under the British general, Proctor. The conquest of Canada had become a dismal farce, with American generals court-martialed for cowardice or fighting duels over charges of incompetence.

At the river Thames the enemy's position was thought impregnable until a young Kentucky colonel led a fierce charge of twenty of his mounted men against the fifteen hundred rifles of the great Tecumseh. It was a forlorn hope—planned to draw the Indian fire and allow the main guard to win the day before the foe could re-load. Nineteen of the gallant twenty dropped on the field. The leader remained mounted, although his charger had fifteen balls in her and he himself was severely wounded. Victory was delayed by an Indian chief who rallied his men. Upon him the colonel advanced singly. He received another s vere wound, but just as the chief was abou to throw his tomahawk he managed t draw his pistol and fire point-blank. Th chieftain fell, and the Indians either su rendered or fled the field.

"My pistol had one ball and three buck shot in it," declared Colonel Johnson after ward in his campaign speeches, "and th Indian was found to have a ball throug his body and three buck-shot in differer parts of his breast and head." At this poin the audience always shouted: "Thus Te cumseh fell!" But from 1813 to the Civ War the interminable question agitatin the Republic and in campaign years pro voking acrimony and fisticuffs was:

Rumpsey, dumpsey,
Who killed Tecumseh?

Political opponents claimed that th Indian Johnson killed was really only Pottawatomie chief, since Tecumseh neve dressed in feathers and war paint. Anyhow it was argued, the laurels of the Thame rightfully belonged to General Harrison who had been in command. Tecumseh, sai old Chief Four-Legs, had been wounde early in the battle and carried from th field. The honor of killing him was claime for Col. Whitley and for Privates King an Gooding. Good Democrats, however, ha no doubts. They swore they had seen Co Johnson shoot Tecumseh right smack i the forehead, and added that when th chief landed after jumping fifteen fe straight into the air, a little Frenchma ran up and pinned him fast to the groun with a bayonet. The question was neve really settled. It was complicated by th mutilation of the fallen chieftain, whoeve

was, by the Kentuckians. They had ned into battle yelling "Remember the sin!" and afterward flayed the body to ke souvenir razor strops.

ut from the Thames the wounded John- returned to Kentucky as the Killer of umseh and the Savior of the West. In e republican fashion Congress gave him word, a vote of thanks, and a speech. midst universal carnage, and in the h of approaching death, Colonel John- remained undismayed, and hurled back Tecumseh that death which had been pared for him." The people—those of True Faith—dubbed him Tecumseh nson, Hero of the Thames.

II

he's smudgy finger has dealt unkindly h Tecumseh Johnson, yet his career re colorfully reveals the America of the ddle Period than all the panegyrics on n who have long since become rigid in l engravings. In a land where men ed for personalities he was picturesque popular. He capitalized his military loits in an engagingly frank and hearty stern manner. For over thirty years he ght the battles of democracy in the shington of Webster and Davy Crockett, kson, Clay, and Sam Houston. Called lously the Federal City and Babeltown, warmed with rural Congressmen and groes gaping at living skeletons and the constrictor from Java, and with gentry Cossack trousers, high Hessian boots, Bolivar coats quaffing the miscellany spirits and strong green tea known as iel Webster punch.

Hero-worshippers saw an affable, burly n of middle height whose shock of un- auburn hair surmounted an ill-fitting t and a gorgeously vivid red-plush vest. y often confused him with the real umseh. They heard him declaim in Con- s on the blessings of democracy, on the ues of the American yeoman, on the nortal axiom that "Vox Populi *is* Vox ." He stuffed their petitions into his green carpet-bag—for he never refused a request—and presented them in impassioned speeches. He drew tears from politicians and millions from the Treasury for the Old Soldiers. Those who had slain tyrants and obtained that "Heaven-born liberty so wanton about us" should and must receive as much attention as the Negro of Liberia and the benighted, Bibleless Hindoo. Johnson won more claims from the Treasury "than any other member, nay, more than several lots of twenty members each." Despite his uncouth appearance a society matron described him as "the most tender-hearted, mild, affectionate, and benevolent of men."

He early endangered his glorious Tecumseh reputation by increasing the salaries of Congressmen to the magnificent annual sum of $1,500. No longer delayed by members anxious to spin out their $6 per diem, Congress finished the session in record time. But the people rose in wrath against the Salary Grab and defeated, with few exceptions, all candidates for reëlection. Duels and gouging-matches enlivened the Kentucky hustings; fathers cautioned daughters against men who favored Compensation; and even Amos Kendall, the young Yankee editor of Johnson's Georgetown *Patriot*, declared he would vote for Colonel Dick only if he repented and repealed his purse-lining bill. Against a candidate who promised all his surplus salary to the churches, Johnson stumped his district, waving the hand scarred by Tecumseh, and arousing the cry: "That hand was broken in our defence. We will still nourish it, and still confide in him who wears it." Votes poured in and Old Tecumpsey was returned to office.

He redeemed himself by championing Slavery and the Arts and Sciences. Slavery, it appeared, was God-ordained. Even Father Abraham had two hundred slaves, born in his own house. But he protested against White Slavery in Yankee cotton mills. Negro Slavery existed in Kentucky but there was no White Slavery, thank God! "No, sir, when the honest laborer,

the mechanic, however poor or whatsoever his employment, visits my home, it matters not what company is there, he must sit at my board and receive the same treatment as the most distinguished guest; because in him I recognize a fellow citizen and an equal."

From Slavery he turned to strike the shackles of decadent European thought from the young Republic, advocating the Cosmic Theory of Concentric Spheres of his friend, John Symmes, of Newport, Kentucky. Widespread interest and some alarm had been created by Symmes' revelations, based on Holy Writ as well as Science, that the globe consisted of concentric spheres, one within the other, on which existed rational life similar to that on the outer shell. One could reach these strange worlds through openings at the North and South Poles, or by a deep hole such as the one Symmes had already started to dig. To finish that hole and to outfit a polar expedition funds were gathered at barbecues, shooting-matches, and amateur theatricals. Tecumseh tried to shame Congress into granting Treasury aid. Expounding the Symmes discovery, he demanded that Americans be more friendly to the discoverer than a bigoted Middle Age had been to a Copernicus or a Columbus.

Such high deeds, in that spacious day, stamped him a statesman. The acclaim of the people warmed his aspirations for high office. But in 1828 triumphant Democracy elected Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans. Johnson promptly joined the forces of Jacksonism in destroying the Money Monster of the United States Bank, in attacking the sacrosanct Supreme Court, and in denouncing the "genius of despotism that is winding its mazy folds around the offspring of freedom." Years before he had won the old warrior's friendship by defending his conduct of the Seminole War. It was not, he argued, a war in which Greek met Greek—*ergo*, General Jackson had every right to kill Seminole Indians and hang unruly British citizens in Spanish Florida. And now President Jackson made Colonel Dick his ambassador in an affa brimful of delicacy and political dynamit

In red-plush vest and carrying his gre carpet-bag, Old Tecumpsey called on t members of Jackson's Cabinet and tempted to persuade them to recogni Peggy O'Neal, barmaid of interesting pas as a social equal. Peggy had married Secr tary of War Eaton, and her début into Jac sonian society caused more excitement tha Democracy's onslaught on Aristocracy a the Money Monster. Tecumseh's coura was admirable. But Van Buren, the Secr tary of State, groaned aloud when thought of the old Indian-fighter's "u suspicious temperament and loose, u guarded habit of conversation." His fea were well-founded. The hero of the Tham only increased the uproar. President Jac son was now accused of threatening h Cabinet with dismissal unless they assoc ated their wives and daughters with fancy woman. Tecumseh denied any i timidation. He was ready to take the fie of honor in defense of Jackson and his ov veracity. Democracy's Cabinet resigned a way out of the social dilemma; the e Secretary of War chased the ex-Secretary the Treasury out of the city; and for the gallantry Jackson and the genial but blu dering Tecumseh were rewarded by t cool insolence of Mrs. Eaton and the p litical apostasy of her husband.

But Washington society had its refini influence. Amos Kendall, arriving in t capital to become the "goblin wizard" Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet, found his o friend Johnson observing the ridiculo English custom of having dinner aft dark. Worse, he found the Indian-fight attending social squeezes of unequall "extravagance, folly, and corruption Even good Methodists in democracy capital served six different kinds of win to ladies who laced too tightly and sham lessly exposed their bosoms. Amos room with Tecumseh at the home of the Re Obadiah Bruin Brown, a robust preache politician who wrote many of Johnson speeches, awarded profitable mail-contrac

the Post-office, and on Sundays preached interesting Baptist sermon. With Mrs. own, plain but religious, Yankee Amos ked over the Bible, the family album, l perpetual motion contraptions, while jovial colonel swapped stories with the v. Mr. Brown or tippled with the crowd adventurers who sought his aid in raid- the Treasury.

III

ther achievements in the welter of ksonian reforms and quackeries made onel Dick presidential timber. He spon- ed the Friends of Temperance, agreeing h Wise of Virginia that "honey-drams, l-storms, and slings" produced a dis- ping hilarity in Congress, with members netimes "too drunk for the decency of a ern bar room." He advocated the aboli- n of imprisonment for debt. Lords of gland could not be imprisoned for debt, why fetter the American freeman whose hright was liberty? "Desolation stalks ong the people with gigantic steps, ile American benevolence is enjoyed the isles of the Pacific, the burning nes of Asia, and the wretched chil- n of Europe." After piercing the dragon Aristocracy he thrust his sword into the pus of Religious Despotism. He de- led Sunday mails against Lord's Day aders who swamped Congress with tions, and, in Philadelphia, stretched ins across the streets to stop the mail ches on Sunday. "When man under- es to be God's avenger," warned Te- seh, "he becomes a demon." It was ard for Congress to designate a par- lar Lord's Day when the sects them- es disagreed. It was equally absurd to ckle Progress. "Stop the mails one day even and you retard one seventh the ancement of the country!"

Rumpsey, dumpsey—who killed Te- seh?" now became a national issue. tucky newspapers ran "Johnson for ident" at their mastheads. Wood-cuts ved the colonel liberating debtors from their dungeons. The famous Sunday Mail Report—written, incidentally, by the Rev. Mr. Brown of the Post-office—was elegantly printed on satin and framed "over every freeman's fireside with the charter of our national rights." Celebrations of the Thames victory became Democratic rallies boosting Johnson for the White House. His rival, Harrison, who had commanded at the Thames and earlier at Tippecanoe, was ridiculed in toasts and rhymes. One poem entreated the ladies to give Harrison "what he had won—a petticoat blue; don't take from his honors at Tippecanoe." Another answered by declaring that Harrison, at least, had no hand in the homicide of Tecumseh. The odes to Johnson admitted of no doubt whatsoever of his killing the great chief in a mighty hand-to-hand combat. He was a thunderbolt in war; "in peace a pillar of state, making each veteran's heart elate, contending for his claims."

He ran for the vice-presidency on Van Buren's ticket in 1836—but not until the convention steam-roller had crushed the Southern delegates who opposed his principles and his character. Grandiloquent speeches portrayed his zeal for Revolutionary veterans, for debtors, and for a democracy undefiled by a base political priesthood. Most effective was the argument that his wounds, which in the close of life began to bleed afresh, might soon deprive the nation of the opportunity of rewarding the hero of the Thames. Many Democrats, nevertheless, resolved to fight his elevation to the vice-presidency.

The campaign of 1836 was a battle royal. The Whigs, "adroit Loyola Aristocrats," hoping to throw the election into the House, nominated Webster of Massachusetts, Harrison of Ohio, and White of Tennessee. The Anti-Masons and the States Rights party added to a tumult that reached low levels of slander and bitterness. The Whigs toasted Webster as the Telescope of the Constitution, Harrison as the Hero of the Thames and Tippecanoe, and President Jackson as a scoundrel who electioneered for Van Buren. To their attacks on Old

Tecumpsey friends retorted that no one but the colonel himself could have written the Sunday Mail Report, and that good breeding alone restrained him from publicly proving that his scars were not "fictional." Harrison, the Petticoat Hero, was an embezzler of army funds and a man who would sell white debtors into slavery. The real hero of the West was Colonel Dick Johnson, whose deeds were trumpet-tongued.

"This is an Age of Steam and Humbug!", exclaimed James Gordon Bennett, who would end the "political blackguardism" by electing the greatest rogue of all the candidates Emperor for life. Although Bennett's New York *Herald* avoided "political filth," it revealed an American soil richly manured with Maria Monk's tales of child-bearing nuns, Maria's escapades "in dishabille with a new lover," the scandalous shortness of the Secretary of the Navy's pantaloons, and females under Animal Magnetism who resisted the tickling and pinching of clergymen and Brown University professors. The scurrilous life of Van Buren by "Dainty Davy Crockett, the defeated Congressional Baboon and Man-Monkey of the Whigs," portrayed "Little Van of Kinderhook, N. Y." strutting about in corsets "like a crow in the gutter."

Most malignant, however, were the attacks on the "domestic relations" of Old Tecumpsey. From the Northampton (Mass.) *Courier* to the Columbia (S. C.) *Times*, the Whig papers depicted him as an atheist, gambler, racing-tout, and defrauder of the Treasury, and—always—as "the amalgamation gentleman, having some years ago married a gentle lady of color." Out of this rich soil flowered the following, the author of which received "a laurel wreath from Chaste Southern Dames":

JOHNSON'S WIFE OF OLD KENTUCKY

Tune:—"Roy's Wife"

Johnson's wife of old Kentucky,
Johnson's wife of old Kentucky;
There never was in all the land
A blacker dame than Johnson's Sukey.

The sun doth glisten on her face
Like starbeams on the midnight water,
While snowy smiles and sooty grace
Proclaim her Afric's own true daughter.
Johnson's wife of old Kentucky, etc.

The wave that heaves by Congo's shore,
Heaves not so high nor darkly wide
As Sukey in her midnight snore,
Close by Tecumseh Johnson's side.

Ah! soon you'll see in courtly hall,
The aspiring young and gallant hoary
Fall prostrate 'fore this western orb,
Dispensing forth Eclipsing Glory.

And none amid the courtly throng
Will lower bow to dusky Sukey,
Than him the little chief of all
Our magic Knight—bold Kinderhooky.

The lions roar on Gambia's sand,
And monkeys dance 'round Timbuctoo;
Joy—joy resounds through Negro land
To hail the rise of dusky Sue.

Ethiopia now the strain prolongs
And hails her lovely child so lucky;
And lunar mountains wake in songs
And echo back the name of Sukey.

Come kneel ye slaves on freedom's land
And own the sway of Kinderhooky;
And when he waves his magic wand
Be sure to bow to dusky Sukey.
Johnson's wife of old Kentucky,
Johnson's wife of old Kentucky;
Wake every voice throughout the land
And sing the praise of Johnson's Suke

"The plain truth is that Colonel Johns
is the husband of a mulatto," declared t
Whig editor of the Louisville *Journal*. T
editor was a fearful man who threaten
to cut off opponents' ears in their ov
kitchens with their own carving knive
but his statements were denounced
Tecumseh's friends as "villainous a
downright lies." Colonel Johnson h
never married, they replied. The laws
Kentucky forbade marriage to a "gent
lady of color." All the slanders were
absurd as the elopement of Tecumseh
alleged wife and her mulatto daughte
with three Cherokee Indians. They a
mitted that Johnson had given a splend
education to the two mulatto daughters
his colored but pious old Baptist hou
keeper, but whether they were his ch

n or not, the Colonel certainly deserved dit for his benevolence. "All this scandal this late day is a matter of some sur-se," declared the Rev. Mr. Henderson, Baptist clergyman and friend of Tecum-. "Must we forget Colonel Johnson's nortal deeds for some supposed impro-ety of his youth?" The Democratic ss declared that every prominent Demo-t for thirty years had been helped by h attacks. Had not Jefferson been as-led for his red breeches and his "Black "; and Jackson for his "adultery" and "killing" of militiamen? Attacks on noble Johnson's flaming red vest and ck Sukey would only win more votes m decent people. "Let them go on—y gnaw a file—the Hero of the Thames l never cower before the troops of the se-quill!"

Tecumseh himself stood firm against the rent of slander and continued to cam-gn on the Freedom of the Press, the ghts of Conscience, and Liberty of ech. He had perceived, he said, the ad-ntage of an absolute indifference to aults on his character. Any check, even a licentious press, would endanger the erties of the people. Loyal friends in timonial banquets toasted "Johnson—k-horse of the Nation for Thirty Years," "The Whig Press—A few more volleys abuse and Colonel Johnson will be wn, if not sky-high, then at least as h as the Vice-Presidency." He was cted by the Senate—since he had not re-ved a majority of electoral votes—and ntucky vindicated his character by cut-g down the usual Whig majority by r ten thousand votes. The killer of umseh became Vice-President of the ited States.

IV

e inauguration shouting had not died ay when bread riots broke out in New k, banks suspended, and the panic of 7 associated hard times with Van Buren Johnson. From 1837 to 1841 Tecumseh presided over the Senate with urbanity. Congress investigated the corrupt Jackson appointees, and rather ominously the right arm of the Capitol's statue of Justice came down with a crash. Two members fought a bloody shot-gun duel, Calhoun predicted the Civil War, Maine farmers fought Canada for the Aroostook Valley, Joe Smith led his Mormons to Missouri, men discussed free love and mesmerism, and Millerites waited on a hillock for the end of the world.

Harriet Martineau, the English writer, described Congressmen as "stout-souled, full-grown, original men brought together on the ground of their supposed sufficiency." She was impressed with the ponderous Webster, the dashing Clay, the cast-iron Calhoun, and the picturesque Tecumseh in his scarlet waistcoat. If Colonel Johnson should ever become President, she recorded, "he will be as strange a looking potentate as ever ruled. His countenance is wild, though with much cleverness in it; his hair wanders all abroad, and he wears no cravat. But there is no telling how he might look, if he dressed like other people."

His re-nomination in 1840, though favored by President Van Buren, excited strong opposition within the ranks of the Democracy. Party leaders objected to his vacation activities as a Kentucky tavern-keeper, an inglorious pursuit for a Vice-President whose time-honored brow was cluttered with civic and military laurels. Ex-President Jackson warned Van Buren that Johnson's "renewed family relations" would lose the Democracy the South and West. Most damaging were tales of Old Tecumpsey's new devotion to "a young Delilah of the complexion of Shakespeare's swarthy Othello." She was a young woman, pretty, accomplished, and loving, who was said to be his wife—and the sister of his second wife, whom he had sold down the river for her infidelity. "He seems happy," wrote a Kentucky Democrat to Amos Kendall, "but how can he expect his friends to countenance and sustain him,

when he lives in adultery with a buxom Negro wench? It is too bad, and I could hardly have believed but from occult demonstrations of the fact." Kendall, reporting to Van Buren, declared Johnson had gone back on his promise of 1836 to abandon the weaknesses of his younger days, or, at least, avoid public reproach. "He seems encouraged by his elevation," wrote Yankee Amos, "as if it were the seal of public approbation to his conduct in that respect."

Critics were assured by President Van Buren, the Little Magician, that instead of being a drawweight as in 1836, Colonel Johnson was now, especially in the East, "more than a positive benefit." But the convention of 1840, after re-nominating Van Buren, left a clear field for the several candidates for second place. Tecumseh's friends flaunted his "mangled limbs" and urged a real hero with real scars to oppose General Harrison, but they failed to win the Anti-Johnson men to his re-nomination.

Mischievous dusky shadows now dimmed Old Tecumpsey's star, yet he entered the campaign of 1840 with his usual good nature, his many anecdotes of the War of 1812, and his platform of Liberty of Speech, Conscience, and the Press. But the Whigs, with thunder stolen from Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet, put the campaign on the psychic level of the plain people. They outshouted, out-sang, and out-voted the Democrats. They jeered Van Buren into retirement in an hysteria of Log Cabins, Hard Cider, and songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" They ridiculed Johnson as a political charlatan—one refrain ending: "Kill Tecumseh again, and thy glory recall." Another sneered at the failure of the Democrats to nominate a candidate for second place: "Old Dick Johnson he wouldn't answer—he was too rough for a President so fine." The Whigs put up such a good entertainment that the popular vote of 1836 was doubled. Harrison was swept into the White House. Tecumseh goodnaturedly joked over the campaign that had elected his rival, the Whig hero of the Thames. He had led his Democratic rival for second place, however, and his hope were high for the presidential nominatio in 1844.

He was most confident of the nomination In tours as far north as Boston he declare that nothing could defeat Henry Clay' election in 1844 but his own candidacy The West was for him. Had he not re ceived, while wearing a certain red vest his third unanimous nomination for th presidency by the Kentucky convention Cries for Democratic harmony to oppos "Henry Clay, the roaring lion," and shout of "Martin Van Buren and short Dutc cabbages against the world!" forced othe candidates to withdraw. But Old Tecump sey stood his ground. Obligingly, how ever, he announced that he would accep the presidential nomination "with grati tude and reluctance," or the vice-presi dential nomination "with thanks an pleasure," or retire to the ranks "withou a murmur."

When the nomination turned on the an nexation of Texas, Tecumseh's belief i Manifest Destiny was as strong as whe he had helped bring on the War of 1812 b demanding the annexation of Canada Politicians complained of the difficulty o "getting rid of Old Dick." They muttere about an ambitious old war-horse who ha been a convenient cat's-paw under Jackson a harmless and Senate-elected Vice-Presi dent under Van Buren, and was now damned nuisance. Johnson fought to th death. He did not retire to the rank "without a murmur" until the conventio of 1844 had swamped him in the ballotin for the presidential nomination, and again for the vice-presidential nomination. Afte sarcastic allusions to the empty cider-ba rels of 1840, the Democrats proceeded t elect Polk of Tennessee on the basis of th God-given American right to annex an to rule the Western Hemisphere. Old Te cumpsey retired to the Kentucky Legis lature—a relic of the radical Jacksonia Democracy that had now given way to th reactionary slavocracy of the South.

But men had not yet forgotten the im-
ortal charge of the forlorn hope at the
ames, nor had they yet forgotten the
hero's scourging of a perverted priest-
od and his victories for "pure and un-
ılterated democracy." Still victor over
istocracy and Superstition, Johnson was
man of Roman stamp of Rome's best
e." Indian children at the Choctaw
ademy, which he had induced the gov-
ment to erect on his plantation, were
ned Richard Mentor Johnson. They
ed to emulate Old Tecumpsey, now the
lian's Best Friend, who delighted in
ir progress from "Indian paganism to
ristian devotion."

Men paid high tribute to the austere
plicity of his private life. His home
s said to be the resort of the lowly
chanic as well as of the clergyman and
the learned counsellor. When he died in 1850 even the opposition Louisville *Journal* eulogized him as a much maligned and estimable fellow-citizen. Tammany orators lauded the Grand old Democrat. In the Senate a two-hour speech was made by Cass of Michigan. Interrupted by Sam Houston's rude question, "Now, Senator, tell us who killed Tecumseh?", Cass ended the half century of wrangling by awarding the honor to Johnson on the ground that he deserved it. And in imperishable stone was carved the answer to

Rumpsey, dumpsey,
Who killed Tecumseh?

A Kentucky monument shows the colonel on his noble mare, with the cocked hat of 1813, and pistol in hand, in the act of running down and shooting that dreadful foe—Tecumseh.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Ethnology

LITERATURE AND ETHNOGRAPHY

By Robert H. Lowie

For some years past American authors have tried their hand sporadically at Englishing the poetry of our Indians or catching its spirit in original verse. Prose exploitation goes back to Cooper, and most of his successors have continued the tradition of sentimentality. From the side of learning, Adolphe Bandelier's novel of the Pueblo scene, "The Delight Makers," stands out as an heroic attempt to blend fact and fiction. This likewise was the aim of Elsie Clews Parsons and her collaborators in "American Indian Life" (1922). Other races have been cultivated both here and abroad. Herman Melville's "Typee" ranks as literature and is still quoted as a source on Polynesian culture. René Maran's "Batouala," depicting the natives of French Equatorial Africa, was the first book by a Negro to gain the Prix Goncourt (1921). Professor Bogoras of Leningrad is not only one of the world's eminent ethnographers but also a contributor to Russian literature, though his Siberian tales have naturally remained inaccessible to most of us in their Russian guise.

The time seems ripe for taking stock,—not in the interest of scholarship but in that of letters. What can the creative artist draw from the anthropologist's stock-in-trade? What can the ethnographer do to further æsthetic ends, to safeguard the creator against artistic pitfalls? The question naturally divides itself into two parts. First, have we anything to learn from aboriginal literature itself, its imagery, technique, stylistic devices? Second, how can we effectively treat the facts of aboriginal life, whether by means of our own literary tradition or by the use of native technique?

Let us plunge headlong into the first of these problems. Professor Thalbitzer (Copenhagen) has rendered for us the song of an Eskimo woman berrying on a mountain:

Great grief came over me—
Great grief came over me,
While on the fell above us I was picking berries.
Great grief came over me,
My sun quickly rose over it.
Great grief came over me.
The sea out there off our settlement
Was beautifully quiet—
And the great, dear paddlers
Were leaving out there—
Great grief came over me
While I was picking berries on the fell.

Doubtless the civilized reader can never reproduce the exact shade of the native singer's emotion. No matter, so long as the chant stirs and haunts us. But is there anything *we* could apply,—anything, that is to say, which is *distinctively* Eskimo? I am afraid not much. There are of course the lessons of bald simplicity and telling repetition, but for these we need not go so far afield, though our faith strengthens with every new demonstration of their virtues. A glance at the original suggests that rhyme and assonance may have been consciously employed. But of these the former is already familiar to us, and an Eskimo sample is not likely to acclimatize assonance more successfully than Spanish models. Remembering further that English attempts at the classical hexameter are flat failures, we shall not be too sanguine about the assimilation of specific aboriginal devices. They may of course be effectively used now and then to give an alien atmosphere. In that case they are merely like other ethnographic detail introduced for local color. But mechanical transfer is no more likely to yield satisfactory results

ın in other cases of cultural borrowing. One difficulty about such adoption is of ırse due to the difference in linguistic ɔe. The artistic effect of a poem or of erary prose is not conveyed by the mean- ; but by all manner of subtle suggestions eparable from the form. As Thalbitzer ntedly asks, "What guarantee can we ve that our strongly analytic sentences ched together from little words provide proper equivalents for the Eskimo nglomerate?" A case from my Crow ɔerience may help to bring out the point. often recurring utterance of despair in ɔw narrative is the phrase rendered, here is no way for me to live." But that ıot what the polysynthetic Indian equiv- nt, *ambari 'retk*, directly expresses. It ısists of five parts welded together, not e of which could stand alone. The final s the oral stop, telling us that the sen- ce is no query but a declaration and ıt it is completed; the initial *am* means here" or "how"; *ba* is "I," but only combination with a verb stem; *ri* is the apitated stem of *iri*, "he lives"; *ret* is absolute negative, which with mono- labic ruthlessness sweeps what precedes o the dustbin of unreality. Anyone even small measure conversant with the na- e tongue thrills to the concentrated ength of *ambari 'retk* and must wince at feeble flatness of "There is no way for to live."

We must recognize this limitation im- ɔed by linguistic idiosyncrasies. A master ıo has seized the spirit of a native lan- ıge must devise means of conveying in own tongue a comparable effect. He is e a translator who substitutes cockney argot, the Irish brogue for Bavarian lect, but finds Scotch incongruous.

One or two instances, of course, prove hing, and all alien literatures should scanned from the present point of view. judging from the range of data I know, ın see little prospect for more than an irect influence of aboriginal poetry and se on our own, though I am wholly n to conviction to the contrary.

On the other hand, I am optimistic about the utilization of ethnographic material in consonance with our own literary canons. But by way of introduction I should like to say a few words about Maran's much vaunted prize novel.

"Batouala" is interesting as a piece of exotic sensuous impressionism. The writer has steeped himself in his physical *milieu*, drinking in with sight, hearing, and smell what these senses can imbibe. When he paints a rainstorm gutting roofs and drenching huts amidst the zigzag play of the lightning; or Batouala's wife snoring while he plays with her flabby breasts "wrinkled like tobacco leaves"; or a wretched dog shaking himself free of fleas, snapping at empty space, or dragging his snout along the ground, Maran is in his element. And when the chief is shown scratching his armpits, his thighs, his head, his rump, his arms, we are almost hypnotized into doing likewise.

Had the author stuck to such sense impressions, the result would be perfect. But as a sensationalist with a mania for introspection he comes to grief. Not content to exhibit Batouala's behavior, he must needs justify it metaphysically. "Scratching is excellent exercise. It aids the circulation of the blood. . . . One need but look about. All animate beings scratch themselves when they wake up. It is a good example to follow, seeing it is natural." So, when at the tribal *yangba* festival Negro dancers loom before us with the sweat streaming down their tattoo marks, yet heedless of fatigue in their mad lust, the picture abruptly yields to reflective balderdash: "Life is short. The day will soon come when one is unfit even for mating. Every day brings us nearer to death, does it not? There is nothing like enjoying oneself as long as one can." Horatian philosophy from delirious males "interested in nothing, paying attention to nothing but the *yangba*!"

False to absurdity in the mental processes of his characters, Maran is if possible worse in their speeches. We happen to

know what native African eloquence is like,—pithy, extravagant in simile, shot through with homely saws. Not so in "Batouala." When the chief harangues his audience, he speaks like a third-rate soap-box communist in a Parisian suburb: "Our submission has not gained us their goodwill. Not satisfied with trying to suppress our customs, they want to impose upon us their own. . . . We might obey these wretched people, if they were only more logical with themselves. . . . I shall never tire of telling about the wickedness of the whites. I charge them above all with their duplicity."

This is unspeakable, but does not yet exhaust the roster of our author's misdeeds. For there is one egregious crime of omission,—the virtual want of characterization. What is the plot of the story? A handsome youth has seduced eight of the chief's wives and ultimately succeeds in consummating his end with the ninth in sight of the dying husband. Every character seems inspired by the sole craving to satisfy his appetites, and this homogeneous welter of phallicism leaves no room for individuality, let alone for individual sympathy. The lecherous cuckold leaves us as cold as the lecherous adulteresses and the lecherous paramour. Indeed, Maran conceives aboriginal society after a pattern that would militate against all social coexistence. "One lives only for oneself, not for others. So, at least, he had been taught." (*On ne vit que pour soi, non pour autrui. Du moins, on le lui avait appris.*) Strange as it may seem, Maran, the Negro, wholly misses the inwardness of Negro communal existence.

Nota bene: These strictures are not urged from professional pedantry, but in the interests of art. If æsthetic ends could be gained by slurring over or warping fact, an author *qua* author should enjoy the license granted in historical drama. My point is that ignorance or neglect of fact makes for what is *artistically* inferior or even indefensible. It mars the creator's product and it checks his imaginative flight. Had Maran stuck to impressionisti sketching, he might have achieved perfec miniatures, but he would still be shut ou from larger opportunities.

Wherein do these opportunities lie? I ethnography, as we have seen, does littl for craftsmanship, it provides a wealth o fresh material. And it is a great deal t escape from the palling monotony of fami iar themes. Progress in other arts has ofte lain precisely in such widening of th horizon. It was a gain to carve the huma figure in motion, a gain to add landscape to the possible subjects of painting, a gai to include peasant life within the frame work of literature. So the "eternal artis tries in circumstance" that Nature an Society, in sadistic collusion, contrive i order to tease the writhing human puppe vary in space and afford an inexhaustibl supply of *motifs*. The artist must saturat himself with each of his settings withou allowing himself to be swamped. There i no item he would not be better off fo knowing, though but a tithe of his detail must do for his purposes.

Let us cull some examples from th American scene.

The Blackfeet at times amuse them selves propounding insoluble puzzles o conduct. Here is one of them. A war part dispatches a scout to locate the enemy camp. He espies a lone tent; peepin through an opening in the cover he sees married couple engaged in conversatio while a little child is playing about th soup kettle. This urchin catches sight o the stranger, dips up some soup, toddle toward him, and feeds him through th hole. Again and again he brings soup t the scout, who finally walks off, perturbe in mind. Shall he tell his leader of the *tip* he has sighted? That means death to th inmates, one and all. But perhaps he migh save the little darling that fed him? Ye but how could it get on without it parents? In this quandary love carries th day. Our scout, *pace* Maran, has not bee taught that one lives only for oneself, no for one's neighbors! He warns the parent

ho flee, and himself faces the charge of eason.

Here is a tale of rare beauty embodying once the touching attitude of Indians ward little children and the ever-recurng human conflict between inclination nd duty. Dr. Clark Wissler wisely utilized ie motive in his contribution to "Amerian Indian Life." It merits, however, parate treatment as a potential miniature asterpiece.

Plains Indian lore teems with luring ots. Here a maiden braves the dangers of trip through hostile country in the Winr time to save her maimed lover; there warted ambition or inconsolable grief pel to suicidal foolhardiness. Again, om wealth-greedy, caste-ridden British olumbia comes a new epic on the vanity human wishes. A Kwakiutl plebeian has intrigue with a princess, who scandales genteel society by marrying him after r father's death and giving him the ief's name and the copper plaque that token rank and riches. Chance throws a cond, and later a third copper into the start's lap. He assumes new titles and sts the people, who now revere him as real chief. But the darling of fortune asts of now being anyone's peer and us offends three patricians of the old hool, who at once plot his downfall. ey destroy their own coppers, valued 39,000 blankets. By tribal custom the rvenu must do likewise or lose caste. e cannot raise the required amount and nominiously falls back to his lowly estate. From the more northerly parts of British olumbia Professor Boas has reported a ychological condition strikingly like at so vividly portrayed by Dr. Malinowi for the Trobriand Islands. A man's ir is not his son but his sister's son, yet notionally the tie with his son is stronger, d the son's interests may loom paraount,—another clash of love and duty. The artist steeped in a particular atsphere would not be trammeled by the cidents of what is recorded in the monoaphs. He must enjoy the freedom of any fiction writer dealing with our own civilization. Let me illustrate again by a tribe I know. The Crow had an ordeal to decide which of two claimants had actually struck an enemy. Each had to touch a knife with his lips, point it at the sun, recite a formula affirming his claim and invoking death on the one that lied. Then, whoever was afflicted with some misfortune in the near future was rated a perjurer, and his rival won the disputed honors.

Since such a duel might easily culminate tragically for the real hero, it is easy to conceive a concatenation of events that does not happen to be on record. The unfortunate victim may be supposed to lose his wife soon after the ordeal and thus become an outcast, befriended only by his mother, who nevertheless wounds him by her obvious incredulity as to his claim. He falls prey to gloom and misanthropy but regains his interest in life through a new human relationship chance throws into his way in the form of a starveling orphan and reconquers the esteem of his tribesmen.

The success of elaborating such a plot will be in direct proportion to the author's knowledge. Nothing smells of the soil like the soil itself, and any imaginative substitutes will prove artistically as well as ethnographically brummagem. Nowhere is this more likely than in dialogue or speech generally, as the pitiable samples from "Batouala" indicate. Fortunately, fairly abundant collections of Indian prose are now available and provide an authentic thesaurus. We know the appropriate clichés for special occasions, we know the style of emphatic assertion, and again the style of extravagant rationalization.

How, for instance, did a group selling their ceremonial prerogatives among the Hidatsa of North Dakota clothe their greed for excessive payments and entertainment? The Kit Fox society would say to their juniors, "These foxes have ten claws on their front legs, so we wish you to give us a ten days' feast." The Little

Dogs would hold up a dogskin and say, "Well, this dog has five claws on each of its front legs, that makes ten. Its hind legs also have ten claws, that makes twenty in all. So we wish you to feast us for twenty nights, then we will let you have our songs." On this basis of fact variations to suit a change in circumstances are permissible and obvious.

Again, how did a Plains Indian formulate to himself and others his attitude toward death? Here once more there is concrete evidence that makes any fancied verbiage feeble in comparison. "Old age is a thing of evil; it is well for a man to die when he is young." "No one lives forever; whatever happens, I shall go (forward)." "If I get killed, my old people will call out my name; if I live, I shall strike an enemy."

This antithetic form is common and represents a definite literary tendency in strong asseveration. A woman upbraiding her tardy husband says, " 'Bring my son soon,' I said; you have done it late. . . ." Similarly a supernatural dwarf thus utters his indignation at a protégé's malevolence: " 'Try to benefit your people,' I said to him. 'Take away and possess their desirable property,' I did not say. 'Kill them continually,' I did not say."

These last sentences, by the way, raise a nice point of literary casuistry. The direct discourse in English imparts to the statement at once a certain vividness and quaintness. But this particular quality would not be distinctive of the original sentence as compared with other Crow sentences for the simple reason that the language lacks *oratio obliqua*, hence direct quotation is imperative. It is therefore wholly correct and even more correct to render the statement non-literally, *i.e.*, "I told him to try to benefit his people, not to take away . . . their . . . property." But inasmuch as the literary impression gains from conveying the strangeness of the atmosphere, it may nevertheless be better to translate verbatim.

The upshot of this discussion may be very briefly summarized. Ethnographic truth is not beauty and may even contravene beauty when a writer does not understand his craft. But the highest artistic achievement will come from the fullest *knowledge* of the truth.

Nursing

THE END

By Hermine Kane

The popular idea of death seems to be that the dying person fights for breath with desperate energy, that he remains conscious up to his last breath, that he gasps out a final heroic message, and that then, leaping up with a climactic contortion and a pop-eyed stare, he achieves a death-rattle like the sound of gravel in a chute, and falls back dead, open-eyed and grinning. This routine, in point of fact, is followed in but one case out of thousands.

It is my experience as a trained nurse that what really happens is that from one to several hours before death the dying person lapses into a coma. He breathes deeply and gradually slower and with increasing difficulty. His color begins to change with his departure from consciousness, the pallor of illness giving place to the unmistakable grey of death. This change is not really so much a change in color as it is one in the tension of the skin; the underlying flesh relaxes as it never does in life and the patient has a slack look of utter exhaustion. The eyes are usually closed and remain closed until after death; the mouth is open and dry; the body, like the face, is utterly relaxed, and seems smaller than in life. The face, due to the hard work of breathing, is bathed in perspiration, but the body is dry. The habitual swallowing of saliva and mucus goes on until the last few breaths, when power leaves all of the muscles except those that have to do with breathing. The last

reaths, therefore, are drawn through an ccumulation of liquid in the throat and ive rise to the death-rattle, a sound much ke that of gentle gargling. Then the heart eases to throb, the breath leaves the body, nd the patient is quietly dead. The major xceptions to this process are seen in cer- in forms of heart disease, in which the atient really fights for breath, is fully onscious, and smothers before one's eyes, nd in cases which end in convulsions.

No adult wants to die. This applies to l dying people so long as they are con- ious, including those in the last stages f incurable disease and those who have ortally injured themselves in attempted icide. When they are assured that death inevitable, most dying persons say re- gnedly that they are willing to die—but ey always add that they would really ke to live for a few years more. Those w years, they hint, are not desired for y pleasures they will bring. No. The en all need the time to arrange their fairs so that their loved ones will be cure, and the women, if married, all feel at their guidance is essential to their ildren. No matter; their noblest motives nnot increase their lives by one breath.

The manner in which most dying people arn that they are *in extremis* is by a sud- n enlightening application of their own perience to their own cases. The doctor lls them that it would be wise for them arrange their affairs; relatives from a stance, excessively hearty and cheerful, pear in the sick-room; a priest or preacher akes a solemn call. One man whom I rsed looked at an adopted daughter, arried and living at a distance, who had ddenly walked in on him, shrieked hor- ly, and buried his head in the pillow, oaning: "Oh, I'm going to die! Helen's re! I'm going to die!" He would not eet her, he would not raise his head, he ould not cease his lamentations. She had sterics. He did die very soon.

In a prolonged, serious illness, the ought of death always rises in the patient d he asks his nurse what she thinks of his condition. I always tell my doomed patients that they are very sick, but that they will soon be better. They want to believe me and so they keep on hoping. I follow this course for two reasons. It makes a patient comfortable to believe that he will recover, and it makes it easier for me to take care of him. Once he knows definitely that he is on his death-bed, he usually breaks down completely and clings to his nurse in a despairing hope for a miracle. Mere existence at the absolute minimum of life—that is all he asks. It is not much—but it is more than he can have.

Dying people want their relatives at hand. They like to have them come and go and show concern. They do not like to have them always in the room, but they enjoy short visits. I suppose the reason is that while they know the world will go on smoothly without them, they want assurances that they have been important.

There is no real difference between the death of a rich man and that of a poor one. At the point of death, it is strictly true that all men are equal. There is, however, an interesting difference between the behavior of the relatives of the rich and those of the poor. The former put on a show, and act as though the sun were permanently veiled, whereas the latter are quieter. The probable reason for this is that poor people feel the death of a member of the family more keenly than do the rich; their concern is based on their material need and its unavoidable mutual sacrifices. They are really impressed with their loss; rich people try to impress themselves and others with their sensibility of it.

Children, particularly young ones, merely die. If they are very sick, they want to die. Normal women never expect to die in childbirth, for most of the mothers they know have survived; a woman who fears death in labor is a neurotic.

Lingering suicides never want to die. I am most familiar, among them, with women who have poisoned themselves because of unhappiness caused by men. They are usually between nineteen and twenty-

five years old and I think they are mostly mental incompetents. They take a few pills in anger at some man, but they don't want to die; they can't believe that the pills will really kill them. They hope to be ill enough to make the man suffer and promise what they want, and then they want to get well. When they find that they are to die they are frantic. They always insist on their great love for the man in the case, because they refuse to admit that a man for whom they are dying is not worthy of the deepest kind of regard. They always wish they had not taken poison, but they always feel justified; they never think their course is silly or useless.

If a moribund person has been ill for a long time, he sometimes formulates and delivers what are popularly known as his last words. These take the form usually of an exhortation to take care of some member of the family. Wives frequently urge their husbands, regardless of the number and age of their children, not to remarry. The reason they most often give for this request is that they do not want their children to have a stepmother. Men seldom refer to or seem to think of a possible marital successor. Their last words almost always concern money matters.

The dying are seldom eager to say a great deal or to say it neatly and impressively. They show no sense of the need for haste in saying what they want to say. Their concerns are much the same as when they were well. No dying person has any of the detachment from worldly affairs that writers often attribute to them; they have no sense of the unreality of the world and they do not wonder at the concern of living people for worldly things. They themselves are just as much concerned with the things of life as the living.

A truly non-religious person dies with no apparent hope for or dread of the hereafter. He believes, and acts as if he believed, that when he is dead, he is dead all over. A truly religious person hates to die, but usually has faith that he will be with God, and eventually reunited with those he loves. The relatives of a non-religious person are usually buried in despair at his death. The relatives of a religious person, if they also have faith, hate to see him die, but they derive some consolation from the thought that they will all be together again. The balance seems to incline slightly toward religion.

A person whose lack of religion is tainted with belief is an ignoble spectacle at the point of death, as are also his relatives of a similar wobbly condition. They try to convince themselves that religion is of no consequence, and at the same time they resort to prayers and promises in the last desperate hope of a miracle. I have never had a Christian Scientist for a patient, but the mother of one of my patients who died was one. She seemed to feel much less grief than the usual mother and was perfectly willing to talk about her dead daughter, who, for her, had only passed on. Religious or non-religious, no dying person, at least in my experience, ever voices regrets for past errors or longs for a chance to retrieve past mistakes; all he longs for are more breaths and heart-beats.

Nurses and doctors appear callous to death, because their training leads them to express their concern for dying people in common-sense fashion, making them comfortable and easing their departure. This matter-of-fact but essential and kindly service looks unfeeling to the relatives of the dying person, because they cannot accept the fact of imminent death: they expect a miracle, and are outraged by the implicit declaration that it is impossible. They see the nurse at the high point of their sorrow, when she is, relatively, unaffected. But she is usually much more grieved by death than any casual non-professional observer would be, though she cannot mourn with the relatives of every one of her patients.

The death of a patient hurts a doctor. He has done all that he can to prevent it, and he can do no more; he feels defeated, and he wants to avoid all reminders of his defeat. It is necessary for him to avoid

em if he is to remain confident and ective.

The patient whose death I most resented, d still resent, was a fat little girl, a year d a half old, the most appealing baby I ve ever seen. She died of pneumonia. nat hurts me most was that she already owed a big capacity for living and en- ving life, and yet she had no chance to e. Life, to be sure, is not an adventure fairyland, but once she was born so well- uipped to live, it seemed grossly unfair at she should die before beginning.

In general, the deaths of children affect much more sorely than do those of adults. They are helpless, they are tortured, they are uncomprehending, and they expect protection that it is impossible to give them. Before no matter how great a power, it is bitter to fail them.

I think about my own death as little as possible, but I have made myself believe that I should like to be ill for two or three days, knowing that death was near me, so that I could bring myself to a state of conscious willingness to die. I hate to think that I shall die unwillingly, but everyone else is unwilling to die, so I suppose that I too shall probably fight to remain and hate to accept the end.

THE COLLAPSE OF DEMOCRACY

BY ROWLAND A. EGGER

In the very hour of the triumph of the doctrine of democratic control as an axiom of governmental structure, democracy has collapsed as a philosophy. "The old ardent faith," writes Edward Sait, "is subsiding into mere conformity. Disillusionment marks a stage of experience in which democratic performance is contrasted with democratic promise, and assumptions that once passed without question are subjected to cool scrutiny and careful analysis."

The decline of democracy may be attributed to numerous causative factors. Probably among the more important must be placed the development of administration —of *Verwaltung*—at the expense of *Politik*. This, in turn, has doubtless been a result of the progressive proletarianization of the vast majority of the American population. Whether we like it or not, the bourgeois class is disappearing in the contemporary cosmos. In industry and commerce, the development of the corporate form of business enterprise has tended to eliminate the independent *entrepreneur*, and to increase markedly the ratio of employés to employers. In agriculture, the extent to which control of lands has passed to relatively large holders, and the consequent evolution of a landless serfdom of tenant farmers, has tended toward approximately the same results that are exhibited in industry.

Furthermore, the growth of the agricultural coöperative movement—which presages a corporate agrarian economy—indicates that the full implications of proletarianism have but barely begun to be realized in the very stronghold of individualism and independence. We are developing an agricultural proletariat of essentiall the same economic power of the Russia peasant—but with probably less politic capability. By and large, the independe landowner, merchant, or industrial artisa is disappearing as a quantitative factor i our socio-economic structure. This trans tion from bourgeois to proletarian conce tions has had as its concomitant an inevitab alteration in the accent of government activities. As Timascheff has said, in h "Grundzuge des Sovietrussischen Staat rechts," "Legislation is the temple of th bourgeois state, and law is its idol; th temple of proletarianism . . . is admini tration, and labor its religion."

George Bernard Shaw once remarke that a government run by the people is impossible as a theatre managed by th audience. This is but a pleasant way saying that democracy is in inverse pr portion to the importance of administr tion, and that as administration comes be of primary consequence the machine of popular government and control ten toward anachronism. As Clarence He has written, "With the steady progress economic specialization, the individu loses more and more of his economic ind pendence and is increasingly dependent f his livelihood on the functioning of a co plex economic mechanism over which can individually exercise little control. T insure the smooth working of this mech nism and to guard it against sabotage it claimed that the activity of the state mu be invoked to a greater and greater extent.

All this has involved the extension state activity to include functions pr viously considered purely private. The pe

mance of these functions involves no covery of profound philosophical or ial verities, nor the delineation of any w and broad principles of political pol-. Even the original question of whether not the new activity is to be undertaken primarily a matter of economy and in-strial efficiency, rather than of ethics, litics, or morals. Thus it is that by far e major portion of the activities of the te is now concerned with problems un-ated to the principles of democracy or ublicanism, and completely outside the nprehension of representative assem-es. Of course, our representative assem-es, being primarily instruments of the nighty and subject to divine guidance, ve never realized this fact. There is ver a time in the United States when

> . . . the House of Peers withholds
> Its legislative hand
> And noble statesmen do not itch
> To interfere with matters which
> They cannot understand.

But the essential stupidity of legislative erference is not ameliorated by such anoiacism.

II

ong the important factors in the decline the democratic dogma must be placed o the abandonment of the doctrine of rationality of the *corpus politicum*. This nocratic dogma is a direct inheritance m the rationalism of the Eighteenth ntury. It may be derived from Utilita-nism or from the self-interest cosmology Macaulay with equal facility.

Without incurring the necessity of de-ng democracy, one may say that the nocratic dogma means simply that the ple should rule. But why should the ple rule? Not because they wield physical forces of society which impart mate sanction to government; in this chine-gun and poison-gas era they rarely trol any such persuasive factors. It is, are told, because they know their own hest good. They act upon this knowledge of their own good, and are thus acquainted with the highest general good, which, because they necessarily follow the dictates of their intelligence, they will labor to effectuate. The doctrine involves a number of precarious assumptions—for example, that a knowledge of the highest general good follows from acting upon knowledge of the highest individual good—but we may restrict ourselves to a consideration of its fundamental assumption, the rationality of the political animal.

Now, the social product—or as Dr. Corwin insists, the algebraic sum—of this knowledge of the general good may be called the general will; we are already acquainted with it as public opinion. The dogma patently rests upon two premisses. The major premiss is that human thought is uniform. The minor premiss is that the correct principles of political reasoning have a universal compulsion upon that thought. The conclusion is inevitable: the application of the human intellect to political problems will give a result which is acceptable to, or rather is the *real* very own thought of, every reasoning being.

There is a pleasantness in the mathematical symmetry of this doctrine. No doubt it fell most delightfully upon the ears of those who were attempting to formulate a rational apology for what was essentially only a negation—a revolt against particular malfeasances of certain aristocrats. *Vox populi, vox Dei* may incline Dr. Munro to atheism, but it has induced a political mysticism that is more potent than logic and more compelling than experience. Too, it gives the Almighty a finger in the pie—always a brilliant *coup* in a wavering cause. And of course, the hyper-rational political animal never realized that the doctrine and the primary plank in its platform were in irreconcilable conflict.

Nor has the doctrine been without its able defenders. "If we are right in our interpretation of the state as the organ of the community," writes Dr. MacIver, "we must regard all states in which the general

will is not active as imperfect forms." Again, "democracy," declaims Paul Kester, "like Christianity, of which it is only another form, [*salve Cannonismus, immaculatum ad hoc saeculo*] is a perfect and complete philosophy of life even more than it is a theory of government. . . . It is the best of the heart interpreted by the best of the head." Finally, "A group makes up its mind," wrote the late Dr. Cooley, "in much the same way that an individual makes up his. The latter must give time and attention to the question, search his consciousness for pertinent ideas and sentiments, and work them together into a whole before he knows what his thought is about a particular subject. In the case of a nation, the same thing must take place, only on a larger scale." Shades of Tom Hobbes! But let the Leviathan slumber.

It must not be understood, however, that the doctrine of the rationality of man, either individually or generically, has ever found complete acceptance. Behaviorism and Bergson belie the former; experience condemns the latter. "Forty millions, mostly fools," snarled the dyspeptic Carlyle. Lippmann, Wyndham Lewis, and H. G. Wells offer substantial confirmation. "The supply of fools on this planet," writes Dr. Will Durant, "is being replenished at the rate of two hundred every minute." The learned philosopher, having dedicated his life to the production of tomes for their consumption, should be heard with considerable authority on the subject.

"The thesis of the essential irrationality of the political animal," writes Dr. Corwin, in an urbaner tone, "has been, I will not say supported, it has been rendered inevitable, by the Darwinian biology. This is so for several reasons. The Darwinian doctrine of evolution by the slow accumulation of slight differences is necessarily hostile to any suggestion of sudden or brilliant change due to the intervention of mind. 'You cannot add one cubit to your stature by taking thought' is its motto, and this is just what Eighteenth Century political thought asserted could be done. There was, from the first, a irrepressible conflict between the tw Again, the Darwinian biology has stir ulated the study of institutional origin It is the mother of the modern science anthropology, and the confirmation whic anthropology lends to the assumption man's rationality is, to say the least, n impressive. The study of taboo, totemism primitive marriage customs and the lik does show, it is true, a sort of inna tendency [*sic*, remarks Dr. Watson] of th mind toward rationalization—but suc rationalization! Fear, superstition, una loyed silliness are its ingredients!"

Le Bon, in his "Psychologie politique, summarizes the democratic process as struggle of phantoms and political leade ship as mastery of the marionettes. Son bart, in his "Moderne Kapitalismus, expresses the same idea. But the anti-inte lectualist position probably has been mos accurately summarized by Edmund Burke "Politics," he wrote, "ought to be ac justed not to human reasoning, but t human nature; of which reason is a par but by no means the greatest part." Ther is a descriptiveness and objectivity in thes points of view which even a scientifi fundamentalist, such as Geiger in "Di Masse und Ihre Aktion," is unable effec tively to assail.

Where then, are the universality of in tellect and the compelling principles c correct thinking which the democrati dogma premisses? If we accept the seem ingly inescapable fact that the *genus hom* does not always act upon reason, it follow that public opinion lacks the essentials c reality. In his delightful book, "The Phan tom Public," Mr. Lippmann makes th point that the article being currently passe off as public opinion is actually a pre digested array of stereotypes handed dow by political manipulators. One need onl reflect upon the technique of the averag political campaign to be assured of th terrible accuracy of Mr. Lippmann's es timate.

Furthermore, even granting Demos th

ower and inclination to rationalize about e stereotypes it receives, it is subject to e limitations of the categorical and im- led upon the picket of the undivided iddle. It can say only yes or no, when as matter of fact what it actually wants is ither or both. In the final analysis, all which the generic man is capable is volt when the oppression of his rulers comes physically unbearable—as far as digenous political activity is concerned. that what we mean by public opinion?

III

nother of the important results of the wer Age, for the purposes of the dem- ratic cosmology, has been the regimenta- on and standardization of human activity nich it has necessitated. "Of necessity," ites Henry Ford, "the work of an in- vidual workman most be repetitive— t otherwise could he gain the effortless eed which makes low prices and earns gh wages. Some of our tasks are ex- edingly monotonous, but then, also, ny minds are monotonous. Many want earn a living without thinking, and for ese men a task which requires no brains a boon."

At the same time, what about the people th brains who are filling repetitive jobs? e psychological concomitant of the proc- in which they are engaged has estab- ned a mind-set which makes democracy, en though they were inclined toward ionalization, as remote as the stars. ederick Taylor once remarked that: "The al of efficiency in industry is to simplify work to such a degree that it can be ne by a trained gorilla." And it is per- tly obvious that the trained gorilla *if*, once established, is very difficult of iation. Furthermore, the Power Age tended to absorb, by virtue of the ne- sity of escaping its monotony, all other erests which, under a simpler economic ironment, even the most ordinary per- might develop. "When mechanized ustry takes decisive effect," writes Vebner, ". . . the community lives from hand to mouth in such a way that its livelihood depends upon the effectual work- ing of the industrial order from day to day."

This precariousness of existence has not gone without its effect upon the life and attitude of the worker. He is dissociated from the commodity which he produces. He has become a cog in a machine—noth- ing more. He is at the mercy of economic forces which he cannot control—which he cannot even understand. Is such an en- vironment and state of mind conducive to the development of a sense of social re- sponsibility—an essential characteristic of an active public opinion? Is it any wonder that all the worker's time off is spent in hunting thrills which release him from the monotony and dull fatigue of his job? Is there any reason why he should feel compelled to sit quietly and cogitate upon the state of the Union?

The fact seems to be that democracy and politics offer none of the kick which is necessary in establishing the psychic bal- ance against the fatigue of monotony. Gin does, jazz does, and speed does. Well, why not? For the purposes of the worker, one can well agree that an actress giving her interpretation of a Negro prostitute working up an assignation is more inter- esting than the problems of the flexible tariff. I have found it so even among uni- versity students, who are not engaged in monotonous occupations, and who rarely work under any circumstances.

Between the endless quest for release from monotony and the impossibility of developing a sense of solidarity or social responsibility, the probability of a public opinion is irretrievably lost. The factory has so conditioned the worker, and the office the stenographer, that they have lost the capacity for speculation or, in fact, for anything not comprehensible in terms of sensory stimulation. There is no time left—and more importantly, no inclina- tion left—for politics, or the imponder- ables of the social order.

IV

The facetiousness of the doctrine of political equality among all men has been the subject of considerable comment. Harrington, in his "Oceana," noted the necessity of the identification of economic and political power in any system of *Staatslehre* making pretensions to reality. "Political folly does not matter much," says the American industrialist to Norman Angell. "We must give the people their circuses, the illusion of rule; let them have the ritual of the vote, but it does not have any effect really. It is the organization of business and industry which has made this nation the most economically and socially comfortable and secure in the world. The politicians have had no part in it except to occasionally hamper the work."

In the early history of the Republic, Harrington's doctrine received at least tacit recognition, despite the bland phrases of the Grand Seigneur of Monticello. Those who had and those who ruled were admittedly identical; I am not aware that subsequent development substantively has altered that condition. The changes have been primarily procedural. At the same time, the development of historical institutions in their original patterns—patterns which in their inception were not only not vicious but doubtless essentially equitable—has resulted in the creation of a superstructure of representative machinery which bears not the remotest relation to the real sources of political power. The invisible government—the liaison organizations which establish contact and responsibility between economic and political activity—has only today come to light because only yesterday were economic and political power formally dissociated. The lobby is not the instrument of a new conception of the relations of economics and politics so much as it is a new machinery for the performance of a task as old as the political order.

Nor have the full implications of this readjusted relationship been completely realized. "When the common man left h cottage and his shop for the factory, writes Stuart Chase, "he lost his economi independence. He gave up his own too and operated tools owned by somebod else. He ceased to control his own time an his own job." Having ceased to contro these factors, he ceased to control the in strumentalities by which his right to con tinued existence is secured, and thereb ceased his existence as a free agent. In th final analysis, man boils down to his body his mind, his job, and his shirt, with h job as the matter of primary consequenc In none of these is there equality, and onl in mind is there any possibility of freedo in the absence of economic liberty. There fore, for the man who has not there is bu one alternative. He may die, but he cannc escape serfdom if the atoms which compos his carcass retain their present unique re lationships. Of course, liberty in this sens is only relative; strictly speaking, a people are slaves, even those who rul Their power depends upon the relationshi which they are able to sustain to the ma chinery of production.

In a very stimulating essay written ov two decades ago, Hilaire Belloc called a tention to the development of what h termed the servile state. In it he envisione ultimately the evolution of the present un stable, inefficient, and insecure capitalist régime to an objective entirely dissimila to the collectivist solutions which wer currently proposed, but equally at varianc with the democratic cosmos. He conten plated the outright unification of the force of the state with the economic forces capitalism to secure "the establishment compulsory labor among an unfree m jority of non-owners for the benefit of free minority of owners."

Without agreeing unreservedly with M Belloc, it is not too much to say that th development which he prophesied has a sumed an aspect of essential reality. "Th very legislation that is designed to impro the lot of the masses," writes Sait, in sum marizing the arguments of Belloc, "—en

>yers liability laws, insurance against kness and unemployment, old-age pen-ns, the minimum wage—carries with it implication of servitude. The state arantees to the proletarian, as the mas-did to his slave, sufficiency and security; l the next step—already foreshadowed the attitude of the state toward its own ployés—will lead it to impose the obli-ion to work."

The contemporary problem, in fact, is one of reviving popular interest or of uring a vital public opinion. We have ed too much of the *corpus politicum*, and may as well relegate our illusions of ndeur about it to the limbo of political lescence. Besides, as Dr. Corwin has ed, "*similia similibus curantur* never did an—until the excellent Hahnemann pened to run across this tag-end of in somewhere—that an ailment was to cured by taking more of it, but only t when a substantially similar disease the one just cured is met with, like edies should be employed." He admits, wever, that the doctrine in its popular erpretation "has received justification certain instances, *e.g.*, Italy and Spain, ere, applied as a vaccine, the demo-ic virus has at last produced an appar-ly complete immunity."

Let "R. U. R." throw off its fantastic eality; as far as the generic man is cerned, the robot *has* revolted. The blem is, as Stuart Chase insists, to keep roboteers from destroying themselves everybody else with the power which under the control of a relatively few ds. "I see before us," writes Mr. Chase,

> bonds of vital value will be funded. . . . Perhaps a group of embattled technicians will come to the fore organized along the lines of Mr. Wells' open conspiracy. . . . Perhaps a very strong, theoretically constitutional President, with a compact congressional majority back of him—something on the order of Mr. Woodrow Wilson during the war. . . . If we do not like these terms—and most of us do not—well and good. The machine continues to revolve in its own race-track, breeding and expanding according to laws which we do not even understand; unbroken and untamed. While we continue as best we may to dodge the wheels of its orbit . . . until sometime within the next generation a lesion so unbelievably drastic impends that we may be forced to accept these terms, however reluctantly; until, indeed, a practical dictatorship is thrust upon us.

V

With this horrible spectacle before us, let us take pause. I confess that I have no nostrum for the solution of the difficulty in which I have enmeshed myself. Like our generic man, I find the fatigue of monotony pressing heavily upon me. I hope Mr. Chase is correct. The cataclysm which he predicts will be a soirée worth attending. I shall hope to be invited. This, of course, is only personal.

At the same time, it is evident that something is happening to democracy. I make no pretensions to understanding exactly what or how. This much is patent. There is adequate reason for doubting the capacity of contemporary democratic institutions to cope with the problems which doubtless will confront them in the full fruition of the Power Age. We are creating an environment in which many private individuals are accumulating more power than it is well for any man to have. The tragedy of a breakdown in the machinery of contemporary existence is too horrible to be contemplated. We have become creatures of a mechanized environment to a degree which few realize. We have created an entirely new scheme of economic, social, and moral values, which is contingent upon the revolution of the wheels of industry and commerce. On the whole, the decline

ree alternatives. We can drift with the tide at present. We can officially adopt some mple formula like "government by busi-ess" or "state socialism," and thus attempt run a dreadnaught with a donkey engine. r we can face the full implications of the achine. . . . The fruits of a wise dictator-ip must somehow be achieved. What that ctatorship will be I have no clear idea. rhaps a super-trust, coordinating all big siness in corporate form, and undertaking e task for a flat 8% on its own new issues, which all other corporation stocks and

of popular interest in politics has been to the advantage of *Verwaltung* to approximately the same degree in which it has enervated and devitalized *Politik*. At the same time, there is little reason to believe that an uncontrolled bureaucracy will be better able to meet the demands of the Power Age than a muddling and helpless democracy.

Furthermore, it is evident that business and government must be articulated with much more intimacy than the present extra-legal and entirely informal system permits. I cannot even suggest how this might be accomplished. Functional representation of the sort now in practice is little better than a regulated lobby, and the task of coordinating the interests of oil, steel, coal, and cotton is not attempted. As Mr. Chase insists, this is essentially the problem in coping with the demands of the Power Age.

The adjustment of these relationships doubtless may involve the modification or relinquishment of many of our ideas of liberty and democracy. I do not press the point. With Bacon, "I like better that entry of truth which comes peaceably with chalk to mark up those minds which are capable to lodge and harbor it, than that which cometh with pugnacity and contention." This much is evident; we have created within the government forces more powerful than the government itself. The hour will come when these forces will conflict, and if, at that time, constitutional niceties and outworn creeds are recited the result may well be catastrophe for ourselves and our machine civilization. We have no king to call in a Mussolini, and thus to stop the march on Rome. I make no predictions except that adjustment will have to be made. It may be attenuated or it may be in crisis. I hope for the former; I fear the latter.

And if, finally, we are compelled to capitulate, the event doubtless will not be an unmitigated tragedy. There are, in fac many good things to be said for the decli of democracy. It marks the end of the fac tious doctrine of "a government of laws. Again, it permits the development of distinct social stratification which wi ease the agony of social intercourse ar enhance the evolution of a healthy ar vigorous economic and political aristo racy. Thus, we may eventually procu government of the people and for th people of a far superior quality to the co temporary government "by the people. *La carrière ouverte aux talents!*

The most compelling virtue of this e odus of the democratic dogma, howeve is the ease with which it has been i augurated, and, if cleverly manipulate may be brought to conclusion. We ma retain our Constitution, we may keep ou prejudices, we may harbor our illusion and we may continue to be amused ar exalted by the shadow boxing and th dumb show of democratic institutions. Th Bloodless Revolution was a gory *mêlée* comparison with the finesse with whic aristocracy is being formally reestablishe in the United States. From Gary to Ga tonia, the hardships incident to the met morphosis have been uniformly negligibl less than four score years ago the Republ literally reeked in blood over develo ments not half so revolutionary.

André Siegfried, in criticizing the Amer can constitutional system, was impelled remark upon the governmental genius the American people, attributing to it th success of a system otherwise utterly u workable. In fact, the real genius of th *corpus politicum* which glorifies and exal the Republic lies in its capacity to allo the very fundamentals of its government system to be adapted to the necessities of changing economy without so much ruffling the surface of its institutional fac —indeed, without even becoming awa that such changes are going on.

THE AMERICAN DWELLING-HOUSE

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

When a man builds a house for himself, says a contemporary French critic, he is not content with a ilding: he seeks to create a poem. The velling-house is the last romantic place refuge, the last portion of the environent wherein a man can express himself, d fulfill his personality, and live after e manner of his dreams.

But what poetry! what dreams! Putting one side the majority of the population, ndemned to live in the ramshackle flats Boston, the mean tenements of New ork, the orderly rabbit-hutches of Philalphia, the slum-bungalows of the Middle est, to say nothing of niggardly farmouses all over the country—what remains still unsatisfactory. The poems are hackyed, labored, above all lacking in sinrity; not one house in a thousand has en thought out in all its relationships. rhaps it would clear the atmosphere a tle if we dropped the notion that a house ould express personality, and began to nsider it in terms of its essential funcons. A fresh-water bath of rational criti-m would clean off the barnacles that ppy feeling and misdirected interest ve allowed to accumulate on the bottom the subject.

It will be easiest to define the modern int of departure if we think back a genation to the old-fashioned house—that st, roomy, formidable building which her made one of a row of deep buildgs in New York, Philadelphia or Baltiore, or stood alone in spacious ugliness such Middle Western cities as Cleveland. That old-fashioned house was exceedgly rudimentary in its functions and very complicated in its ornamental detail. In Winter it was heated by hot air; at least a part of the house got some of the heat. The kitchen contained a self-sufficient coal range. The bathtub had only recently become a necessity, and the toilet had but a generation before entered the interior of the house. The paving in front, and the various street connections, were all simple and elementary, even in the city; in the country the cesspool was still an innovation. With these elementary facilities for service, such a house should have been an easy one to live in; but the exact opposite was true, for it existed, not to shelter the inhabitants, but to mark the status of the owner in society, and all the economies of its crude working elements were destroyed by the débris of decoration under which every nook and corner groaned.

The floors were covered by carpets, laid over wadded paper; the fifteen-foot ceilings terminated in elaborate cornices of plaster; the mantel-shelf was covered with bric-a-brac, and the hearth contained a dusty bouquet which might have been burned with profit had the flues been capable of working. In proportion as the wealth and prestige of the owner grew, more and more of the space was taken up by elegant dust-collectors, regarded as objects of art and beauty. Writhing in curley-cues, bitten with random indentations, the furniture retained dust in a hundred crevices, and added thereto the luxury of superfluous ugliness, while the washing of the crystal chandelier, the sweeping of the carpets, the periodic cleaning of the china closet and curio cabinet, were all Sisyphean operations which broke the backs and the

hearts of a whole generation of decent menials. This house had, from the standpoint of today, only one virtue: in spite of its clutter and litter it was still spacious. There was space to breathe in, if not room to move around in. But owing to fantastic notions as to what constituted hominess, comfort, and beauty, such houses were little better than kitchen middens, and the amount of useless labor they entailed upon generations of housewives and servants makes one gasp and sweat to think about.

The old-fashioned house was undermined by three different factors. The first of these was the gradual development of taste. Strange as it may seem, this cause was the first to operate, for it came into existence during the eighties, partly through the influence of a few distinguished architects like Richardson and his pupil, Stanford White, and partly because of the impression made by craftsmen like William Morris, and popularizers of Ruskinian ideas like Oscar Wilde, who made a tour of America and spoke audaciously on the subject. A little later Gustav Stickley, the founder of the *Craftsman* magazine, brought to the design of houses and furniture a certain sobering sense of reality which, if it rarely achieved beauty, still served as a thrust against the aimless debauchery of house-design since the forties.

Taste was, and still is, largely a negative influence with us; but it had the happy effect of inexorably ruling out, one by one, the sentimental dew-jigs, the auction room bric-a-brac, the multiplicity of bad reproductions and fatuous engravings that were once the authentic symbols of domesticity. Charles Richards, our foremost authority on industrial art, is in the habit of illustrating this change by two pictures, one of a Smith girl's dormitory in the eighties, filled with flags, mottoes, samplers, and sheer junk, and the other of such a room today, with little in it but the necessary chairs, lamps, brightly colored walls, and perhaps an occasional print or two.

The second limitation that helped ruin the old-fashioned house was the difficulty of obtaining menial service. Our perverse conception of the dwelling as something between an auction room and a museum was carried on the backs of servants; without them, the elegance and the uglines would have been alike impossible. Like modern soldiers, these wretches were brought up to the battlefront of domestic ity with little training, if any; kept dusting and scouring and oiling and scrubbing and climbing until they were exhausted, or, in vain rebellion, looked for lighter work in homes of their own, and when they were unfit for service their ranks were filled by fresh levies of gullible recruits from Ireland, Germany, or Sweden. Occasionally growing daughters, in the more modest homes of America, were used as substitutes for the menial; certainly, the heroic task of keeping the old-fashioned home moderately fit to live in was nothing for anyone to achieve single-handed.

The rebellion of growing daughters and what has been called for two generations the servant problem came at about the same time; in addition, as the American family became smaller, the overhead of domestic service became disproportionate and it needed only the restriction of immigration through the war and later legislation, from 1914 onwards, to raise menial service into the ranks of a luxury. People who always kept a cook and a maid were forced to reduce their establishment to a single domestic; and those who managed before with one now relied only on sporadic help.

The old-fashioned house could not survive this constriction: when the maid went, a good part of the furnishing per force went with her. What taste was achieving in slow stages, economics forced upon the home with a peremptory gesture. The question became, not How much can we show? but How much can we put in the attic or the junk-heap and still keep our status and station intact in the eyes of the neighbors? If sentiment acted as a brake necessity was an accelerator.

Finally, a third element, perhaps more

xacting and relentless than either of the her two, corrupted the old-fashioned ome; this was the steady development of chnical devices for enabling the various anches of housework to be done more peditiously or efficiently. Along with is, went a general industrialization of ousehold equipment: heating, cooling, frigeration, cooking, washing, lighting, nitation, and, with the introduction of e telephone and the radio, communica- on with the outside world, broke down e rough-and-ready domesticity of the st. On the one hand, a new array of soaps d chemicals to remove dirt; on the other, echanical devices for keeping rooms at en temperature or disposing of waste. In e traditional house good design required, r instance, that windows should be re- ced in size to the minimum needed for ght and ventilation, since hot-air-heating as incapable of coping with the leakage rough large window surfaces in cold eather. Such considerations may not be together ignored in an economic design day; but they are no longer imperative. , too, the old-fashioned icebox was usu- y separated from the kitchen; today, ith the invention of more effective in- lating materials, and with the domestic anufacture of ice through electricity or s, the refrigerator becomes an inevitable rt of the kitchen.

II

nce such utilities were introduced and sorbed, one by one, into the modern use, over a considerable period of years, eir influence upon construction and de- gn was never properly analyzed or ap- aised. So far as I know, the first person no attempted it was Henry Wright, who e years ago, in the *Journal of the American Titute of Architects*, published a series of aphs and diagrams which showed that e amount spent on mechanical utilities d risen from almost zero in 1800 to from % to 25% of the total cost of housing— d was still rising. None of the other costs has gone down; on the contrary, they have all gone up in about the same proportion as other commodities: so it is obvious that this extra 25% must be "found" somewhere, all the more because such inside utilities as electric lights and bathrooms need expensive outside connections with lighting mains and sewers; and though the owner may be unaware of it, these costs enter into both the original price and the upkeep.

Mr. Wright suggested that the change had been met in two ways. One was by a process of consolidation: that is, by putting a number of households under one roof, in the multi-family or the apartment house, and so decreasing the cost of pipes and connections and cellar and roof per unit. In brief, our mechanical improvements tended to improve the free-standing single-family house, known to song and story, out of existence, even in little towns and suburbs where there was no shortage of cheap land. The other was by a shrinkage in the cubic contents of a house: the fifteen-foot ceiling gave way to the eight-foot ceiling, and families that had once luxuriated in nine or ten rooms somehow contrived to coop themselves up into five or six, with a corresponding diminution of space all along the line. Space disappeared. Instead of elbow room, the new house had labor-saving devices, slick mechanical contraptions. If one corrects for income and the value of the dollar, the total rise in the cost of housing during the last fifty years has not been as portentous as the radical re-distribution of these costs. The mechanical house, within a generation, had worked havoc with the sentimental house; the budget schedule had cruelly defaced the poem.

The mechanical utilities which now characterize the modern house have not yet been rigorously appraised for their several contributions to life-efficiency. Let us examine the positive gains that have been made. First, these devices have partly transferred the burdens of housekeeping from the back of a human being to the in-

different shoulders of a machine; in fact, the constriction of domestic service would have created a really serious situation if such mechanical auxiliaries had not taken up the task at the point where the vanishing menial put it down. Some of these aids have succeeded more than others. The automatic oil or gas furnace is far more effective in relieving labor than, say, the vacuum cleaner, although the latter promotes efficiency and hygiene when applied to the old-fashioned house. Again, the indirect result of mechanical improvements, namely, that they have decreased the amount of space in a house, is not altogether a matter for weeping and regret, for every reduction in the area of floors to be swept or polished, or to be traversed in answering the door or the telephone, or in cooking dinner, is a reduction of labor. The constriction becomes annoying only when one endeavors to maintain the habits, tastes, standards, forms of life which went with the old-fashioned house.

Both the house and the apartment today, it is pretty plain, are merely transitional types. The changes that have been effected in them have been forced from the outside, without sufficient imaginative effort to meet and mold them. It is this final stage in the relation of need and desire that we must now enter. The modern houses which we grudgingly accept and attempt to soften and prettify must be transformed into something superb and creative in their own right—not a half-baked machine, still less a flimsy piece of imitation Spanish or Tudor, nor yet a pallid compromise between fading memories and new opportunities.

III

What is the modern house? The only way to define it is to ask ourselves what any house is in terms of its essential functions.

Primarily, a dwelling-house is a biological institution. At one time or another, to be sure, it has been made, by accident, to serve many other purposes: the nobleman's house has been fortified for warfare, the city tradesman's house has contained his shop and office, and the opulent financier's house has been a means of exhibiting his financial solvency or proud winnings. But when one strips away these excrescences and asks how the house differs from the factory or the office, one sees that it is primarily a building equipped to serve the normal functions of nutrition and repair, reproduction, and the elemental care of the young. It is, to expand the definition, a place where food can be readily prepared and served, where the hygiene of the body can be attended to, where sleep may be secured with a minimum of friction and disturbance, and where—let us speak with medical rigor—the sexual act may be performed in privacy.

Sociability, entertainment, hospitality, complete the notion of the home; but they do not by themselves make the house. Various special institutions may, of course, take over one or another of these biological functions. The restaurant may specialize in food or the hospital in the care of the sick; but the place where these things are made commonly available for the mass of mankind is the dwelling-house. Anyone who doubts that we are dealing with a permanent institution has only to investigate the economics of housekeeping: no specialized institution that must reckon with physical overhead and wages, to say nothing of profits, can compete with the domestic communism of the house.

Once we accept the notion that biological functions create the norm of the house, problems of design that were once based upon taste or caprice must be treated within well-defined limits. The first question of all is orientation for sunlight and ventilation, and in every urban community this is a matter which rests, not so much with the individual builders as with the city plan. Above the tropical belt, good house design requires that a maximum amount of sunlight be permitted to enter the rooms, particularly those that are most constantly lived in—the kitchen, the living-room, and the children's nursery or play-room.

This is a point where almost all our esent architecture, in one fashion or other, falls down. The city apartment is, as! usually surrounded by other high ildings which cut off the free circulation air and block a good part of the sunlight, d even the suburban apartment wantonly astes its opportunities because the builder ntinues to overcrowd the land—without e shadow of a serious economic excuse. enuine sun-porches are still mythical; yet n minutes' exposure naked to sunlight is obably worth a whole day's exposure ith clothes on; and the architect who es not incorporate a private sun-porch in s plan need not pride himself upon his everness in the kitchen. It may be that e problem will remain architecturally soluble in our congested centers until we op our false modesty and face nakedness elf as cheerfully as we have faced the pid approach to it in women's dresses; at events, whether the solution be in the alm of building or etiquette, we must clude it in the programme of the modern use.

Exposure to the sun is a vital matter, rticularly to children, and above all in e Winter; but in our torrid Summers, ar up to Maine, the capital problem is a fferent one, namely, how to temper the at and secure an adequate circulation of r. Artificial refrigeration, such as is now ovided in many moving-picture houses, a very doubtful domestic expedient; nen one leaves the cooled quarters to turn to the superheated air of an August y, the result is not merely disgusting but ngerous. Summer ventilation depends on two things: the provision of gentle afts, partly by exposure to the prevailing nds, supplemented on still days by fans blowers, and the provision of shade es and foliage which absorb the heat thout re-radiating it to the extent that one and asphalt do. The problem here is reduce the amount of paving about the use to the lowest possible point. Fornately, good community planning deands exactly the same thing, since domestic streets should be wide enough only for service and access, not for through traffic.

Trees and gardens thus become an essential part of the environment of the modern house. In addition to their beauty and the pleasure of their cultivation, they perform a mechanical function with an exquisite automatism that no manufactured device can begin to compete with, and in the matter of costs, they win hands down. A house deprived of trees and gardens is no more a modern house than a house deprived of sunlight: the notion of introducing concrete shrubbery and green tiles, which certain French and American architects have dallied with, falls down, not for æsthetic reasons, but for more fundamental mechanical and physiological ones. The leader of the European modernists, Le Corbusier, is, I am happy to say, in agreement with this position.

With these criteria in mind, it is plain that much of our modern urban housing is obsolete before it is finished: obsolete and inefficient. No modernist façade can conceal these vital deficiencies.

IV

If the biological house is first of all a sun-house, it is at the same time a playhouse. Without facilities for play, without floors that can be danced upon, without a room for children's games and constructions, without an external playground for ball and gymnastics, the house would be as incomplete as a furnace without a flue. Curiously, most Americans are under the delusion that they have provided sufficiently for play if they clutter up the once spacious back-yard or back-garden with a garage containing a car which will take the family on a weekly picnic, or permit the older members a little freedom of movement at night. That there should be space for spontaneous games and exercises, and that each house should have such space immediately about it, is scarcely remembered any more. The playground is an

after-thought, and when it comes, it arrives by way of the school, rather than the house itself, and only by good fortune will it escape a dose of organized priggishness.

But plainly, the need for play affects both the inner design and the exterior relationships. Considered from within, the modern house, no matter how small, must not be chopped up into a number of small compartments, not one of which is large enough to permit more than the original family to gather in and move about in and dance. Nor, while Prohibition remains in force, may the modern house relinquish the cellar, although there is now current more than one clever expedient—the Flagg house, for example, and the house on a pedestal proposed by the Brothers Rasch in Germany and Buckminster Fuller in Chicago—to do away with the need for this expensive excavation. The great domestic industry of brewing and wine-making needs an apartment of its own for manufacture and storage; and the cellar, no longer entirely subterranean, is the obvious place for it.

Beside, the cellar has one further advantage: mid the order, compactness, neatness of the modern house at least one room should be sacred to the spirit of anarchy and insurrection; one place should remain where litter, disorder, the desire to accumulate useless mementos, will carry neither stigma nor burden. Where the economic means are sufficient, there is no reason why this should not be a separate room; indeed, if memory serves me, Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright has at least once provided such a repository for Grandmother's walnut furniture, dear Uncle Alfred's toupee, and the champagne corks that were popped on the night that the last century died; but at least, for the present, the cellar must be preserved. It is not without point that it should be the last refuge of freedom.

The old-fashioned house, the show house, insisted upon the inviolacy of each room. The parlor remained a parlor for "best occasions"; each other room kept itself to itself. The play-house demands space; and in demanding it, is more willing to have one large room serve three purposes than to perform three separate functions quite inadequately in three separate rooms. Outdoors, space again is the chief requirement for play; and except for a narrow group of rich people, it cannot be obtained even in a small place like "Middletown" without combining individual portions of land and creating common areas under certain provisions for common care and upkeep. The modern house, in other words, cannot solve its major problems by itself. This applies not alone to sunlight and play areas; it applies equally to such essential matters as quiet sleep; and in such functions as have been taken over by the community, education for example, it is only by community planning that the daily walk to school can be saved from the nightmare of automobile accidents.

No longer is the modern house four walls and roof on a patch of ground: it has become the nucleus of communal and domestic services with connections and filaments throughout the rest of the community. Its isolation cannot be preserved; its self-sufficiency is a myth. To achieve the results of individualism it cannot escape the duties of coöperation. Today no one can build an adequate house who does not also take pains to create an adequate community. The failure to emphasize this fact is one of the little jokers in the Own-Your-Own-Home Movement. (There are others.)

V

Let us now consider the interior. How shall we decorate the modern house? Pardon: there is one question that comes before this; namely, how shall we keep it clean?

Where shall we find an answer to this question? The best answer I know is to be found in the modern hospital, where the question is of major importance. Examine that solution. First of all, the floor must

made of a compact, resilient material
at can either be washed or waxed: this
ows a wide latitude, ranging from the
ell-laid hardwood floor of ancient usage
rough cork strips, linoleum, and in
rmer climates brick or tile. What place
s a rug on the floor of a modern house?
e rug performs a function in only two
ces; one is the living-room, where as a
t of picture on the floor it provides a
ot on which to focus one's gaze, either
en alone or when one does not wish to
ok directly into the faces of one's com-
ions; the other place is in the bedroom,
ere, before one finds one's slippers, the
breaks the chill of leaving a warm bed.
The next characteristic of the hospital
ution is in the baseboard, no longer a
cession of moldings, but a strip of hard
terial, tile or cement composition, meet-
the floor in a rounded corner. Since the
lded baseboard is merely a relic of
ssical Georgian ornament, we may
erfully bid it good-bye. Its sole decora-
e value now is as a band of color, and in
oncrete house it would disappear alto-
her. The same criticism applies to the
or. The flat-surfaced hospital door, of
iously laminated woods, or at its sim-
st, with painted surface, has decorative
sibilities quite as great as the old-
hioned panelled door. In lightening the
or of cleaning and dusting we are not
mitted to utilitarian anesthesia: we
rather opening the path for fine and
lligent design.

Ve now approach the walls, and we do
s with trepidation. At whatever extra
t, it is preferable that these walls should
soundproof and fireproof, if there are
ghbors on the other side of them. If they
of well-laid brick and if their color is
ctive, one may leave them in this state;
if the brick or stone or tile or composi-
n must be backed with lath and plaster,
n we must walk very carefully indeed.
e plasterer and the architect, with
uisite ingenuity, have lately invented
esurrected a whole host of smears and
tches and blobs to be executed in stucco
or plastic paint; and, dust and dirt and the fine fabrics of women's clothes being what they are, we must use them with great discrimination. A close-textured surface and a dull finish are the desiderata of a good wall: reflection without high lights. Certain woods serve admirably for this purpose; but since panelling lies outside the purse of most of the population, we must be ready to accept a solution in plaster and paint, or in certain limited cases, in washable wall paper. Naturally, there are no panels or cornices; the ceiling, too, is unbroken unless the wood or the concrete can be integrated in the pattern of the room.

As far as the constitution of the room is concerned, we have now solved the problem of cleanliness: the daily dusting of six such chambers need take but half an hour at the utmost. But this solution may well be upset as soon as furniture is introduced; and our houses would not only look better but keep better if each time one wished to add a chair, a table, a stool, a smoking-stand, one asked oneself, How many minutes will this add to the burden of cleaning? The answer does not merely depend upon the number of pieces: it depends also upon the individual design. I am sure that our furniture would suffer nothing, but on the contrary would gain, by the general establishment of a rigorous standard of labor and hygiene. Automatically a good part of "period" furniture, designed before the status of servants had improved, would disappear; and our manufacturers would have to rely upon fine materials and intelligent adaptation, instead of upon tricks and weird stratagems and fake stylicisms.

Obviously, I am not suggesting the establishment of hygienic rules as the sole standard of taste. Proportion, fitness, accurate workmanship, color, total form, will count for as much as ever: the point is that the requirements of labor and hygiene would establish a minimum standard. Finishes that scratch or flake easily, metal that must be polished frequently, lamina-

tions or inlays that crack perilously at the first desiccation of steam-heating—all these things must be excluded from modern decoration. The minimum standard has already been applied in the bathroom and the kitchen; and the results are admirable.

Remembering all the expensive mechanical utilities we have introduced into our cramped quarters, we must find a way of expanding our rooms without raising the total cost of the house. The only way of achieving this, except by practicing magic, is to make every available room perform more than one function. Instead of two small rooms, each of which remains idle 50% of the day, let us have one large room that works both day and night; and in order to take advantage of this combination, let every fixture in the room be as flexible as possible. There are limitations to this programme, for certain rooms must remain specialized; but we can go a long way without reaching them.

To make a room perform more than one set of functions, one must consider both construction and decoration together. In England it is the practice to build houses for workmen and middle-class people without any built-in fittings; hence the bedroom discloses itself as such, no matter what the character of the bed, by reason of the fact that it will contain a wardrobe: similarly, the dining-room will contain a china closet. Once the character of a room is so established, there is no possibility of turning it to more than one function without obviously resorting to makeshift. The real solution of the problem has gradually been approached by the American architect; and by a curious chance, he has reached it in quarters where neither crowding nor economy were necessary. Instead of permitting a dresser, let us say, to bulk out in a dressing-room, he arranges a set of drawers in a closet: not merely does he get it out of the way, but he makes it more dustproof than before. This principle is capable of being pushed much further. With the aid of sliding doors, a whole wall may be turned into a closet, neatly embracing a chest of drawers, a dressing-table, an a clothes-rack; or, on a well-hung door, dressing-table and stool may be brough out temporarily into the room and restore to the wall when needed.

By sacrificing thirty inches in the dept of a room, all the necessary utilities can b contained in a dust-proof closet, muc easier to clean and keep in order than i they projected into the room. Our in genuity has scarcely begun to work here While our Puritan ancestors devised chair that served as writing-desks and table that became settles, almost the only con tribution modern America has made is th bed that folds into a closet. In a highl cramped bedroom, this solution ma occasionally be useful; but of all possibl objects to stow away, a bed is the poores candidate. For a well-constructed daybed i capable of performing twenty-four hou service; and to hide it in a closet two-third of the day is the height of uneconomi furnishing.

By the expedient just described we hav done something more than robbed th room of its specialized character and mad it available as a general workroom o gathering place during the day—permit ting the bedroom to be also a living-roon or the living-room to be a dining-room: w have increased the amount of apparen space. The effect of spaciousness in a roon is created by decreasing the number o objects in it and reducing their size. In thi department, too, hygiene and utility hav the backing of æsthetics. One of the anom alies of present-day manufacture is that ou furniture makers continue to be sublimel unaware that the actual living space of modern urban family is highly embarrasse by their ostentatious products. The scal and general design of furniture must tak into account this fact: a certain lightnes and delicacy must be achieved, without o course sacrificing comfort or durability. A a recent exhibition, Kem Weber showe some dining-room chairs which had thi quality; and one wishes it were achieve more often.

VI

much for the programme of the modern use. I have been talking about sunlight, eanliness, efficiency, space, hygiene, play; d I have dealt with these things as if I ere ignorant of the fact that a home must lovable and attractive as well as neat d efficient. Is there to be no decoration? life just to be a stale utilitarian formula? there no space then for personality, taste, precious human intangibles? In short, all there be no more cakes and ale? By no eans: it is because all the biological quirements of the house must be met as eliminary to the robust development of e personality that I have been treating em first. They were forgotten in the old-hioned show house, as completely as xual intercourse and childbirth were for-tten in the Victorian novel; and in order restore them to their true order of im-rtance it has been necessary to over-phasize them a little.

Now, however, in the modern house, the e may come into its own. If the house be ll-set and the surrounding land well-rdened, the wide windows meant pri-rily for the sun will open each day on a v picture. Against the bare walls, the wers drawn from the garden will gleam re vividly; or, if not flowers, then pic-es, which will no longer be mistreated as spots on the wall, nor smothered in a clutter of irrelevant decorations; and if the owner has taste and means, both the flowers and the pictures will be changed frequently.

With the background stripped clean of every piece of meaningless ornament, the foreground will become more prominent: the body, the face, the dress of each inhabitant of the room will not be absorbed by the furnishings, but will stand out in fine relief. The chief forms of decoration in the modern house will be living things: flowers, pictures, people. Here is a style of interior decoration that perpetually renews itself and that never goes out of fashion, because it is inexhaustible, the stable patterns and colors of the furnishings sounding antiphonally against the dynamic patterns and colors of the occupants. For the modern house is not built for show but for living; and the beauty it seeks to create is inseparable from the personalities that it harbors. Modern decoration does not hide the personality behind a pretentious front of decoration: rather, it remains incomplete, until it is enriched by the presence of a human being. The old house was essentially institutional, for all its aimless freedom; the new house, despite its standardization, despite its rigorous design, has a greater respect for the uniqueness of personalities.

HAND-PRESS JOURNALIST

BY H. L. DAVIS

The editor of the cow-town weekly was a middle-aged man with a narrow black mustache that would have been saturnine if it hadn't looked run to seed, and a presence that carried with it an immense dignity and a flavor of printer's ink, benzine, paper-dust, and I. W. Harper Fine Old Sour Mash Whiskey. He wore a black sombrero and a stand-up collar, like a professional candidate for Congress, and, though he was below the average in height and limped from a touch of gout in one foot, he carried these things as if they were ornaments of his calling, which not everybody could have done. One would have expected him to be soured and tired of editing, which he had followed all his life without getting anything to show for it. But he not only believed in it, but, entirely by the simplicity of his conviction, he made all the townspeople believe in it too. None of them read the paper to find out whether it was worth editing or not.

I was the only living soul in the cow-town who had ever seen him drunk. That was because I worked for him. Every week, as soon as the paper was printed and in the mail, he adjourned to the backroom where we dumped the file-racks when they got full. It was a sad hole, with one dirty window and no furniture of any kind; but the dirt on the window kept people from looking through at him, and the cords of old newspapers were all the furniture he needed. When I came down to work Saturday morning, I would hear him breathing regularly, and look in.

He had built the old papers into a mattress and pillow on which he lay asleep. His black sombrero, string tie, stand-up collar and elastic-sided shoes were all se in a neat row along the window-sill within easy reach, and, also within easy reach, th hair of the dog in the form of a pint flas of Fine Old Sour Mash with three goo drinks left in it. That in itself was enoug to set him apart from everybody else. I the cow-town it was almost a matter o etiquette for a man on a drunk to blow i all his money, booze up all his credit, an then trapse timidly over the ground he ha carpeted with dollars, bumming pick-me up drinks in the name of charity.

It was also the usual thing for a man o a jag to want witnesses. The drunker, th sociabler,—that was a rule of conduc which the men of the town bowed to an obeyed principally because they didn' know how else to act. But the editor di know. One of his responsibilities was t act like an editor, and so, when he go drunk, he hid from everybody and slep it off quietly on stacks of newspapers, a written, edited and printed by himself.

Not all the files were of the same paper He had carried about the country all th files of all the newspapers he had ever run and some of the elements of his couch car ried the names of towns that had ceased t exist even as water-holes. It would hav been impossible to find out what kind o towns they had been; but, upon what the had intended to become, the files them selves testified in big letters, in the name of the newspapers. A mining-settlemen had been served up with the *Weekly Pros pector*. The center of some caved-in hydrauli project had nurtured the *Inland Irrigator* The *Buzz-Saw* had obviously kept the rec ord of some lumbering community, an

e could surmise that some crossroads st-office had been pulling for a railroad- nction with the *Weekly Headlight*.

But there was an apparent inconsistency the name he had picked for the cow- wn paper. It was neither the *Round-Up* r the *Weekly Slick-Ear*, nor anything that d anything to do with the stock busi- ss in any of its phases. The consistency, wever, was really there. He named his pers, not from the industry the com- nities lived on, but from the one he ped they would change to. The cow- wn paper on which he pillowed his head s the *Colonist*. He laid his cheek against breathing firmly and regularly as if essing it, in the manner of one who had ked it from among all the others, his numents of exploded hopes and wasted rk, as the one that he could still fondle l trust. There wasn't much dignity out him, seen so, and still less when one nembered what a slim prospect the *Col- st* actually was; but there was wistful- s, and the difference between him and townspeople was as great as ever.

t was only at such times that he showed such thing. When he got his collar and es on, his sombrero perched, all his tons notched up, the door to the file- m locked and the files dismissed from mind, his state was beyond softness of kind. Perhaps it was because his front s so regal that he had to let down with nely brannigan once a week to be able stand up under it.

On the street, he was rigid, sonorous preoccupied. He had his stand-up col- and a pot belly, both of which, in such own at that date—1906—were almost iosities. He wore a coat at all seasons, h a wad of copy-paper in a side-pocket note people's names on. He remembered nes badly, or pretended to for dignity. called everybody Mr. Uhwhah, whether as a bartender whom he saw every day his life or a strange teamster so green n the High Desert that he thought the shington hand-press was a rig for turn- out rolled barley for horse-feed. A life-long bachelor, he was so mortally shy of women that he would print anything they brought in, even enormously long obituary poems, rather than go through the em- barrassment of arguing with them, where- as all the other single men in the country let their heads run on the conquest and bedevilment of women when they ought to have been attending to their chores and preparing for the Hereafter.

II

There was nothing inconsistent about this mixture, but it was hardly to be expected that any of the townspeople would under- stand it. They didn't even try to. The edi- tor's work was not ordinary work; the language he spoke and wrote had nothing to do with their everyday sociable news- swapping; he dressed and carried himself like a man of whom formality in clothing and carriage was a duty; he got drunk by himself instead of making it an occasion to hunt up a crowd and show off. He was set apart. Even his pot belly and the printer's ink on his vest would have been enough to invest him with strangeness.

Not that this strangeness bothered him. On the contrary, he liked it, claiming it made people pay more attention to what a man wrote. That was what he told me one morning when he halted on his way out to advise me about a career for myself. My future was something of a stock subject with him. He discussed it with indulgent concern, which was as close to friendly intercourse as he seemed able to get. I mustn't be misled, he cautioned, by peo- ple's apparent indifference to journalism. They didn't show interest, but it wasn't because they lacked it. They were simply too ignorant. They imagined a newspaper bloomed of itself, like a larkspur, without requiring any work. But it wasn't that way everywhere. There were countries, and plenty of them, too, where editors were esteemed. Editors in places like that could amount to something. They could become men like Horace Greeley and——

He named others whom I had never heard of. Some of them I have found out about since. One was Ed Howe. It seems very early for Howe to have been pointed as an example, but I am absolutely certain that he was on the list. So was Bill Nye.

"You might be like one of them," he said. "Not here, of course, the way this country is now. It's too new. But maybe, by the time you're big enough to be an editor, it will have changed. . . . If you don't grow too fast, that is."

He took a look at the printing-office layout, thinking, no doubt, less of my career than of his own. There was reason enough to feel ironical about it, considering how much too fast he had grown. Yet irony was not one of his habits. That morning he was fresh from sleeping on the stacked files of his busted newspapers, and the pick-me-up hadn't started to work. Ordinarily he felt brighter, and talked of the cow-country as a place whose destiny as a wonderland might be expected almost any week.

He talked that way when the harness-maker, who was also town marshal, stopped in to announce that he was rolling his blanket to leave. The editor sat him down and told him he was running away from his own future. He had stood all the discomforts of the new country, and made himself a place on the ground floor, so to speak. And now he purposed moving away and leaving it for somebody else.

"How do you know it'll take a long time coming?" the editor demanded. "You mark my prophecy, Mr. Uhwhah, you'll repent this move of yours! This country is going to open up before you know it!"

The harness-maker said that was what he was a little bit afraid of. It had been showing signs of opening up enough to bury him already. He liked the country all right, but he wasn't a fool about it. When it came to making threats against a man's life——

The editor whacked his desk and mixed up the layout which he had spread out for a game of solitaire.

"That's the kind of thing that's keepin this country back!" he said. "A gang o drunken hoodlums, that go around bully ing and disgusting all the decent citizen into leaving! They ought to be jailed!"

The harness-maker said he wasn't dis gusted, but merely impressed. Some freight ers had picked up a dead sheep-herder an brought him in from the John Day rang that morning. Not shot, but just the sam as. They had tied his hands and pulled gunnysack over his head, and then turne him loose to starve. And, since it was crew in that neighborhood that had ex pressed animosity against the harness maker——

"They ought to be hung!" the edito said. "I've a notion to print a piece in th paper about it! . . . I could demand a cor oner's jury, anyhow."

"They've already had one," the harness maker said. "Starvation and exposure, the said it was. You can print a piece abou how I've left town, if you want to."

When he left, the editor bunched th solitaire layout and wrote two pieces fo me to set. Both were short. One was tha the harness-maker would be missed by hi circle of business acquaintances and friends and the other mentioned that the body o an unknown sheep-herder had been foun on the upper John Day range and brough to town for burial. The cause of death wa starvation and exposure. Then he wen back to his game of solitaire. He alway put copy before me without any explana tion. It might disagree with something h had just got through saying, but it was no my business to notice that.

Only once did he ever hint that a type setter, even one in knee-pants, might b expected to read the stuff he put into type He had written a little editorial notice o the old Socialist *Appeal to Reason*, whic used to be sent to all the printing-office free. His notice was hot and forceful, bu there were things in it that weren't so Being new to the job, I read the copy al through to see what it said, and I prob ably looked shocked. He called the *Appea*

scurrilous and filthy thing which pol-
ted the air it touched. Not a single copy
ould ever again be allowed to corrupt
e office. There were three of them kick-
g around the place in plain sight. I had
en reading one myself.
The editor waited until I had read his
ece through.
"You'll have to remember," he said,
printing things in a newspaper is respon-
ble business. All the people watch you.
ney expect you to tell 'em what they can
pend on. You have to learn to express
ings different. And then you'll be an
itor."
How different, he didn't say. Indeed, he
ver mentioned the discrepancy between
s talk and his writing again, nor let on
at there was one. Often enough there
as. The stockmen's war was tapering off
a finish in 1906, and the gunnysacked
eep-herder on the John Day was only
e casualty among a hundred, of one kind
another, between then and 1908, when
was settled by treaty.
The editor treated all of them with the
me determined indifference. The stock
untry was not a place where men took
ots at each other and went in cahoots to
mmit felonious assault upon their neigh-
rs. Instead, it was a homeseeker's para-
se, a land where no crops failed, no bulls
red, no hens stole out their nests, and
children talked back to their parents.
e may have believed it himself, for he
d never been outside the city limits to
e whether it came up to his account of it
not.

III

he fact was that, in spite of his notions
out being watched in every move by his
bscribers, he didn't write his paper for
em at all. The pieces he wrote were in-
nded, not to keep his subscribers posted
the news, but to entice people into the
gebrush from somewhere else. Where
dn't matter particularly, and how they
ere to get hold of the newspaper which
read out the bait for them was some-
thing that I doubt if he ever stopped to
figure out.

It may have been only a kind of ground-
work to justify the exercise of his fancy.
The country he wrote about had no ex-
istence, but it may have been a pleasure to
him to imagine it had, as it is for some
poets to imagine for themselves a country
full of goose-girls, shepherds, cavaliers
and scenery with onyx pillars. Both could
most likely be traced to the effects of a kind
of spiritual homesickness. The editor's was
for central Illinois, where he had grown
up and learned the printing trade, and all
his writing sounded as if some such coun-
try had accompanied him into the sage-
brush.

The cow-town was then (it still is,
according to present-day measurements)
tough. Families of horse-Indians used to
settle their domestic tiffs in the heart of the
business district, heaving jagged boulders
and sections of crosswalk at each other
until one side or the other was laid out
cold in the middle of the street. Squaws
laid their papooses to sleep under the board
sidewalk, which, being built high off the
ground, was a refuge which sheep-herders
used to crawl into when they got too
drunk to navigate. One had to be prepared,
in the course of a stroll along the avenue,
for a bleary, bewhiskered head to pop out
between one's feet, or for a choir of moon-
faced, bull-voiced Siwash brats to start
bawling under one's heels, jarring the
earth with tidings of distress.

The freight-lines kept things stirred up,
too. Three hundred freight-wagons stood
in the street at dinner-time, and the eight-
horse teams filled all the feed-yards, ate
grain off the sidewalk, and bit off sections
of each other's harness because they felt
good, or else fought until they were pulled
apart, squealing. The girls from the big
red-windowed house at the edge of town
came out for an airing in a sumptuous three-
seated surrey, trilling coquettish how-
d'ye-do's and *comment-ça-va's* (in those days
the members of that guild were recruited
from France) at any gentleman on the

street whom they recognized. Mostly, the gentlemen didn't like being bawled out in public, so that the appearance of the three-seated surry always started a frantic stampede to get indoors, in which men were jostled, gouged, knocked down and stepped on. When the gentleman was one they hadn't liked much, their salute would be, not mellifluous cordiality, but a string of stout, spitty Marseilles cusswords, usually yelled through the cloud of dust the gentleman kicked up hitting for cover.

They were lusty, unaffected creatures, those girls, and most of their horse-play was probably a misplaced case of community spirit. Merely to help the gate-receipts, they used to turn out for all the town dances regularly, and be as regularly identified and put out, giggling and swearing with a fluency and finish that made the best American terms of imprecation sound awkward and feeble in comparison. We youngsters used to pick up their best phrases and practice them by the hour. It was not until some years later that I found out what they meant, and then I stopped.

The editor never allowed either himself or his paper to take any notice of the girls' existence. They were always up to something that kept them in the public eye, but they might as well have behaved themselves, so far as newspaper publicity was concerned. Even when one of them committed a murder, the *Colonist* left her name out of the printed account of it.

Holding a blacklist against them was difficult enough, because of their unquenchable liveliness; but that was a cinch compared to the job of ignoring their establishment. Once the proprietress, in a splurge of benevolence, macadamized the half-mile of road in front of the place. As an illustration of how the town was keeping step with progress, the improvement almost *had* to be written up. Yet the thing couldn't be done without telling where it was, and that would not only break the rule against mentioning the place, but would amount to setting it up to a free advertisement.

The editor considered for days. One could imagine a poet saddled with the obligation of putting a swain named Robin in a pair of sheep-dip-smeared overalls. Finally he conceded the matter a three-line local, naming no names, and blushed whenever he looked at the paper that carried it.

An even harder one came up when the owner of the stage-line got killed by being smashed against the girls' house when his team ran away. He was a pure man and a steady advertiser, and all his relatives called at the printing-office in a body to notify the editor that they expected a good job of writing. They intended to have an impression of it printed off on white silk to be made into a pillow-top for the parlor. They wanted the whole yarn, they warned. No skimping or leaving things out. The deceased man's widow did most of the talking for the crowd, but there were women relatives who helped out when she ran down, so that the editor promised everything. Then he sat down to work out a euphemism for the red-blinded house that would be at once descriptive and elegant.

He worked hard, because he didn't want them to come back, and he finally produced a name that, though it scarcely did justice to the time it had taken him to think of it, seemed to fill the bill. He called the red-blinded house a "well-known local residence on the outskirts." When the delegation of relatives struck it on their white-silk memorial, they came waving it all the way up the street, demanding a revision. They wanted it plainly expressed that, if the red-light house hadn't been where it was, there wouldn't have been any accident. They stood over the editor, all talking at once, while he unlocked the forms, lifted out the tactfully-worded passage, and printed off another piece of white silk, amended with a name that suited them. He distributed the type in that line himself, so that I never knew how far into straightforwardness he had to go to get rid of them. From the way they talked while he was fixing it, I imagine he made

pretty strong, and I always regretted
at they didn't insist upon having the
hole paper changed to the same precise
rminology.

It would have been interesting to watch
e tussle if they had. The editor would
ree to anything a woman asked of him
get rid of her, but that was more than
y of them had ever demanded, and I
ubt if he would have given in without a
ht. More likely he would simply have
n, and stayed hid until they left.

IV

here was a piece which he kept stand-
g under the paper's flag which illustrated
s art of poetizing on awkward realities
hen he really pitched himself into it.
The City With a Future," it read. "The
ateway to the Inland Empire Invites
ou! Pure Air, Clear Water, Clean Sur-
undings! Two Hotels, Two Department-
ores, Four Feed-Yards, Three Livery-
ables, Saddler, Druggist, Meat-Market,
hools, Churches, and Other Public En-
rprises Too Numerous to Mention!"

Closely inspected, his inclusions were
out as truthful as his omissions. "De-
rtment-Stores" loaded the tongue nicely,
t stood merely for places where they sold
neral merchandise. There was only one
urch, and its last window had been
oken longer than anybody could remem-
. There was only one school; and the
her public enterprises were left unspeci-
, not because they were too numerous,
because they were too awful.

That was a picture of the kind of town
t pleased his imagination. No less than
t would do, but, curiously, neither
uld any more. Other excellent estab-
ments opened from time to time, but
one did he ever add to the list, worthy
conventional though they might be.
wasn't laziness, either, for there was
rcely a week when he didn't fuss with
and reword something about it. The
l-yards got renamed oftenest, probably
ause they sounded outlandish. But the
wording was all he ever altered. The ingredients remained as they were, and he showed something of the artist in sticking to them so stubbornly, just as, in his confident belief that everybody read everything he wrote, he showed something of the poet.

Not that it was all so impractical as that, of course. If he could succeed in convincing settlers that the sagebrush was a nice quiet place to live in, he might start a stampede into it. If enough of them came, they might make it a quiet place indeed, and stay. And, if they stayed long enough, he would get rich. Comparatively, at least. To him, riches meant money enough to buy a paper in central Illinois. A rush of settlers could, if they stayed long enough to make final proof on their homestead claims, bring him enough money to buy a big one.

If they came, and if they stayed long enough. It wasn't as readers that he wanted them, but as advertisers. The General Land Office required homestead entrymen, when they had lived the legal five years on a claim, to give notice of final proof by advertising in six consecutive issues of the nearest newspaper. That was compulsory. So was the amount the paper was entitled to charge them—$10 a clip, if I remember right. Anyhow, for the space they used, it was plenty. The cow-town was planted squarely in the center of the open range, eligible for entry from the city limits onward. If they ever hit and stuck, it would mean a killing. In some sections where they had, editors cleaned up $15,000 in a little over a year.

Some of the cow-country exchanges cleaned up that much, too, when the rush came that lasted the legal time out. But my editor missed out with the *Colonist*, as he had with the *Headlight*, the *Prospector*, and the *Irrigator*.

Not that he starved out. As far as I know, he never missed a meal. Some of them may have come farther apart than they should, but it wasn't because they weren't there for him, but because, when he was moistening his whistle, he didn't show up to eat them. There were four eat-

ing-houses in town, including a lunch-counter run by a Chinaman, and the dignity of the press was convertible into victuals at all of them. He squared his feed-bills, not in cash, of which he never had enough to keep even with running expenses (he owed me for a month's work when I quit) but with advertising. Each of the four chop-houses fed him in turn, and he gave each of them, in payment, the same kind of display-advertisement, in exactly the same amount of space, which wasn't altogether fair, for the quality of their cooking varied all the way from tolerable to poisonous. The Chinaman, who was the best cook of the four, never got it through his head that advertising was any return for his chuck at all. He didn't know what an advertisement was, and thought the editor was somebody whom the immigration authorities had sent out to hijack him.

Advertising was the currency with which the editor paid for everything he bought, except whiskey. It wasn't that the saloons thought less of publicity than the other business-houses did, but that they, like the French girls, were on the blacklist. Saloon advertising looked bad. If one got in, all would want to get in, and there were seventeen of them! It was something of a pull to be stern with them, for the editor liked all the men who ran them, and believed faithfully that they were losing money by not being allowed to advertise in the paper. But the risk of scaring homeseekers away from a town spotted with gin-mills was too great to run. Hurt feelings or not, the saloons stayed out.

Actually, none of them minded. Being on his blacklist lost them nothing. Nobody would know whether they advertised or not, because nobody read the paper. I discovered that some months before I quit, having decided that an editor was one of the things I didn't want to be. I had set up a piece announcing the date of the annual wool-sale for central Oregon. It was the biggest event in the sheep business, and one of the most important of the year for the whole country. Not only did it center the year's work for herders, shearers, packers, markers, and all the mutton-wrangling walks of life, but it also reached down into the concerns of hotelmen, feed-yards, saloons, freighters, warehouse-buckers and handlers, merchants and gamblers. The men who bid on the wool came from the Atlantic coast, and from England and France and Belgium. And I got the date in the announcement two months wrong. It should have been June, and I made it, through some devilish wandering-mindedness, August. It went through that way, and I only discovered it when the whole edition was printed and in the mails.

I couldn't tell the editor then, because the day after press-day was the day when he always got drunk; and I put off telling him the next day, because he was always in a bad humor when he was sobering up. It seemed inevitable that I should have to tell him some time. I could imagine sheepmen putting out for market with their wool two months late, and then coming back to wreck the joint for revenge. But it was never necessary to confess, because nobody ever came, and nothing happened. The wool went through as usual, the buyers bid it in and shipped it away, the saloons and feed-yards were stocked up for the rush of hauling, and the gamblers were on deck following up the loose money, exactly as if the paper had got the date right instead of wrong. Nobody had read it.

If the editor had known that, he might have stuck his time out and been there when the country finally did open up. He would have had a considerable spell to wait—it was in 1908 that he left, and the country didn't get homesteaded effectually until 1917—so perhaps he didn't miss much by leaving. Still, he had counted on it and worked for it, and it was right that he should have had it. If he had realized that his subscribers paid no more attention to his paper than it did to them, he could have.

V

he trouble started, casually enough, with travelling evangelist who sang hymns to mandolin and preached earthly retribuon for earthly cussedness, pointing to the an Francisco earthquake—it was still ews then—as a sample of what the cowwn would get if it didn't run the French irls out of the country and buy new indows for the church.

He held his services in a dwelling-house, nd a delegation of ladies called on the litor to urge him not to miss them. The litor promised, stuttering and sweating n his collar, that he wouldn't, and they xplained that the revival was not only oing to be a big thing for the town's imrovement, but that there would also be ews in it. He promised again, and, when ey threatened archly to come after him he failed to show up, he swallowed sevral times and asked what hour the servs would start. That meant that he had ven up all hope of running out on them, nd was resigned to an evening of anguish.

The evangelist opened the meeting by lling how many vicious resorts he had n out of other places, and the system hich, he had found, worked best. The ing to do was to attack them for selling quor without a license, which all such aces did. All one needed to swear out a arrant on was a half-pint flask as evidence. ith that, the authorities were where they uldn't get away. They couldn't refuse to sue the warrant, and the sheriff couldn't fuse to serve it. His own opinions about ch institutions might be as loose as an d sock, but they wouldn't matter. The arrant strictly required him to move wn on the French girls and cart the hole bevy to the calaboose. So much ing understood, who would go get the idence?

The women present were, of course, inigible. Their standing in the community ould have been jeopardized by such an rand, and the French girls wouldn't have them in, anyway. Besides them, there were a couple of married men who clerked in the store, a bleary stage-driver who had come because hymn-singing made him cry, the editor, and the evangelist.

The stage-driver was the first to come forward as a volunteer. He confessed, unnecessarily, that it was the first time he had known that there was such a place in town. The congregation chipped in a fund of ten dollars to buy the evidence, and he went—and didn't come back.

When he had been gone three hours, and they had sung all the hymns they could carry the tunes of, the evangelist got restless. It was up to somebody, he announced, to go down and investigate. The stage-driver might have been slugged. This time he would do what he should have done to start with, and go himself.

The meeting chipped in on another fund, and waited until it was evident that he wasn't going to come back, either. The two clerks from the store both offered to go find him, but their wives voted them down, all the housewives concurring, and agreed that the man to send was the editor. How helpless he was with women can be judged from the fact that he went without a word, although, when he was in his right mind, he wouldn't even walk past the place in broad daylight. But, with the last hopes of the meeting bet on him, and a final collection for expenses in his pocket, he went. And he didn't come back, either.

What kind of night the three emissaries made of it when they met, or whether they did meet, none of the housewives ever found out. The stage-driver went out with his mountain coach in the morning, and the evangelist followed closely after him, riding concealed under the tarpaulin of a freight-wagon. His mandolin was left unclaimed.

The editor stayed on until press-day. He was getting the paper out all by himself at that time, and, when the week's issue was printed and in the mail, he left too.

It took the townspeople almost a week to discover that he had gone, and a good

month to find out why. The housewives maintained that it was because he felt sneaking about betraying their trust. But they were wrong. It was because the closing number of the paper had a piece in which he gave the town hell, and he was afraid somebody would shoot him on account of it.

The piece read as if it had been knocked off red-hot. It was journalistic bellowing of the old-fashioned cut, and it rolled off like the minutes of a big moment in a session of the Arkansas Legislature. The cow-town, it appeared, was not a city with a future, but a skylight of Hell. Its air, instead of being pure, was soggy with sin and discolored with pulverized fragments of the Ten Commandments. Compared to it, Gomorrah was the nursing-ward of a foundling-asylum. Merely to write its name on a letter ought to be indictable under the law prohibiting public obscenity.

This grandiose name-calling filled two solid columns—such epithets as "a stench in the nostrils of Civilization"; "a festering blemish upon the fair face of Nature" —but of evidence to back it up there was not a sign.

Two of the restaurant-men found it, going through the paper to see if it said whether he had been called away or where he had gone to, and it made them, not indignant, as he had anticipated it would, but curious. Most of the names he called the town were things they had never heard of before. Not that there was anything particularly unjust about them. It was a pretty offhand place to live, everybody knew that. Indeed, everybody knew it so well that it had got to be almost too obvious to be worth mentioning.

Why then had the editor used up all that space mentioning it? What had happened to make him mad? And, mad or not, what had become of him? His valedictory was no help, for it contained no citations of fact at all; nothing but denunciation. He had made his living by writing all his life, but he didn't know enough about the business to know that, in administering a bawling-out, one must recite the evidence before returning the verdict.

He knew nothing about the people he wrote for, either. The piece didn't make them mad. If he had wanted to, he could have written one like it every week, and read it aloud in the middle of the street, without raising a single challenge. For months the townspeople carried clippings of it around in their pockets to show to strangers.

Nor did he know anything about news. The restaurant-men searched his paper clear through without finding what they were looking for. He had totally forgotten to print in it that he was leaving town, or that the *Colonist* had suspended publication.

That, however, may have been because he left in a hurry, and knocked things off carelessly without noticing how they looked. The make-up of the editorial under the flag showed haste. It was headed, in big headline blacks, "A Stink In Nature's Nostrils!"

Above it, the wistful, almost gallant poet's fancy still stood, proclaiming, over all, the bitterness and degradation and anger of old age cornered and mocked: "The City With A Future! . . . Pure Air, Clear Water, Clean Surroundings . . . and Other Public Enterprises Too Numerous to Mention!"

INSANITY & THE LAW

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

The Greeks, the Egyptians, and the other purblind infidels of Ancient Society recognized lunacy as an illness f the mind, and attempted to cure it with usic, pleasant natural surroundings, and milar sympathetic influences. Then came ıe Middle Ages, during which, we are ld, the gentler virtues of Christianity ere in effect. Throughout these dark cenries the explanation of insanity was rough the learned lore of demonology. ıe prevailing method of dealing with the sane made use of such devices as exorsm, torture, and the stake. A demented rson was held personally responsible for s condition; the devilish possession was emed unmistakable evidence of wickedss. So it was thought to be the duty of th magistrate and populace to combat e internal reign of Satan by chastisement m without. That this notion continued til modern times will appear from the cords of the witch trials of England and r own colonial days.

Out of the medieval darkness finally me light; but the illumination was far m dazzling. Neither was its power suffient to penetrate certain penumbral conlutions of the legal intellect, wherein e lodged the formulæ regulating crimal responsibility. It is true that the manities of Beccaria have been largely opted in the treatment of criminals. But is still a lamentable fact that the law ntinues to lag so far behind that the tural consequences of many forms of inity are still punished as offenses against e social order.

"The legislators of most civilized coun-es," says Enrico Ferri, "represent, on the average, the backward scientific convictions of one or two previous generations." That the eminent criminologist understates the facts will be suggested by certain recent performances in Tennessee and other States; and it will appear also from a brief review of what is ironically known as Medical Jurisprudence.

It was not until the Eighteenth Century that legal ingenuity, seeking a way out of medieval barbarity, succeeded in evolving what is known as Lord Hale's Test of the Child of Fourteen Years, based upon the Common Law presumption that a child under fourteen was incapable of committing a felony. Later came the so-called Wild Beast Test of 1723, wherein it was held, with exceptional judicial sagacity, that a human being who has no more understanding or memory than a wild beast cannot be held responsible for acts ordinarily chargeable to intelligent beings. Some further steps were made in the Hadfield case, defended by Mr. Erskine in 1800, and the laborious evolution of the legal intellect finally begat what is known as the Right and Wrong Test, which was first announced in the celebrated McNaughten case in England in 1848. This last criterion of mental soundness, with some very slight modification, still remains the legal measure of criminal responsibility in England and in all the American States.

The prevailing modern rule has been well stated in the 1929 edition of Smoot's "Law of Insanity," page 374, as follows:

> It requires that a defendant, in order to escape the consequences of his criminal act, [shall] establish that he did not have sufficient

> intelligence at the time of the commission of the act in question to distinguish between right and wrong with reference to that particular act.

This general rule is sometimes modified by an exception, known as the doctrine of Irresistible Impulse, which has prevailed in a few States. But the recent tendency has been toward the abrogation of that doctrine.

It is understood that the required inability to distinguish between right and wrong must be the result of "mental disease"; and that mere moral or emotional inferiority or nervous deficiency will not be sufficient. The mental disease must be such that the defendant cannot understand or appreciate the consequences of his act. From cases and decisions taken at random it appears that the legal test of insanity now in effect in all the States is largely an arbitrary moral formula, borrowed from the scholastic doctors, that takes small notice of the progress of modern medical science. Disregarding the many forms of dementia recognized by physicians, the law persists in taking notice only of such insanity as meets the legal test mentioned:

> Whatever the form of insanity from which the defendant may be suffering, the mere fact of such affliction will not excuse him, and the usual tests will be applied in determining his criminal responsibility.[1]

From this it will be seen that the most positive cases of monomania or even paranoia will not necessarily fall within the rule. The fact that the prisoner may be quite irrational and suffering from insane delusions will not of itself be deemed sufficient.

In The People vs. Willard (California, 1907) the defendant had shot and killed the sheriff of Mendocino county in the judge's chambers immediately following an insanity hearing in which he had been adjudged insane, "homicidal and dangerous."

The testimony at the insanity hearing showed the defendant to be subject to an insane delusion that he was "appointed by President Roosevelt and Governor Pardee to arrest people or evildoers." Willard had been twice previously committed to the Mendocino State Hospital for the Insane, and thereafter discharged as cured. In sustaining the conviction the Supreme Court of California said:

> Although he may be laboring under partial insanity, for instance, suffering from some insane delusion or hallucination, still if he understands the nature and character of his action and its consequences, if he has knowledge that it is wrong and criminal, and that if he does the act he will do wrong, such partial insanity or the existence of such delusion or hallucination is not sufficient to relieve him from responsibility for his criminal acts.

It is hard to conceive of a more amazing case. The defendant, at the very time of the offense, was a ward of the State. The judge had, just a few minutes before, declared him insane, and had accordingly committed him to a hospital for mental diseases. Nonetheless he was found guilty and sentenced to death. Despite all these facts, the Willard case is frequently cited as a ruling authority, and may be taken to express the general law of the land. In the parlance of the profession it is a leading case. And it is to be remembered that the special virtue of a so-called leading case is that when it is brought to the attention of a judge in another State, his faculty of original thought is immediately paralyzed, and he proceeds to decide the issue before him upon the precedents and principles announced in the leading case, where the facts were necessarily different from those in the case before him.

It is also sound law in the majority of the States that a delusion on a particular subject, however irrational, will not serve to lessen criminal responsibility, if it have no direct connection with the reasoning involved in carrying out the act in question. The criminal act must not only be a product of the delusion; it must spring directly from it, and be logically justified by it, if the imagined facts be taken as true.

[1] 14 Ruling Case Law, p. 602.

In the case of State vs. Alexander (Texas, 28) the defendant, who was probably the earlier stages of paranoia perse- coria, had the insane delusion that his ildren were dead, that his wife was try- to poison him, and that his wife's ople had put a hoodoo on him. But when was tried for the murder of his wife, he s found sufficiently sane under the Right d Wrong Test, and accordingly convicted. sustaining the judgment the Texas Su- eme Court said:

> f he believed that his wife was trying to kill im, and had administered "dope" for that urpose, and was deranged upon that subject lone, he was not, under the facts presented, ustified in taking her life.
>
> One who commits a crime while acting nder an insane delusion, is to be judged, so ar as his criminal responsibility is concerned, recisely as if the facts which in his delusion e believes to be true, were actually true.

This amounts to nothing less than in- ing that the unfortunate *demens* at bar st have *logical* insane delusions. It is newhat encouraging to note that a few tes are content to apply the Right and ong Test without insisting on *rational* lucinations.

II

ither does the legal yardstick cover the ny forms of temporary or intermittent anity. It is sound law in every State that erson who is a raving maniac at certain es may, nevertheless, be held fully ac- ntable for an act perpetrated during a id interval, or "during a temporary rift the clouds of madness," as one of the t-book writers is pleased poetically to ress it.

One of the earliest American cases in ich this doctrine of the lucid interval s passed upon was the famous case of iteau, the assassin of President James A. rfield. There was evidence in the record t the defendant suffered from the delu- n that "the Deity" had commanded him commit the murder. But the court in- cted the jury:

> The question for you to determine is, what the condition of the prisoner's mind was at the time when this tragedy was enacted. If he was sufficiently sane *then* to be responsible, it matters not what may have been his condition before or after.

The rule has been frequently applied since by the courts of nearly every State. In the case of The State vs. Quattlebaum (Georgia, 1904) the defendant had, from his earliest infancy, been afflicted with epilepsy. In the course of an altercation a companion with whom he had been playing baseball used language which greatly incensed him, and he thereupon drew a pistol and instantly killed the other man. He was convicted of the crime, the jury believing that at the time of the commission of the act, he was capable of understanding that he was doing wrong. What his previous condition had been made no difference under the law. The Supreme Court of Georgia, in affirming the conviction, cited the Penal Code of the State (Section 35), which says:

> One adjudged insane is responsible for a crime committed during a lucid interval.

The humanity of the law in cases of this sort is indeed overwhelming. The prisoner is never brought to trial except during another lucid interval. If he is then found guilty, sentence is never pronounced except during yet another temporary visitation of reason; and neither does the hangman undertake to do his work except during a more or less sane interlude.

But according to the language of the decisions, the question of humanity seems to have very little to do with this occasional judicial squeamishness. It is inspired rather by the belief that retributive justice would be defeated if the prisoner were not rational enough to understand that he was being punished. The judges might also add the important Christian consideration that the offender should be in fit mental condition to meet his Maker for further retribution. If the sentence be imprisonment some very interesting dilemmas result, for legal exactitude would re-

quire that the prisoner spend his demented periods in a sanitarium and his sane moments in a penitentiary. He cannot be gracefully confined in a medical ward for the criminal insane, for the reason that it might be tantamount to an admission that the crime was possibly committed by a demented person.

A recent case of this nature is The State vs. Gilberg (California, 1925), wherein the defendant was charged with a statutory offense. The evidence showed that he was a veteran of the World War, and had been under fire. It also appeared that he had been a patient in hospitals in America and overseas under treatment for shell shock. Nonetheless, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to prison.

When he was called up for sentence, some twelve days after his conviction, the question of his insanity was again raised, and he was declared insane by a jury impanelled to try the issue. The sentence was accordingly suspended, and the defendant was detained at the hospital for about thirty days. During this period, he manifested various symptoms, including psychoneurosis, hysterical attacks, "a stuporous state" and "blinking his eyes." But having later "recovered," he was returned to the court for sentence, and when an appeal was taken to the State Supreme Court the judgment was affirmed. The court said:

> Where the insanity of the defendant, as discovered at the State hospital two weeks after his trial, was not permanent or habitual, no presumption could be indulged that it had an existence two weeks prior to the defendant's commitment to the hospital.

In the same decision the judges explain why mere shell shock fails to meet the legal test of insanity:

> Shell shock is not a distinct type of nervous disorder, but is a condition produced on certain organisms by sudden fear, or by highly exciting causes; it is a form of neurosis; it is not settled general insanity, but a functional nervous disease, and not due to organic changes.

Hence we are to conceive of fear and neurosis as coexisting with intellectual calm and equanimity of soul. But distinctions of this sort are very common in the decisions of our highest courts, even though they may be totally absent from the medical text-books, and somewhat at variance with the general view of human behavior.

III

On the question of drunkenness and criminal responsibility there arise some equally amusing absurdities. It is true that the law will sometimes recognize certain well-defined forms of alcoholic insanity, arising from the habitual and long-continued use of intoxicants. Delirium tremens, or mania a potu, may procure an acquittal if its intensity be sufficient to meet the legal test mentioned, and if its effects be of a permanent nature. Recent, voluntary intoxication, on the contrary, even if it be so complete as to produce coma or fury, will not serve to excuse any criminal act perpetrated under its influence.

Although juries in homicide cases are sometimes permitted to consider the fact of intoxication in determining the degree of intent and premeditation; and in their discretion may reduce first degree murder to second degree; yet drunkenness, however extreme, will not generally be sufficient mitigation to bring the offense within the definition of manslaughter. In the case of The State vs. Wilson (New Jersey, 1897), for instance, the court held that "what constitutes murder in the second degree by a sober man is equally murder in the second degree by a drunken man."

In the case of The State vs. Haab (Louisiana, 1901) the defendant had been in a drunken debauch that had lasted for two weeks before the homicide. His condition was urged by his attorneys as a defense to the act. The court in its decision conceded that while "Haab's mental condition may have been unsound at the time of the homicide, [it] was the immediate result of his undue indulgence in spirituous liquors,

d not the result of any previous sprees or unkenness." It continued:

f a man voluntarily drinks to excess, tempo-arily destroying his mental soundness to such n extent as not to know the difference be-tween right and wrong, and while in this condition commits an unlawful homicide, his act is inexcusable, whether you designate his mental condition as "simple drunk," "drunk to stupefaction," "crazy drunk," or "insane dementia" or "delirium tremens." The tem-porary character of his affection makes him responsible. A state of disease brought about by a person's own act, as delirium tremens caused by excessive drinking, is no excuse for committing a crime, unless the disease so produced is permanent.

Another case of a similar nature (The ate vs. Randolph, 1926) comes from my n State of Nevada, and happens to be thin my personal knowledge. The de-dant was an adult of cretinoid type, ose mental age was probably that of a ld of eight years. Upon the most trivial use he had killed his aged mother, by iking her brutally and repeatedly with fist.

The very atrocity of the crime should ve argued it to be the act of a maniac. t the defendant was brought to trial on a charge of first degree murder. The fense, presented by counsel of unusual ll, was based upon toximania, or in-ity due to the excessive and continued of alcohol and drugs. It was shown t the defendant was not only congen-lly subnormal, but that his condition l been aggravated by addiction to opium l its derivatives for about twenty-five rs. It was further proved that he was a vy drinker of cheap bootleg whiskey, l that he was very drunk at the time of crime. Despite his forty-five years, the dence showed that he had been depend-on his mother for many years. The endant was in court, a huge bulk of nsible flesh, a typical dipsomaniac and g addict, only vaguely aware of what s taking place about him. He had no vious criminal record, but had been ce confined in the State Asylum for ntal Diseases as a morphine addict.

It was not difficult, however, for the prosecution to prove that, despite his condition, he was still possessed of sufficient intelligence, at the time of his act, to know that it was "wrong." It is probable, indeed, that even a child of five years has sufficient discretion to know that it is wrong to kill its mother. It was also easy to prove that there had been no reasonable provocation.

The jury was instructed by the court, according to sound law, that the mere use of alcohol and narcotics is not of itself sufficient to excuse or mitigate crime, if the ability to distinguish right from wrong is not impaired. After due deliberation the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and recommended the death penalty.

When this verdict was announced the prisoner maintained the stupor that he had manifested throughout the trial, showing the same degree of equanimity and understanding that might be expected of a steer being taken to the slaughter-house. But the verdict was eminently legal, and it would have been equally legal in every State in the Union, for it is the law in every jurisdiction that imbecility or mental weakness does not excuse, unless it be sufficient to constitute the degree of frenzy or stupor demanded by the legal test. Witness the language of a Pennsylvania Tribonian in the case of Taylor vs. The Commonwealth (109 Pa. 262):

> While a slight departure from a well-balanced mind may be pronounced insanity in medical science, yet such a rule cannot be recognized in the administration of the law, when a person is charged with the commission of a high crime.

When the Nevada case that I have cited was later appealed to the Supreme Court of the State, the judgment of the lower court was affirmed, with a generous flow of ponderous phraseology concerning premeditation and intent; but the personality of the defendant was utterly forgotten. One of the justices, who seems to have had more regard for humanity than for legal precedent, filed a dissenting opinion, wherein

he argued for mitigation of punishment on the ground of the morphinism and alcoholism of the defendant, and his consequent inability to premeditate crime. Nonetheless the majority decision prevailed, and the death sentence was ordered to be carried out.

But in this case, fortunately, the district attorney happened to have a conscience, despite the fact that the duty of his office, bolstered by public opinion, enjoined him to make every effort to obtain convictions. The maximum penalty appeared to be too severe to him, under the circumstances of the case. "The thought of sending an ox to the slaughter was disturbing my sleep," he said. The presiding judge was suffering from a similar case of insomnia, although the defendant had been given a fair trial, and the law had been sincerely applied to the evidence. Through the efforts of both the judge and the prosecuting attorney the sentence was finally commuted to life imprisonment.

Similar examples could be produced from many other jurisdictions. In this, as in many other areas of the law, there prevails a surprising uniformity, which is to be explained, of course, by bearing in mind the well-known judicial habit of never straying from the beaten cow-path of precedent and authority. Under the old Common Law, drunkenness was considered a cause for the *aggravation* of punishment, the intoxicated man being deemed more guilty than a sober one. This ancient attitude has been modified to a very small degree in the United States. It is still the prevailing logic that since drunkenness is well known to beget crime, the law cannot permit anyone to place himself in a position where he is likely to offend the social order. Most decisions are careful to use the phrase "voluntary intoxication," even if it be rather difficult to conceive of any other kind. But by the same reasoning, and by postulating the existence of free will, it would also follow that even delirium tremens must be considered the result of repeated voluntary acts of intoxication. The same logic should compel us to regard as a self-induced condition the type of mental disease known as general paralysis of the insane. For this is a specific form of lunacy, usually recognized as such even by the law, which is likewise the result of a voluntary act of the patient, in exposing himself to the risk of the syphilitic infection that produces it.

It is also interesting to note that under the Civil Code, drunkenness, habitual or otherwise, will generally serve to invalidate a contract; and that an intoxicated person is deemed incapable of executing a will. But it must be remembered that insanity in the civil sense differs from insanity under the Penal Code, to the same degree that the latter is dissimilar to medical insanity. The measure of mental soundness in civil matters is mostly a question of intellectual ability; and if a person becomes so irrational that he cannot intelligently deal with his property the law will not hesitate to appoint a guardian for both the worldly goods and their owner. Neither is such rigidity as the Right and Wrong Test ever resorted to when, in the absence of a criminal offense, a court commits any demented person to a State hospital for mental diseases.

IV

Thus an immense gulf continues to exist between insanity as a medical fact and legal insanity as a casuistic formula. On a recent occasion I was professionally concerned in a case wherein the question of insanity had arisen. The prisoner had been examined by two physicians. "Is the man insane?" I asked one of the alienists after the investigation. The reply was: "Medically, I am prepared to state, in all sincerity, that he is; but from my experience in the courts I do not believe he is 'legally insane.'"

The legal requirement that the inability to distinguish right from wrong must be the result of mental disease has the logical effect of excluding from the rule many

notional and nervous disorders well own to medical science. The psychiatrist ll generally inform us, for instance, that sanity of the most serious and incurable rt, including many positive cases of de- ntia præcox, is not often accompanied any specific cerebral lesions. Such forms mental disfunction, therefore, are purely sorders of the emotional and nervous stem. Yet the learned jurist refuses to cognize what he calls emotional insan- , or *mania transitoria*, howsoever ex- me, as an excuse for any criminal act. ith a logic that contains more antiquated eology than modern science, he argues at such disorders find their seat in the otions, rather than in a diseased men- ity.

As it has been shown in the Nevada se, no amount of moral, mental or edu- ional deficiency will ever serve to excuse me, or mitigate punishment, unless the al test is satisfactorily met. Thus the es of so-called moral mania, as it is perly affirmed by many learned decisions, due to nothing else but a "wicked d malignant heart." They are caused by versions of the moral feelings, for which prisoner must be held accountable, the absence of an indispensable perver- n of the intellect. It is useless to protest at the intellect might have some vague nnection with the moral feelings; and s equally futile to suggest that when- r physicians have been simple enough engage in *post mortem* explorations for n evil and malignant heart," they in- iably returned with the legal verdict of *est inventus*. The courts still continue employ Blackstonian phraseology in in- ucting juries; and the "wicked and lignant heart" admonition is very sel- n omitted in felony cases.

t is also a matter of general knowledge t there exist many mental and emo- nal disorders whose comparative mild- s does not even meet the requirement admission to the State sanitariums. Yet one who is himself in possession of his er senses, except possibly a magistrate duly sworn to enforce law and order, will deny that such diseases are often factors in criminality. Among such minor afflictions are the conditions medically known as satyriasis and nymphomania, which are almost never deemed sufficient to constitute legal insanity. The law continues to deal out its punitive doses to these unfortunates, regardless of the medical opinion that they are at least partially irresponsible, and that they should be confined for the protection of themselves and the social order. Abnormal behavior, sometimes amounting to criminality, may also be due to innumerable nervous disorders known to physicians, including hysteria and neurasthenia; yet there is no record that the peculiar symptoms, the manias, phobias and obsessions that accompany these diseases, have ever been improved by confinement in a penal institution. Indeed, it is hard to conceive of solitary confinement as an efficient method in curing claustrophobia, which is itself a morbid, insane fear of confinement.

In short, there are no degrees of insanity under the criminal law. Every person is presumed to be either absolutely sane or absolutely insane: guilty or not guilty. Since each individual is owner of a conscience and a free will, it follows that there can be no relative or comparative possession of these faculties. Partial mental alienation in any form cannot be pleaded in mitigation of punishment. The prisoner with psychopathic tendencies is brought to trial, and it sometimes happens that a jury of his peers acquits him in spite of the legal test. If so, he is permitted to roam at large and to continue to entertain the social order with his abnormal caprioles. If he is convicted, the prison authorities will restore him to all civil rights immediately upon the expiration of his sentence, without troubling to inquire medically into his condition. Their sole concern is to administer the purely quantitative punitive dose prescribed by the legal pharmacy.

That he is likely to repeat the offense is

obvious. There is no reason to expect that the mental defects which were contributory causes of the first crime have disappeared in the course of confinement. Prison guards are notoriously bad doctors. On the contrary, it is reasonable to expect that the mental deficiences of the prisoner have been greatly aggravated by his imprisonment, and that he will not hesitate to manifest toward society just as much gratitude as he has learned to feel toward his keepers. Thus the habitual criminal is born. But the law will take no notice of him until there is undeniable evidence of criminal recidivism.

V

By means of the system of pardons and paroles, most States have attempted to suspend a sword of Damocles over the heads of such erstwhile wards. But the results of this form of discipline and intimidation have been so discouraging that certain irate Legislatures have resorted to other drastic measures. They have declared a second offense, however trivial, sufficient cause for longer recommitment; while a third or fourth crime by the same offender is punished with imprisonment for life. The underlying motive of such legislation, of course, is still the ancient *lex talionis*.

Punishment, in short, is the only specific that the magistrate, as a social physician, is able to administer, whether he be dealing with a mentally deficient offender whose condition does not satisfy the legal formula, or with the highly rational embezzler of a Sunday-school collection box. If insanity is no longer a sin, it is still true that comparative mental deficiency that fails to meet an arbitrary legal test becomes a punishable offense, as soon as it is evidenced by an infraction of the Penal Code. If the first dose of punishment fails to bring results, it is positive proof of original depravity. There is no suspicion that the judicial doctor might have taken the medicine from the wrong satchel. Since the potion is incontestably infallible, then it must follow that the ailment linger purely because of an insufficiency of grains To sustain this excellent syllogism, there is the proof, of course, that a deadly dose in the form of hanging, electrocution, o lethal gas, never fails to bring about a per manent cure.

No less entertaining than the theoretica elements of the legal test is the manner i which, in the course of trial, the machin ery of procedure seeks to apply it. The expert testimony of physicians is, of course always admitted in insanity cases, but the ultimate decision of the medical fact of in sanity is invariably left to a jury of lay men, to determine according to the formul given them by the court. Out of an imper vious fog of technical legal flim-flammery intermingled with an equally thick clou of Latin medical terminology, the twelv citizens are seriously expected to detec and bring out the truth.

Medical testimony, furthermore, is al ways given under the most adverse condi tions. No opportunity to study the patien by prolonged observation is ever per mitted. The various alienists are ofte present in court throughout the entire pe riod of the trial. But even if it were pos sible for any one of them to form a tru medical diagnosis on the evidence heard the legal procedure is such that he woul not be permitted to present his findings The expert testimony, according to th established practice, is invariably elicite by means of hypothetical questions, pro pounded in turn by the defense and th prosecution. The questions never embod all of the evidence, and never contain an considerable part of the medical or be havioristic facts in the case. To make mat ters worse, they are often propounded b attorneys more learned in court-roo smart-aleckery than wise in modern med ical knowledge.

Hence the sum-total of questions an answers is a muddled conglomeration o half truths, garbled medicine, and dis torted law, more likely to perplex al parties concerned than be of much help to

rd any honest searching into the social oblem before the court. The gladiatorial ow is finally brought to a close after the rious advocates have made a due display their forensic and histrionic talents for e entertainment of *profanum vulgus*. The result is the successful confusion both judge and jury. It is not seldom at the twelve peers, most of whom may realtors or farmers, resolve to ignore the ole farce, and undertake to decide the estion upon what is known as common se. That these efforts are usually honest ough is not to be denied; but if we bear mind that to the average layman insan- must be manifested by nothing less than Napoleonic delusion, or a pronounced nesia, it may be imagined that if the dict happens to hit the merits of the e, it is largely due to pure accident. It is altogether improbable that the ends of tract justice might be much better ved if the Verdict of Bridlegoose were de legally permissible; and the jury ld retire for deliberation with a pair of e duly inspected and approved by the liff of the court. Certain it is that under present practice, the malingerer will en pass for the true *furiosus*; and the ulated methodical madness of the su- ior crooks will successfully masquerade genuine dementia; while the actual psy- pathic case will suffer the full penalty he law. It is well known that every te and Federal prison of any importance a so-called Crazy Alley, tenanted by sons more or less demented.

ut if all this appears absurd to the lay- n, it must seem nothing less than pre- zerous to the medical practitioner, ose attitude toward the psychopathic nder is naturally in direct contrast to viewpoint of the magistrate. To the sician each defective offender is a pa- t whose peculiar ailment is to be per- lly studied, for the purpose of cure, t least segregation. As a doctor he is itually seeking for causes and effects may explain anti-social behavior. Em- ploying the attitude of the scientist, he either ignores or altogether rejects the metaphysical question of a free will. The magistrate, on the contrary, must assume that each individual is a free agent, and master of his emotional, physical and mental reactions. Only through such bold assumptions can he portion out varying doses of punishment, the panacea for all social ills. Hence, while the physician has been historically a consistent humanist, the magistrate has always personified the social vendetta. It is natural, therefore, that nearly all progress toward a humane treatment of the insane is due to agitation outside the legal profession. Beccaria was a publicist and man of letters; Lombroso was an anthropologist; Philippe Pinel, who bravely severed the chains that enslaved the insane inmates of the Sanitarium at Salpetriere, two years before the storming of the Bastille, was a physician.

But it must be admitted, nevertheless, that during recent years the archaic mustiness of the criminal law has produced some impression upon even the obtuse olfactory apparatus of legislators. Several States, including New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and California, have already introduced some form of mental examination preliminary to trial, conducted by physicians impartially appointed by the court. It is probable that these are steps in the right direction; but it is hard to perceive what great benefits can be gathered even from such innovations if the law of the land persists in regarding insanity as a question of moral candle power.

That some day criminal law and procedure will begin to regard each specific offense against the social order from an attitude of scientific determinism seems to require a rather optimistic stretch of the imagination. But in the meantime there is no question that much could be accomplished by the introduction of a mental test more consistent with modern knowledge; a test that views insanity as a medical fact rather than as a moralistic formula.

THE LAST OF THE BOARDING HOUSES

BY CHLOË ARNOLD

THE fire engines clanged with grand ceremony through Seventeenth street and we ran into Irving place. The neighborhood was hazy with smoke that poured from some low brown-stone houses. But as we came nearer we saw it was not Number 53, and were ridiculously elated. No one belonging to us lives there now; we did not even know the young lodgers who stood with us watching the drama of putting out the fire. But at that moment a kind of intimacy sprang up. They might have brought out the grass mats and sat there on the stoop with us of Summer evenings, shared our good times and the dark hours of our youth when we thought nothing ever was going to happen again.

As they vanished into restaurants and cafeterias to dine, we realized that they and we were actually widely separated. Few now live in boarding houses, not even the young and poor. We had lived for many years at 53 Irving place, and all those young people would have been surprised at the place that old house will ever have in our hearts.

"But they have no real comfort and no home," Phil spoke suddenly without provocation. We walked up the steps and looked into the hall for the first time since we left years ago. For an instant our eyes searched for the old mahogany table whose onyx top was always cluttered with mail. We'd both received many thrilling communications there: "Where is that Adventure Club story you promised?", William Johnston was telegraphing from his office at the New York *World*, back in 1912. I remember yet how excited I was. So were the others. It didn't take a great deal to excite us in those days. We used to tak great pride in where we lived, too. "Fifty three Irving place, one of the most famou addresses in the world!" We shivered a our own luck.

I have now come to doubt the fame o the address, as I've seen people who hav never heard of it although they lived righ in New York. Many hundreds, not ye middle-aged, some in far frontiers of th world, will not need to be told. But for th rest, Irving place is a little street whic lies between Third and Fourth avenues i New York City. At one end it has Fou teenth street and at the other Gramerc Park.

As Phil and I stood there looking i that night it was of Miss Denning w thought. We half expected her to com through the door at the left. I did think heard a faint jingle of keys and the shar bark of her white dog, Tippie. There wa always a swishing when she came out. Sh wore soft shoes and you could hear th raucous call of parrots, and a high not from some golden songster she kept in he room. Of Summers, when the window were open, those passing in Irving plac were often assailed by profanity in all lan guages of the copyright, and it used to b very funny to see them flush up and loo around to demand satisfaction. When the saw the parrots they hurried on.

Miss Emma Denning kept the boardin house. That one in Irving place for fiftee years; another in Gramercy Square fo twenty-five. She was one of the first artis in her line, and as such had no precept apologies or formulæ. But had she been s successfully engaged in any other worl

nethods would have been sought out. , for instance, could one make a house hich lived so many distinct individu- a home?

iss Denning was a little woman, rather t and in her late forties when she took ıouse in Irving place. She always wore ck sateen apron and a black or pongee blouse. She had a cast in one of her z eyes, and her thin, straight, light n hair was done in a knot at the back r head. As she walked from her room ıe first floor front back to the pantries, vas generally accompanied by a num- of dogs of all sizes and breeds. Every on staying there could have a pet, and enerally left it with Miss Denning ı he departed. She had at one time fif- parrots, twenty-five canaries, several keets, and as many as half a dozen . No living creature ever suffered or hungry if Miss Denning knew, and he was never sentimental. She went t all her work very quietly. Nothing ever rushed, and I never recall being late at night that she had gone to bed. ne of her dogs were sad curs, but most em had histories. Sport, a fox terrier, ıged to the Italian shoemaker in ıteenth street east of us. The man to this country years before, worked and earned much money. He then to Italy to fetch back his sweetheart, he said he was old and ugly and she dn't marry him. He committed suicide eft his dog to Miss Denning.

II

ovely old hall was empty of all that , but there was an apartment adver- and we decided to go in. We even the door, an old trick, for we would it unlatched for one another. This it was locked against us, and a Yale Our signal used to be three rings, and B, our favorite servant, knew we were itants and would come quickly. s had to wait much longer.

tranger invited us in. The hall con- tained no piece of furniture but was elegantly carpeted. The beautiful old foyer, once dim with pink-knobbed shades over the gas jets, was brilliant with electricity. But it was as if we had hardly gone away. The griffin-headed newel post looked just as fierce; the dark, beamed ceilings, the cushioned bench all along the staircase. . . .

Once one of Phil's friends, a gay young man, had called to see him and was told he had gone away for a two-weeks' vacation. "I'll wait here for him," said Ben, seating himself comfortably upon this bench. And there Theodore Spiering sat, swiftly editing in pencil one of my great treasures, the G minor sonata of Tartini. They used to say that this foyer was remodelled by Stanford White. It is still very beautiful in spite of a protuberance, a newly built bath-room, in the circular room just back of it. The double doors were closed, but we did not need to see the blue and gold chamber. That was in our day one of the dining-rooms. The tables and chairs were of fine mahogany, which would now arouse the lust of a collector; and there hung the large, quiet painting of a flock of sheep by Matilda Browne, who was a friend of Miss Denning and had lived in her house. The oblong dining-room opening into this chamber had a gold-leaf ceiling, and tiles for the fireplace had been brought over from Holland. Back of that were the pantries where Miss Denning always served. It is an apartment now.

Through a door to the left of the main staircase is a narrow hall, and many times we had slid down the steep stairway to an eleven o'clock breakfast. We sighed to ourselves as we thought of the well-run places now, where the doors are closed promptly at nine, or earlier. Miss Denning had an assortment of colored people in the basement, if you needed anything done. Coffee was always near the fire; hot rolls in the oven were never wanting. Bacon and eggs were at hand; you ate what you liked. She didn't know how to serve anyone with a thin piece of butter, two rolls and coffee and call that breakfast.

The custodian would have been surprised had she known how well we knew every inch of space in the house. Our feet now made no noise on the carpeted stair. That was strange, too. Everything was familiar and yet not quite itself. Just the house itself is more beautiful than any in that neighborhood. We were passing Beach Polk's old room on the third floor front. He'd lived at Miss Denning's house for twenty-five years. His bed-room, with the large dressing-room back, had more space than many two-room apartments nowadays. Blond, Southern, below the average height, always elegantly dressed, patent leather low shoes, a white carnation in his button hole, no overcoat even in Winter, Beach was a strong factor in that house. His room was a meeting place; many a poker game took place there and when employers were cold or the family refused longer to support one, Beach made up a party to celebrate the adversity. Sometimes we went to Mouquin's on Sixth avenue, but generally to Scheffel hall in our near neighborhood. Rigo, the Gypsy fiddler, played; beer flowed and the sorrowing one would see that his situation could be mended. Beach always paid the check.

Head of the loan department of the Bankers Trust Company, he was a man of mild temper and generous impulses. Only once did we ever see him mad. He'd had to get up early Sunday morning and go down to Wall street to open the vault, and a new watchman had challenged him. He might have been Miss Denning's elder son, and I've often seen them conferring over a bill that had to be paid, even after he left the house.

He was a man of family but thought very little of it and would have preferred gay pictures instead of the gloomy portraits of relatives which occupied his wall. He loved New York and never left although he always had dazzling invitations. He rode on the local subway train between Fourteenth and Wall streets; went to St. George's Church, liked good whiskey and was one of the best of listeners. Long before we knew him, a woman he was bar acquainted with fell in love with him. didn't like her and she went into a conve The whole thing annoyed him after manner of Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell. always thought of Beach as old, but wasn't, for when he died in June, 1923, was only forty-seven. You'd say of Be that he had character. In fact, he was good that I used him as the main charac in an article I wrote daily for the New Yo *Morning Telegraph* for five years. Everythi we did appeared in there and he didn't c the smallest thing; it amused him mensely. Things changed in his life; took an apartment on our street at Ni teenth, but he was never well and ne happy. He died at Battle Creek, Michig where he'd gone for a two-weeks' rest.

In those dusky halls that night all so of images presented themselves. There v Miss Josephine French and her nephe Howard Babcock, who occupied a su in the back. Miss French's specialty h been reading authors' difficult handwriti for the Century Company. No one, said, had typing done in her day. She m have been pretty old then and couldn't member much, but she said that Gene Grant wrote some articles for the magaz and that his handwriting looked like th of an illiterate person. Her nephew ha wide acquaintance among actors and ways gave one a card to the Players' Cl on Shakespeare's birthday.

F. Soulé Campbell occupied the skylig room in that house for many years. She v from California and had known Ambr Bierce and Joaquin Miller personally. made pencil sketches of the great; y often see the one she made of Bierce. A a delicious one of Mark Twain reposes Hampstead on John Galsworthy's desk, so he promised me. As Miss Denning had left the house for years, Miss Campb was sort of an ambassador to the shops her, especially at Christmas. You wo find both of them sitting on the old ber by the stair, considering all sorts of pr ents for Miss Denning's poor little frien

s there were but sixteen bed-rooms one
w everybody. A few came and went,
ourse, when a room would be released
narriage, death, or great commercial
s sending our folks to China, India,
na, Tibet, Turkey. Not everyone cared
he place. Nor did Miss Denning like
yone. Her mildness often invited sharp
ds from new folks and they, finding
ediate firmness, went to live elsewhere.
rest of us she regarded as individuals,
aps too much so. We didn't have to
permission for anything. "This is your
e," was the most she would ever say.
eventually we all had just the articles
rniture we most desired. We all had
ntal rugs in rich, dull colors. Before
ques became a craze, Miss Denning had
ght from a dealer, now famous and on
ison avenue, many fine pieces of ma-
ny. There was hardly a stick of mod-
furniture to be found in the house. We
ad mahogany chests of drawers, desks,
ors, chairs.

o be sure, we were not always warm.
furnace had a way of going out for
e days at a time in the bitterest weather
use coal hadn't been ordered. But all
rooms had either fireplaces or gas
es we had bought for ourselves. Some-
s, too, the linen would not be delivered
there would be no hot water. And in
last years we took care of our rooms
a when it was impossible to get serv-
But that's what made it home.
nd in our part of the house was a bath
The waste pipe was never repaired,
thus allowed the water to run right
By putting a glass over the screen two
s conspirators had almost a private
. And once another bath-room door
off. They had to stand a chair against
d yell if anyone was coming. It was
ver a week.

f the main hall on the top floor back,
or closed upon elegance. Instead of
g through a broad hall into large
s and suites as downstairs, you entered
rrow hall which ran back toward
th avenue. Off it, opening to the south, were six little rooms, servants' quarters in the days when the Stuyvesant Fish family dwelt there. We now called this The Alley. Walls in Sixteenth street arose grim and gloomy in the distance. But we looked out upon the Peter Irving House where Washington Irving stayed often and worked; we could see Theodore Thomas's old house in Seventeenth street. We could also see the stable belonging to Fifty-three. Percy MacKaye lived there, also Berton Braley.

Algernon S. Crapsey lived in the second one of these little rooms. He'd invite us in when his father, the late Dr. Crapsey, visited him. Dr. Crapsey was an heretic, but he often read favorite bits of Scripture in a very beautiful voice; things that were interesting. And he heard our troubles, and told us his own, over which he could be very gay. He'd written a novel and sent it to a publisher, one of his acquaintances.

"A novel may be long," that gentleman had written back, "but it should not seem long. This novel seems long."

If anyone whined about not getting on faster in his work or art, Dr. Crapsey's son, Algy, quickly disillusioned one by showing a picture of the family home in Rochester, N. Y. In his early days in architecture (he is now a member of the firm of Gamble Rogers) his parents had let him have a free rein; he pointed to the doorway always with shame, as being too monumental for a residence.

Madeleine Wallack, a grand-niece of Lester Wallack, very tall, dark and beautiful, lived next to Algy. Clara Tarbell, niece of Ida Tarbell, also lived in The Alley; and so did Otway Chalkeley of Virginia, and Maude James. My own room was last, square and very tiny with a window that looked east. If the key were left inside the door, and it blew to, it always locked and put one to all sorts of picturesque discomfort. One picked the key out with a hairpin, if one could find one, and coaxed it under the door, an act requiring great patience and fortitude if one were thinly clad, as was generally the case.

III

Shabby as the place often was there was an air of gentle living I've seen nowhere else. It reminded one of some house in Virginia, neglected now. Miss Denning was from Virginia but she had come to New York at twenty-one, and gone into keeping boarders as a business. She devoted her life to it. When she first came to town a large department store told her that when she needed anything to come there and pay when convenient. They never failed her, and in her own house the fat fried the lean. If a poor, young person out of a job didn't have to pay for a long time, the prosperous often advanced checks when there was a bill that had to be paid. Bills were not dangerous until they reached the point of having to be paid.

B, the servant, was as individual as anyone in the house. His real name was Braithwaite. He'd served an Englishman, whose name he bore, in his native West Indies. His accent was delightful and when there was time his messages were elaborate. He always answered the loud pay-station telephone in the dim hall and called a warning upstairs—"Gentlemen's voices," or "Ladies' voices"—so that one did not go quite unprepared. He was slight, elegant, and handsome, and his invitation to more "veggetabbles" encouraged the appetite. He married a beautiful West Indian named Violet, but was not living happily ever after by the last accounts.

Betsy, the cook, was a person of far greater authority than B. She ruled supreme downstairs. And all residents of the Gramercy neighborhood must remember her bright, smiling greasy face set off by large, plain, round gold earrings, and a gorgeous bandana tied about her wool. She was a little woman, rather stout. And a plate of her soup had more nourishment than a whole meal carefully caloried. Sometimes Miss Denning wouldn't pay her if other bills pressed. Then Betsy grew impudent. We always knew how things stood because Miss Denning would call down the dumb-waiter for some ta viand: "Mrs. Williams, please send up potatoes." Ordinarily she was just Bet

She cooked and ruled only. Prepar vegetables and washing dishes were known to her. But of warm days and Summer, she liked to hang on the i fence there by the areaway, seizing up guests of the house, and the neighbors knew, and gleaning as much as she co from all. You were simply obliged to g her something, if you had to walk wh you were going, for she was an even bet beggar than cook, fascinating enough be really worth the money.

She'd tell us she was raising funds to back to St. Kitts, her "country." Sh been with Miss Denning more than twen seven years and was always returning ho next week. The look of her kitch wouldn't have delighted a perfect hou keeper, but things tasted so delicious didn't ask questions. Her roast beef was such tender, juicy pinkness. It with sc and lettuce featured Miss Denning's tab You always had a half head of crisp, fr lettuce cooled on ice. Cruets would fetched, and paprika with a bowl. So person mixed the dressing for each tab With us it was Mrs. Moïse, secretary the Society of Friends on the Square. had a son, Lionel, who acted in the fi Provincetown plays; now he is a ne paper writer known all over this count He was distinguished to us because h written a short story illustrated by Geo Bellows.

Strangers dined alone until they beca acquainted, when they were invited to with some of us.

At dinner Miss Denning always carv in the pantry and vegetables were hanc around as in a home. Often she serv strawberries and tomatoes out of seas economizing on other things, she'd s And there was always English marmal for breakfast and strawberry jam luncheon.

Old Mr. Goodrich who sat near us v always complaining if he was not serv

nce. He'd have a lot to say about the lity of the food and speak sharply to ants. Sometimes Miss Denning would ie out and speak very gently to him. replied so ungraciously that we were ged. . . . When he died Miss Denning itted reluctantly to Beach Polk that l been "a little behind." Seven years, ch told us. Her excuse was that he'd ged elsewhere, and that he made so e where he worked!

mong other characters of the place I'd ie Dr. William Elford Gould. A mem- of the Latin Club, he spoke many guages and brought to the house for- ers of all sorts, some of them bogus, ed. He had a great zest for life but ehow had got into its backwaters. He a Ph.D. from the Johns Hopkins; he trained as a teacher; but he only traf- ed some in insurance and little invest- ts, and taught languages to stray rich ng folks. He wore a brown derby, was eroic stature, and had a pink skin and rce white moustache. He always carried ick, and had some classical quotation all occasions. He always remembered bouquet, or the present on birthdays, for pure kind-heartedness and gallan- he had no equal.

lia Edison, an advance agent for the- s, was often there with his parents. n if we saw dramas which were flicker- out on his free seats we did not look ft horse in the mouth. Only two actors d long in that house, William Williams Felix Krembs. Williams left his dog, ekie, with Miss Denning. You'll find nbs's name always in the New York tres. He was the quietest of men, ly appreciative of the talents of others. worked hard, had dinner early but kfasted late, occasionally with a daz- g actress or actor guest. Miss Denning ght a great deal of him because he n clothed, fed, and educated some poor he'd hear about.

ed and Nellie MacKenzie came to Miss ning's as bride and bridegroom. They from Madison, Wis. Mrs. MacKenzie had been secretary to Senator LaFollette; Fred was secretary to the Society of Labor Legislation, and had held most of the honors of his university. Victor, the Japanese servant, the most honest and inefficient of his race, took the MacKenzies for his special pets. He did various tasks around the house, none of them well, and if he liked you, you'd find a box of crisp, waffle-like Japanese cakes tied to your doorhandle. On Sundays he made a salad for the MacKenzies in his own bright bowl, "more better," he said, meaning prettier than theirs. Various men who had lived at Miss Denning's and took apartments tried to take Victor as valet; but it didn't do. He had no talents in that line. He was a poet, and said that in his country there was a kind of duck which, once mated, never separated. At Christmas he gave the MacKenzies a precious lacquered box with a pair of these ducks upon it. Fred MacKenzie died in May, 1928.

Victor had a room in the sub-basement even after he ceased to work for Miss Denning. He'd play his little wooden flute very mournfully there, and I saw him not long ago on Broadway just below Fourteenth street. He looked very old and dusty but was startled and eager as always, asking for the news. Once there was a fire in his room. He had many flimsy Japanese things, burning gas as we all did. The fire engines came; there was a lot of water and smoke but few damages. But Betsy, who was insured, wanted to recover for her losses. She had Nellie MacKenzie draw up a formal list, that when typed was formidable if one didn't know Betsy. She set down twenty-five bottles of perfume and sixteen pairs of corsets. She used to buy samples at the drugstore which stood where Tammany Hall is now.

Miss Denning's niece, Esther, a girl of sparkling humor, used to write Betsy's letters home. Betsy would make her way up to Esther's room at some odd time, sit down with a cigarette, purse out her naturally thick lips and regale the inhabitants of St. Kitts with the news from New York.

"This is a terrible place to live," she once dictated. "Murder and villany and rape going on in the streets all the time, and you can't get a drink of gin anywheres."

Before the house broke up, Betsy did return to St. Kitts. Marvelous was her luggage. She had her seven cats caged and taxied to the dock, and when the ship's company refused to accept them, she was in such a rage that she almost missed the boat.

Warner Bishop and Gilbert Troxell, classmates at Yale, were at our table, though lodging just up the street. Troxell is in the Yale library in New Haven now, and has a column in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Warner Bishop has a bookshop in Rome, said by visiting literati to be a most interesting place.

IV

The people at Miss Denning's were generally quiet and had no ambition to impress anyone. But a lady from the West used to sweep in to dinner clothed in glittering sequins, quite a grand sight, and wanting to tell us how to be healthy, happy, rich. She was certainly handsome and things were always "perfectly wonderful" for her. She had strange consultations for hire; we often wanted to consult, for the way she engineered things for herself was remarkable, but we were not rich enough, and looked upon it as lost opportunity. She had a husband out on a big ranch and left him for long months at a time; the country bored her. While here she associated with the great; you'd see her with them. . . . Much later, after one of her annual visits to town, her husband wouldn't let her come back; he'd got a divorce. This rather shook our faith in her methods.

Even in these frank days it may not be etiquette to speak of it, but when Spring returned, there were always bedbugs. If you were a newcomer, Miss Denning was surprised and you apologized! The day after I came I was troubled . . . and i advertently found Miss Denning and J Chipman burning off his bed. She laugh as much as we, but did not change her wa

When a man or maid was ill, Mary, colored person who had lodgings on t park, came to help wait on table. She w bizarre in her jewelry and brilliant frock with her we were not pampered individ als, but took what she clumped dow before us and were thankful. Marthie, colored person of another sort, was a pe sioner. She would often call and say har and ribald things to her benefactor, b Miss Denning never lost patience. S often helped old friends, former servant and acquaintances of the neighborhoo I remember especially Miss Murphy wh had let lodgings in Sixteenth street. Mi Denning took her and her dog, givi them shelter until they both died.

One thing you could always count upo when you became a regular resident. you went out of town, your room wou be occupied. It was always someone Mi Denning had known for years and yea The aim was for them to be there whi you were away, but so easy-going was t household that often you returned to fi your room tenanted. You'd light the ga a strange and frightened person would s up in bed, and you'd flee to stay in hotel in the neighborhood.

Of Summer evenings, Miss Denni would sit with us on the stoop on t grass mats. But she never came to o rooms unless invited. Our lives were o own, and no one would have had a satisfaction questioning her. She didn often give opinions and she hated comp ments. Before and after the war a doct lodged there. He had a high rank in t Army. And he had a weakness, thoug seldom indulged, which was devastatin Once he lay drunk for four days. Mi Denning got a physician she knew, a nurses. The Army was in ignorance of t terrible illness. The doctor recovered, pe formed his duties with honor, and is no highly successful in his profession.

hanges after the war were bewildering Miss Denning. She did not bring her es up high enough, nor could she give nforts one could get elsewhere for the le money. People of the sort she'd al- ys known did not live in boarding ses any more. There seemed to be no e for gentle living. Many who came to were dishonest, and at the last said y owed her nothing. Her relatives ed her to give up and come to live with m, but she would not. She liked her n home, to have people around her, and birds and dogs.

When any of us came to town we called see her and get the news; she always our friends who had lived there, and ugh her talk was spicy, she cared more the idea than the personality. Her ng friends who had married urged her to come and live with them, just as her own nieces and nephews did. But she would only smile. . . .

She died of pneumonia after an illness of three days in December, 1927. It had happened to be one of those times when there'd been no fire in the house for a few days, the like of which we all knew well. Finances, too, were in a tangle, but the beautiful old furniture quite offset that, though, of course, she went down as a failure to strangers.

But she could have chosen no career where she would have been known so intimately and loved so well by so many young folks. And she would have felt she had succeeded in her aims, too, if she knew that none of us will ever pass that old house without a lifting of the heart. She valued such things.

CONCLUSIONS

BY IGNACIO MANLAPAZ

We should not accuse moralists of want of æsthetic feeling. They have more of it than we imagine. If they had nothing of the artist in them they would not be such noxious busybodies. For notwithstanding their assurances to the contrary, it is not their devotion to the welfare of their fellows that prompts them to frame their doctrines. Ethical systems, like poems and symphonies, grow out of the desire to create. Moralists are primarily artists. They are artists whose medium is mankind. What does it matter to them if men suffer as they "mold them nearer to their hearts' desire"? The medium interests the artist only as a reflector of his ego. And there is no artist but deems his works more important than mankind.

2

The fool seeks to reform the world; the wise man to understand it. Both are disappointed.

3

To understand the world is, in a sense, to be God's equal. Hence He has seen to it that we never shall.

4

Life has no excuse—not even its brevity. There is no attempt to justify it but flies in the face of facts. If it were a boon we would not philosophize on it. We would lose no time in enjoying it. As it is, however, one has to be the Creator not to find it an awful botch. I have my doubts if there are true optimists at all, unless we define an optimist as one who has made evil his good.

5

The real is oftentimes more ideal than the ideal of idealists.

6

The world is like woman, "a sphin
without a secret."

7

Time converts truths into lies and li
into poetry.

8

The fear of nothing is the beginning
wisdom.

9

La Rochefoucauld's definition of hypo
risy—the homage vice pays to virtue—h
ceased to tally with facts. Very oft
hypocrisy is the homage virtue pays
vice. What people seek to conceal from t
world nowadays is their righteousness, a
it is their vices that they plume themselv
on. They preach immorality and practi
virtue within their walls. Nietzsche
chiefly responsible for this ethical tops
turvydom. He tried to make men pr
foundly and sublimely immoral but on
succeeded in making them hypocrites. H
himself was the least Nietzschean of me
He was not called *il santo* for nothing. B
we should not be too rash in judgi
Nietzsche and his followers. To prea
immorality is easier than to practise i

10

The aim of philosophy is not trut
truth is just one of its by-products.

11

Truth is fiction with a better reputatio

12

The notion of truth is the most usef
fiction.

13

The philosopher is an artist whose m
dium is the universe. Truth with him
just an artistic effect.

14

Man needs philosophy more than truth. e may rave about truth, but he writes ilosophy.

15

I cannot agree with Alfred Stevens' finition of art as nature seen through the ism of an emotion. I find neither nature r emotion in the works of modern ists.

16

Man invented art because he was dis-tisfied with nature. He invented natural-n because he was dissatisfied with art.

17

Arguments are desirable only when rved hot. Nobody likes dispassionate ar-ments—they are too convincing.

18

Man created woman out of practically thing. That connoisseur of love, René ylesve, was sharply conscious of this hen he declared that "woman is nothing t an illusion." Indeed, almost all that en say of her, whether flattering or ssly scandalous, should be taken with a ndful of salt. Their opinions are bound be physiological. Schopenhauer's con-otion of woman, Porto-Riche's confes-n that his first happy memory was that a woman, and Dostoievski's dictum that ere are no ugly women all bear the mp of sexual illusion. But it is fortunate at man can deceive himself so easily about oman. He would never forgive her if he uldn't.

19

The women that have influenced our es most are those we have never met.

20

We treat women as we do our gods; we always doing something for them.

21

What makes marriage respectable is that s uncomfortable.

22

Bad poets make extraordinarily good ers.

23

To be beautiful is to be misunderstood.

24

Love is not blind; it only has bad taste.

25

It is foolish to die of love if you are not a poet.

26

Love is bad for man's health and good for woman's.

27

Woman is the world's most attractive being because she is the most widely advertised.

28

Why is love a tragedy? Nature brings us into the world primarily to reproduce our kind. She is no idealist and does not, like us, believe in the transcendent mission of man. To her man is simply a means, something with which to achieve her dark, meaningless and perhaps stupid end. When we love, however, it is obvious that we are indulging in something quite unnecessary and entirely against the economy of Nature. Emmanuel Berl has shown that the end of love is not the propagation of the species and that it is itself its own end. We are therefore cheating Nature when we allow our romantic sentiments to thrive at the expense of our passion. And nobody can cheat Nature without being ruthlessly punished.

29

Philosophy is, at most, a guess. The profoundest and most impressive systems of philosophy are merely profound and impressive guesses. It goes without saying that the philosopher who believes he holds the secret of the universe in the hollow of his hand is a fool or worse. Conviction is out of place in philosophy. Honest philosophizing consists in doubting one's ideas as soon as they are hatched. The sensible truth-seeker does not confine himself to one guess. Like Plato and Schelling, he begins casting about for another system as soon as he has concocted one. A philosopher, he knows, cannot make too many guesses.

30

The explanations of the world are even more inexplicable than the world itself.

MUSIC

THE PLIGHT OF THE PERFORMING MUSICIAN

By Winthrop Parkhurst

It is unlikely, as long as water continues to run downhill, that the trained seals of our musical circus will vanish. Feats of accuracy, agility, and endurance are always popular, and the spectacle of a human being balancing all three talents on the tip of his memory is one that can always command an audience. Gone are the days, to be sure, when technical prowess was confined to a half dozen freaks of the fret and keyboard; come are the days when virtuosity is nearly as common as mortality; but until the human race delights no longer in its members' antics—roughly, until water runs uphill with great velocity—recitals will undoubtedly continue to be more or less popular.

The plight of the performing musician is hence very different from the professional extremity which the reader may think that I think of. His plight, as a musician, is not his waning popularity as a performer; it is, rather, the transitory nature of his accomplishment. In fine, permanent records of the interpretative musician's art are gravely diminished in number because the public prefers seeing dexterity to hearing musicianship, and also because it pays more for the first-named privilege.

In an age when the phonograph is more popular than it even dreamed of being a couple of decades ago, dropping a tear for the interpretative musician may seem idle. The means of perpetuating his art, whilst certainly very far from perfect, at least have been invented and are improving. On the other hand, notwithstanding the marked advantage he here has over all his predecessors, the contemporary music maker emphatically suffers. Compared with what might be done by way of preserving his labors as an artist, actual accomplishments in that direction are purely nominal. It is too late, alas, to imprison the interpretative labors of musicians now in Heaven the art of an Anton Rubinstein and a Hans von Bülow are lost for ever. But there is no doubt at all that a generation hence our descendants will gnash their teeth in just anger over our carelessness in scattering our present heritage, for that is exactly what we are doing. We have the mechanical means of preserving in reasonably adequate form all the labors of all our foremost interpreters, but we are acknowledging that æsthetic duty in a shabby manner. If our descendants do not gnash more than their molars, I hazard a guess that our personal absence from the scene will be the reason.

If one glances through the catalogues of the various phonograph companies, here and abroad, one's first impression is decidedly a cheerful one. The mere bulk of these catalogues is encouraging. Moreover, taking them all together, there is an impressive array of composers, to say nothing of the array of their creations. Bach, Händel, Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin—all the classical and romantic composers are represented, many of them are generously represented, and there is additional representation of the moderns.

And as there is a welter of names, so is there a wealth of recorded material in particular domains. If we are given only four of the 104 symphonies by Haydn, Beethoven, for example, gives us all his nine symphonies whilst Brahms again gives us all his four. These facts are assuredly encouraging. Nevertheless, gloating over them is glossing over that particular evil

at I moan for and belabor; for, if the
iism will be pardoned, all Beethoven's
d Brahms's symphonies were perma-
ntly recorded already on music paper.
ve for being glad that the works of the
isters are thus made aurally available at
e moment, I consequently feel no emo-
on whatever. It is the preservation of the
eting works of the interpreters of our
ne, ensuring later comparison and study,
at I consider of peculiar importance—not
cause I rank interpretative works above
eative, but because the former normally
e upon the instant, and hence demand
pecial consideration.

I say that the interpretative art of our
y is shabbily treated. And I should feel
stified in making such a statement, in
ew of the very modest expense in making
cords, even if much more were being done
an is done. If Mengelberg, for instance,
d made records of all Beethoven's and
ahms's symphonies, I should call it
abby treatment of our descendants, sup-
sing we failed to transmit the compara-
e readings of Stokowski and Toscanini.
nilarly, if such an artist as Schnabel were
record all the Beethoven piano sonatas,
anists of the varied girth of Anton
binstein, Bachaus, Hofmann, Bauer, and
chmaninoff should certainly pass down
eir individual readings. In short, any-
ing less than two or three separate per-
mances of all outstanding musical com-
sitions would be a shabby patrimony to
nd along to our children's children. For
e expenditure would, as I have remarked,
very modest. The price of one or two
vate yachts, which so-called patrons of
e arts somehow manage without missing
linner, would easily suffice to float this
thetic enterprise.

But if anything less than the foregoing
ould be shabby, I really do not know
at to call our present conduct. Since I
s speaking of Mengelberg, we may as
ll start with this Dutch master. What do
find? Do we find all the Beethoven
nphonies, or even most of them? Do we
d all the Brahms symphonies, or even
one of them? Not at all. We do not find even his reading of Strauss's two finest tone-poems, "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel." We find merely two overtures of Beethoven ("Coriolanus" and "Egmont"), the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Strauss's "Heldenleben," and Schelling's "Victory Ball"!

Or take Stokowski. Will our descendants be favored with the Philadelphia Orchestra's readings of a generous number of masterpieces of the first water? Alas, no, if current prospects are reliable. Brahms's First and Beethoven's Seventh begin and end Ludwig and Johannes. Or take Rachmaninoff and Bauer and Bachaus, if we turn desperately to the labors of the pianists. Rachmaninoff plays mostly his own compositions, Bauer only two sonatas of Beethoven, Bachaus one Beethoven sonata and the "Liebestraum" and the "Naila" waltzes! The astounding Paganini variations and the B-flat concerto of Brahms—both of which works Bachaus performs with verve probably unmatched in pianistic history—are unrecorded by him and by everyone. The same must be said of the same composer's even greater variations on a theme by Händel.

As for Paderewski's art, the list is so pitiful that I cannot bring myself to repeat it—a sorrier, but not much sorrier, representation of his unique gifts and ample repertory than that which our descendants will know as Kreisler; for Kreisler, apart from leaving behind his interpretation of Brahms's and Beethoven's violin concertos, leaves a long list of insufferable trifles—"The Rosary" and "Mighty Lak' a Rose" among them.

I am not blaming the phonograph companies. They are, after all, run by business men. Turn-over and sales are their natural diet. One is, in fact, encouraged by the excellence of the work done already, as one is cheered by the prospect of future labors. It is a good deal to have some of the greatest music in existence aurally available on phonograph records in every hamlet. Contemporary musical education is under a real

debt to the manufacturers of these records of first-rate music, some of which have been produced and distributed, I daresay, at little or no profit to the producers.

But there is another and darker side to the picture. And it is that darker side which I am thinking of and pointing at. It is nothing less than shameful that a mechanical age, in which interpretative musicians of the first rank abound, should not avail itself of its mechanical and interpretative resources for passing along to future generations its unquestionably high talents in the field of music.

For some day before long illness will strike down our leading music makers, and death will seize them. A *longa pausa*, followed by a long rest, will be their epitaph. What they have said with their hands and batons will vanish. Are future generations to know of these music makers only through labors of a scattered, and for the most part ephemeral, nature? Is Mengelberg's reading of Brahms's Fourth to be obliterated? Is Toscanini's reading of the Eroica to evaporate? Or is some genuine patron of the arts going to rise up and declare that these and all other labors of similar merit are a heritage which should not, and hence shall not, perish?

SHEET MUSIC

SELECTIONS *From "Strike Up The Band." (Voice & Piano.)*
By George Gershwin. *Harms*
35 cents each 9 x 12 *New York*

Much that gives one pleasure in the music of the better musical comedies fails to appear in the sheets prepared for popular distribution. Lines of orchestral commentary, harmonic and contrapuntal touches, too often are left in the complete score. Of late, however, arrangers have begun to take a certain pride in their work, and, as a result, sheet music of the popular variety becomes more interesting. The latest of the Gershwin shows has a number of hits that play well in the sheet form. "Soon," for a slow melodic flow; "What's The Use of Hanging Around With You?" and "I Mean To Say," for rhythmic fillip; "Strike Up The Band," for harmonic zest—these are among the salient excerpts. The best work in "Strike Up The Band" is in the finale to the first act; the comedy, in both Ira's words and George's music, is such an improvement over the general ineptitudes of the genre that one looks forward with pleasure to the publication of the complete score. Much of it is too good to be lost after the piece has had its run; it is, likewise, too far off the beaten path for issue in sheet form.

SELECTIONS *From "Simple Simon." (Voice & Piano.)*
By Richard Rodgers. *Harms*
35 cents each 9 x 12 *New York*

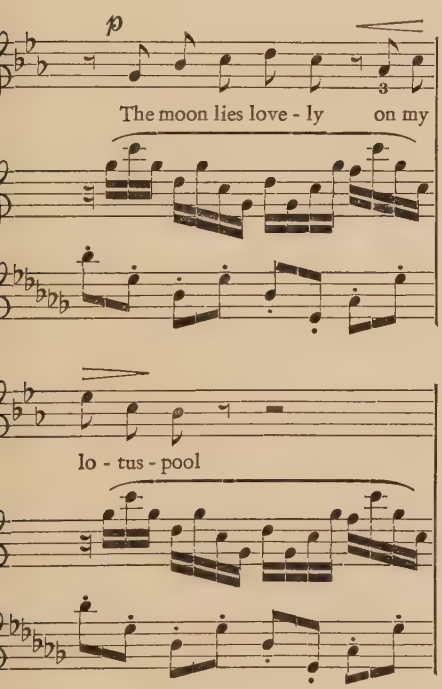
In such songs as "Sweetenheart," "He Was Too Good To Me," "Don't Tell Your Folks," and "I Still Believe in You," Rodgers—and his free-ranging "lyric" partner, Lorenz Hart—maintain the standard set in "A Connecticut Yankee." These two have developed a personal idiom in the lighter theatre of the day, and, incidentally, are among the few workers in the field who display a capacity for growth.

STUDIES IN BLACK & WHITE. *For Piano*
By Nicolas Slonimsky. *The New Music Company*
75 cents *San Francisco*

MY LITTLE POOL. *For Voice*
By Nicolas Slonimsky. *The White-Smith Music Company*
40 cents *Boston*

In these pieces for piano—they demand a flawless technique—and in this highly original song, Mr. Slonimsky, an expert theorist, conductor of the Boston Chamber Orchestra, and modernist composer in his own right, makes a very successful experiment in polytonality. In the right hand the diatonic scale (white keys) is consistently employed; in the left, the pentatonic, on the black keys. As is pointed out in a note to the piano pieces, "only consonant intervals—thirds, sixths and occasional fifths—are used." The "Studies in Black and White," then, for all the literary and humorous titles prefixed to them, are essentially examples of consonant counterpoint in two parts. In addition to the "Studies," which are tricked out with such fanciful titles as "Jazzelette," 'Anatomy of Melancholy," "The Sax Dreaming of a Flute" (a fine bit of musical humor, by the way), "$\sin^2 X+\cos^2 X=1$" and "Typographical Errors" (another genuinely humorous exercise in which the linotypical clatter is musically mimicked), there are a "Prelude" and a "Fantasy," in which dissonances are discreetly admitted. Rhythmically, melodically, contrapuntally, the 'Studies" provide an excellent, and it may be an important, addition to the American piano repertory. The composer has simplified the notation of the pieces by removing all accidentals from the signature of the upper staff, and using five flats, in a descending

eries, for the lower. The accompaniment to he song, which employs only sixths and hirds, is written in the same fashion, al- hough the vocal part is at first in three flats. My Little Pool" is a miniature masterpiece f atmospheric evocation, and may well take s place as one of the most original songs ritten in this country in recent years. The ision of words and melody and accompani- ent into a simple mood is well-nigh perfect. his gentleman should be watched. Here is n excerpt from "My Little Pool":



PIANO RECORDINGS

ONAISE. *Op. 71, No. 2, B Flat.*
Played by Alexander Brailowsky
édéric Chopin. *The American Piano Company*
No. 70503 *New York*

This composition has just passed its hun- edth birthday, but there is nothing rheu- tic about the centenarian. Brailowsky ays it without an excess of poetic interpre- ion; indeed, with something like a de- ency of that desirable quality. The secret the Chopin polonaise, as a form, lies in its nest blend of the masculine and the femi- ne. Since femininity, even among women, for the nonce out of fashion, the curves in opin tend to be sharpened. What is too en passed off superciliously as the man's sentimentality is subordinated, with a certain correct dryness as a result.

"AUS DEM CARNIVAL." *Op. 19, No. 3.*
Played by Hans Barth
By Edvard Grieg. *The American Piano Company*
$1.50 No. 70523 *New York*

Well-bred carnival music, played with fine appreciation of its pleasant, if limited, possibilities by a sensitive artist. Grieg here seems to be the contemplator rather than the participant. A thoroughly enjoyable, dynamic reproduction.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

MADAM BUTTERFLY.
By Giacomo Puccini. *The Columbia Phonograph Company*
$28 14 double-faced 12-inch records *New York*

This popular opera is sung in the original Italian by a company under the direction of Vittore Veneziani, supported by the Milan Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Cav. L. Molajoli. The result is frequently thrilling. Puccini, outside of a stray act in "Tosca," may not have been a lofty genius, but he wrote eminently honest and effective music that may still be listened to with unapologetic pleasure. An astute gentleman of the theatre, he had his audience ever in mind, and did not allow them to linger too long without a sweet line or a dramatic outburst. This sense of the stage, so evident in everything that he penned, transmits itself by the sheer power of sound. The records, without the aid of the opera house's trappings, produce not only a tonal effect, but one of intense theatrical power. One almost sees these men and women in action. One comes away with the impression that Signor Molajoli knows his business.

QUARTETTE *in D Major.*
By César Franck. *The Columbia Phonograph Company*
$12 6 double-faced 12-inch records *New York*

Franck is linked sweetness long—sometimes too long—drawn out. In so many respects unlike Byron, he resembles him in this: whatever the form he essays, his face is to be seen peering from behind the pages. Listen to his symphony, to his beautiful sonata for violin and piano, and to this quartette, which is excellently performed at the hands of the London String Quartette. It is the same congenial and everlastingly rhapsodic Franck, spiralling upward to tonal apotheosis. It is not so much a deficiency, or a plethora, that is indicated, as a certain sameness of theme and treatment. One might suddenly interpolate strains from any of these compositions into the bars of the others and

not feel too great a sense of intrusion. On the other hand, there is no denying the sincerity or the potency of the man. And the quartette of players is one of the best to be heard nowadays.

THE CRUCIFIXION. *Oratorio.*
By John Stainer. *The Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.*
$9 6 double-faced 12-inch records

Stainer (1840–1901) wrote this sweetish opus in 1887. The phonographic version enlists the coöperation of Lawrence Tibbett as baritone, Richard Crooks as tenor, Wilfred Glenn and Frank Croxton as basses, the Trinity Choir, and Mark Andrews at the organ. To religious souls the musical narrative will doubtless bring great pleasure and edification; for them, indeed, it was prepared. But considered as sheer music, Dr. Stainer's oratorio achieves a low, unvaried level of melodiousness. There is tragedy in the story of Christ, and impressive symbolism, but the composer has put little of these qualities into his work. Kapellmeister Musik. Christ in a dress suit. A most polite, a most Morris-Gest-like crucifixion, this. The organ solos register beautifully; the choral work is good; the solo voices, except for a few thin passages in Mr. Crooks' upper notes, come through effectively. Everything but a tonal transcription of the passion.

BOOKS

MENGELBERG & THE SYMPHONIC EPOCH.
By Edna Nicholson Sollitt. *Ives Washburn*
$2 5¼ x 7½; 165 pp. *New York*

Excessive praise always overshoots its mark. The chief effect of such hyper-thyroid ecstasies as this is to render the subject slightly ridiculous. Mengelberg, says Mrs. Sollitt, illumines his rhythmic substance "to a rainbow resourcefulness by the glow of his own rhythmic vitality." His rhythm "is not merely rare; it is unique in the world." He absolutely requires playing upon the "tick of the beat—the exact fractional flash of time which is plainly to be seen and felt in watching his movements." Without him our modern symphonic epoch could not have been developed; "one is in despair of words" to chronicle his superlativity. The fact that conductors can call forth such fulsome tributes—recall a similar book on Toscanini, published a year ago—is in itself a criticism of the species. The more the pity, since Mengelberg is a fine musician and an artist.

THE SCIENCE OF VOICE.
By Douglas Stanley. *Carl Fische*
$4.50 6 x 9¼; 327 pp. *New Yor*

GERMAN DICTION IN SINGING.
By Eva Wilcke. *E. P. Dutton & Compan*
$2.50 5½ x 8; 150 pp. *New Yor*

Both of these books are written from a predominantly scientific standpoint, and are therefore free of the mountebankery that seems to be one of the requirements of most vocal instruction. Mr. Stanley's opus is provided with a foreword by H. H. Sheldon that amounts to a tabloid course in acoustics. It is detailed, up-to-date, chatty and belligerently debunkative. La Wilcke's little treatise, translated from the German by Arthur Edward Smith, revised and edited by Bainbridge Crist, is chiefly a treatise on German phonetics, and would be quite as useful to a student of language as to a student of the voice. Each book bears testimony to the end of the hit-or-miss era in vocal teaching. Each assumes that behind the voice should be a mind, with a knowledge of the physical factors involved.

JUVENILIA

THE HUMS OF POOH. (*Voice & Piano.*)
By A. A. Milne. *E. P. Dutton & Compan*
$2.50 12¼ x 9½; ix & 67 pp. *New Yor*

This is the sixth of the Milne books to be set by H. Fraser-Simson and illustrated by E. H. Shepard. Beside the humorous introduction by the poet, there are concise programme notes to each of the seventeen songs. At times the music presents difficult intervals for children's voices; the settings, however, even when they are undistinguished are musicianly. Especially successful are "I Could Spend A Happy Morning," "Oh, the Butterflies Are Flying," and the excellent pattersong, "Here Lies A Tree."

THE MAGIC MUSIC SHOP. *Interpolations for Voice & Piano.*
By Mary Graham Bonner. *The Macaulay Compan*
$2.50 9 x 12 *New Yor*

A sort of Alice in Music Land, wherein the instruments come to life as the juvenile wanderer falls asleep. They tell their various tales and have a grand ball. Mr. Luxor Price's illustrations are imaginative. The music by Mr. Harry Meyer is almost too simple, and at times harmonically dubious. There is more shop than magic, but some of the kids may like it.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CHLOË ARNOLD *has worked on nearly every wspaper in New York City. When she lived the celebrated boarding house described in r article in this issue she wrote for the* Sun, *d studied the violin with Theodore Spiering.*

W. N. BRIGANCE *was born in Mississippi, t grew up among Indians in the Northwest. e was educated at the University of South akota and did graduate work in the Universi- s of Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin and Chi- go. He is now a member of the faculty of abash College.*

H. L. DAVIS *is the subject of an Editorial ote in this issue.*

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CHARLES J. FINGER *was born in England, t now lives in Arkansas. He has been sailor, plorer, prospector in the Klondike, receiver for group of railroads, director of a musical con- vatory, and editor and publisher. He is the thor of a dozen books.*

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IGNACIO MANLAPAZ *was born in the Philip- es and educated at the University of Chicago. is now living in Manila.*

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LEWIS MUMFORD *is the author of numerous ks, the latest of which is "Herman Mel- le."*

WINTHROP PARKHURST *was born in New York City. His first book, "The Anatomy of Music," has just been published.*

ALFRED E. PROWITT *was born in 1901 in Washington, Penna. He attended Washington and Jefferson College, and on graduation became a journalistic vagabond and worked on news- papers in most of the principal cities of the country until he joined the staff of the Chicago* Daily News, *where he is now.*

ROBERTO PIÑA *was born in Mexico, just over the American border, and has spent his twenty- three years skipping back and forth between the two countries. He went to school in Mexico City, California and New York. He is at pres- ent engaged in business at Nogales, Arizona.*

WARREN S. THOMPSON, PH.D. (Columbia), *is director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. His latest book is "Danger Spots in World Population." His next will be a study of "The Ratio of Children to Women in the United States, 1920," to be published by the Census Bureau.*

ANTHONY M. TURANO *was born at Cosenza, Italy, in 1894. He was brought to America in 1905, and was admitted to the Nevada bar in 1915. He is now practising at Reno.*

PASCAL KIDDER WHELPTON *was born in Western New York in 1893, was graduated from the New York State Agricultural College, Cornell University, in 1915, and did graduate work in agricultural economics at Cornell and at the University of Nebraska. He was pro- fessor of farm management at Texas Agricul- tural and Mechanical College for four years. He is now with the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. He is the author of papers in the* Journal of Farm Economics, *the* Journal of the American Statistical Association, *and the* American Journal of Sociology.

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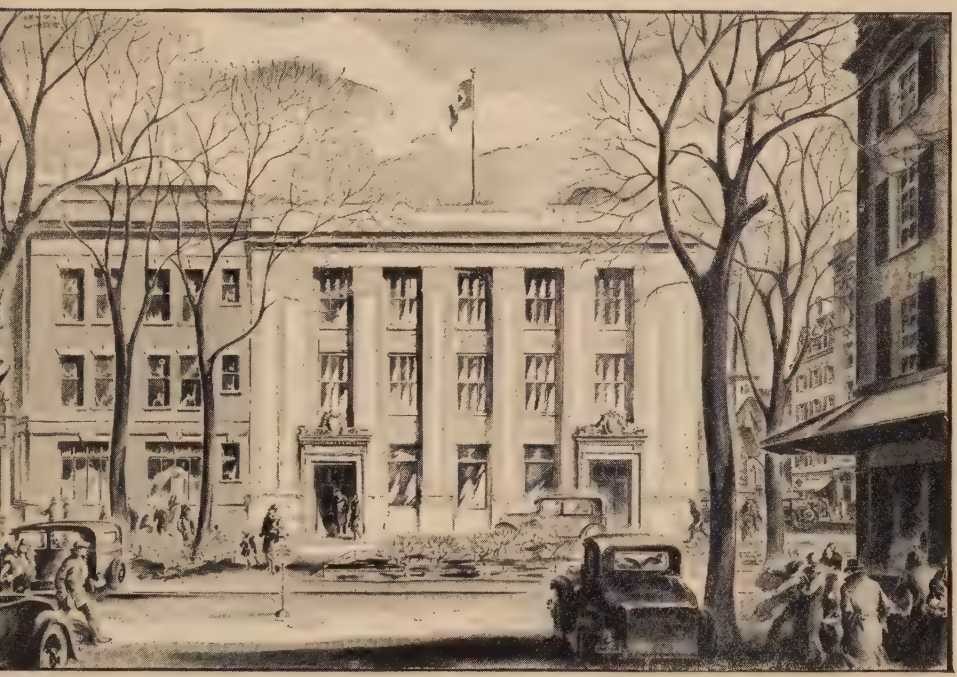

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Editorial NOTES

H. L. Davis

H. L. DAVIS, author of "Hand-Press Journalist," in this issue, was born in Yoncalla, Oregon, on October 18, 1894. He comes of a long line of pioneer farmers, ministers and teachers who emigrated from Tennessee to Oregon in the early 50's, and whose descendants still reside in the Umpqua valley. His maternal grandfather, Daniel Bridges, was a Hardshell Baptist minister, and his maternal great-grandfather, Robert Bridges, died in a Union military prison during the Civil War. His paternal grandfather, Alexander Davis, also served in the Confederate Army, and was killed in action.

Beginning at the age of eight as a printer's devil, Mr. Davis later worked as a cro hand, railroad gandy dancer, deputy sheriff, government surveyor, country newspaper editor, herder of cattle, sheep and hog

Continued on page xxviii

THE BRITANNIA, ICE BOUND - 1844

What SAMUEL CUNARD did for Boston
Boston never Forgot

T was the 30th day of January in the year 1844. The people awoke to a strange and awesome sight. There before them the entire Boston Harbour m the Ferryway to the Narrows," a sea of ice. And wedged tight in the unable to turn a paddle, was oston's most beloved ship" — the annia—with her sailing date only 3 days away. he Britannia—the Palatial Passenger Packet Mr. Samuel Cunard—the same Samuel ard who with his great fleet of ships—so the Memorial History of Boston—had led Boston's foreign business and brought oston new workers and great prosperity.

great wave of sympathy and friendliness ps the people — Mr. Martin Brimmer, on's Mayor calls the Selectmen and the hants to a hurried council at "the Exchange" oney must be raised to cut the Britannia of the ice. There must be no expense to Cunard—and on the committee were ap- ed "such sterling citizens as Ozias Goodwin, Curtis, Ammi Lombard and Samuel cy." $3,000 was raised in a twinkling. And at dawn on February 1st, 1,500 men were hard at work with horses and ploughs, picks and axes and apparatus of every sort. THE THIRD DAY SAW THE MIRACLE PERFORMED. A grateful citizenry had cut a great canal in the ice, 10 miles long and 200 feet wide and the BRITANNIA WAS FREE.

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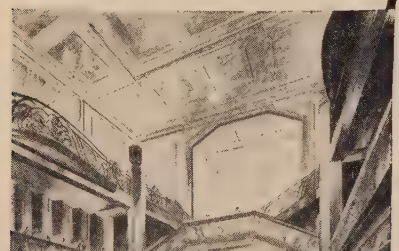

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Editorial NOTES

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and assessor of Wasco county, Oregon. H obtained his formal education in the Yo calla public schools and in the School Engineering at Stanford. His course at th latter was cut short by the World War, which he served with the rank of corpora On May 25, 1928, he married Marion La a Washington newspaper woman.

In 1919 he was awarded the Helen Hai Levinson Prize for "the best America poems of the year," a lyric group out Southern Oregon published in *Poetry: Magazine of Verse* while he was still in th service. His poems have since appeare regularly in American anthologies. The were first published in Europe in 1927 i the "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poés Américaine." He has devoted the past tw years to writing short stories and criticism He is now settled in Arizona, preparin a book of his collected poems for publica tion this Fall. He believes that "the pa century of settlement and conquest in th Oregon country was a greater historic epoch than the migrations of the Israelit from Egypt, and that it has for the mo part been written up with the same sent mentality." His chief hobby is America folk music. He has made a remarkable co lection of folk songs, many of them u published to date.

His previous contributions to THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been the following "Of the Dead of a Forsaken Country," November, 1926; "Crop Campers," Janu ary, 1929; "Old Man Isbell's Wife," Febru ary, 1929; "Back to the Land—Orego 1927," March, 1929; "The Brown Sta lion," September, 1929; "Cow-Town Wi ows," December, 1929; and "A Town Eastern Oregon," January, 1930.

The Editorial and The Library are omi ted this month because of Mr. Mencken absence in Europe. They will be resume next month.

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The INVESTOR

THE SHORT SALE

By RUDOLPH L. WEISSMAN

IN DEFENSE of the short sale of securitie it is alleged that the practice is merel the reverse of the purchase of stocks; tha both prohibition of and interference wit it have failed; and that it stabilizes an makes possible a continuous market.

The sale before purchase, made with view of purchasing at a future time a a lower price, can be carried out onl where each unit is deliverable against ever other unit. Since delivery must be made i the regular way on the stock exchange *i.e.* at 2:15 in the afternoon of the followin day, the stock must be temporarily pro cured by the seller for delivery to th purchaser. The broker who has sold stock short for a customer borrows th number of shares sold from a fellow broke who has the stock to loan, pays him th market price, and delivers the stock to th purchaser. The sale of commodities fo future delivery is more simple. Here th short seller makes his sale on a time con tract. When the specified month arrives he must cover his sale or make delivery

During the period that the stock is bein borrowed, the short seller must pay to th lender all dividends which are declared The lender may at any time demand th return of the stock on returning the mone which he has received as security. In turn the short seller may purchase the stock an close the transaction by delivering the bor rowed stock, whereupon he receives th money advanced. Ordinarily the lende pays interest on the funds which he ha received at the average renewal rate fo

Continued on page xxxii

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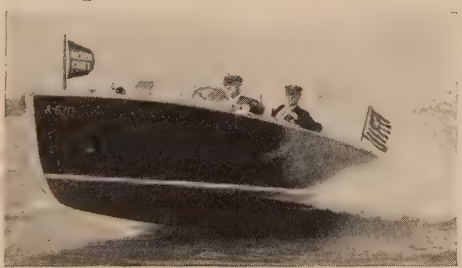

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxx

call money. If the stock is in considerabl demand for borrowing purposes, the lende will pay less than the prevailing inter est rate, or nothing whatsoever. Shoul the short contingent be numerous and th amount of stock offered be relatively smal the lender will not only pay no interest but will demand interest. The short selle has no interest to pay, as in the purchas of stocks on margin. The broker usuall does not credit the seller with interest, re ceiving this as a fee for arranging the loa of the stock.

This brief explanation of the mechanic of the operation shows that in its natur it differs fundamentally from the purchas of securities, or "going long." The shor seller, in theory, has no means of gaugin the extent of possible loss involved in hi commitment. The loss of the purchaser o 100 shares of Algerian Ore stock at $10 a share, unless the stock is assessable, i limited to $10,000; should he sell shor 100 shares of Algerian Ore at $100 a share he can limit the loss only by closing th transaction. As the stock rises, the broke may be required to furnish the lender o the stock additional cash which he ma take out of the seller's account, or, in th event that the deposit is insufficient, ca for margin. Significantly, a growing num ber of investment trusts are prohibite from selling short.

The short sale is compared with the sal of a house by a builder even before it foundation is laid, or with the sale of crop by a farmer before it is planted. Text illustrate the short sale by a compariso with the miller or textile manufacture who hedges against the purchase of h raw materials. The analogies are weak In these cases an economic process ha taken place. The short sale is incidental t a primary transaction. The distinction obvious and basic.

Continued on page xxxiv

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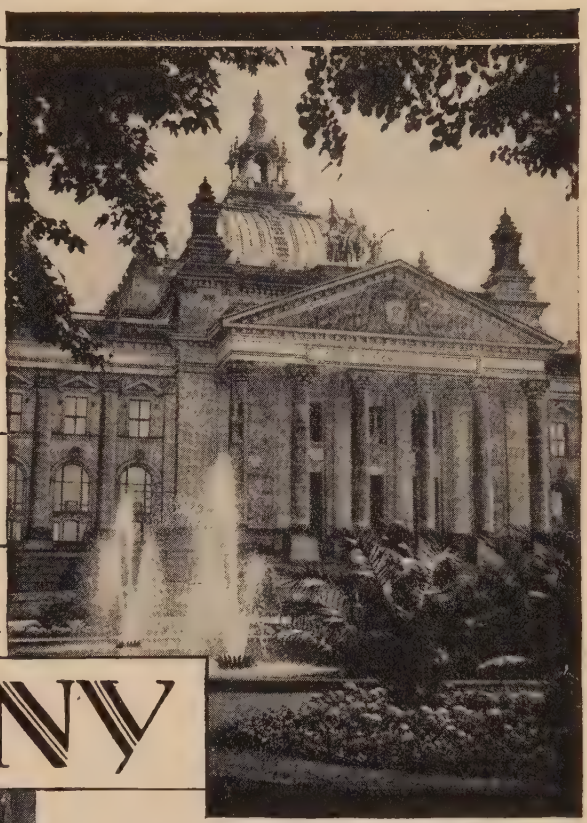

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The INVESTOR

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The English statute, repealed in 1860, to which reference is frequently made as evidence of the failure of limitation of short selling, applied only to public securities. It was enacted when the London Stock Exchange was in its infancy and was aimed principally at gambling. An English Act of 1867 provides, in the case of bank shares, for the identification of the stock offered for sale. The object is to prevent runs on banks as the result of rapidly falling prices. It is the German Bourse Law of 1896, however, which is invoked most often as the final proof of the disastrous effects of stock exchange regulation. Enacted through the influence of the land owners who felt that trading in grain futures depressed prices, its scope was broad. A register was established to be signed by all traders for future delivery. Trading for the "account" in the shares of industrial companies was forbidden. The Bourse declined in importance, and it seems that the smaller banks and brokerage houses were placed at a disadvantage in competing with their more powerful contemporaries. The law was repealed in 1908, but in the meantime much capital had been transferred to other markets. Berlin did not recover her position in the international money market.

Mr. J. Edward Meeker, economist for the New York Stock Exchange, is of the belief that Germany's economic collapse during the war was in a measure attributable to the legislation discussed. The committee appointed by Governor Hughes to report on speculation in New York found that the registry failed wholly to deter the small speculators from gambling. From the available evidence I do not believe that it is possible to assign the unsatisfactory German experience wholly to the restrictions on short sales, since the other features of the act may have contributed

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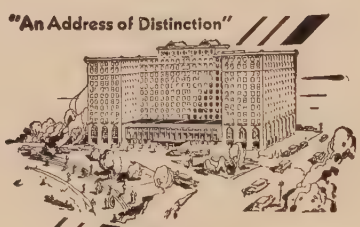

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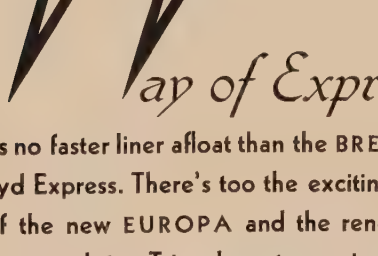

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the main, or even the sole, reason for i failure.

I suggest that short selling is not vit to the existence of a securities market. November, 1917, the Governors of th New York Stock Exchange called upo members for a statement of the amoun and characters of all stocks sold and boug in on the previous day, both for their ow account and for the account of customer stating their names. Previously, broke were required to report the names of sho sellers only through the medium of stock borrowed for them. This did not apply t traders who sold short and covered the commitments before the close of busine on the same day. It was feared that weak ness in the market would retard war finan cing. Commenting on the measure, th *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* state "Short selling in the ordinary way, wit the risks it involves, is one thing. Throw ing stocks over by the ream with the so view of breaking the market, and the covering on the break, is a totally differen thing. Those who argue that short sellin is legitimate and really constitutes a element of safety in the situation, too fr quently fail to bear this distinction i mind. One class of operations is unobje tionable and may really serve a goo purpose. The other class must be unqual fiedly condemned. If such acts are wicke in normal times, they are positively crim nal when the country is engaged in a grea war." Again, during last year's panic, th authorities of the New York Stock Ex change inferentially discouraged short sel ing. These were radical measures, adopte in emergencies, but they were apparentl successful, and did not destroy or hamp the financial world.

Finally, the contention that short sellin stabilizes the market remains to be co sidered. Once a short sale takes place, th

Continued on page xxxviii

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seller is a compulsory potential buyer. Therefore, it is argued, during periods of weakness in the market the "covering" by those who have previously sold short will support prices. Conceding the truth of this statement, it is a sufficient answer that the initial weakness may have originated from short selling. Instead of stabilizing prices, short selling often intensifies both the fall and the rise. I have examined the records during the last break and find no support for the theory that price swings were broader in stocks which did not harbor large short interests. The changes in successive dealings in more inactive stocks, less likely to be sold short, are often more than an eighth or a quarter away from the preceding sale, but to investors the differences are not decisive. Trading in the stocks of financial institutions is not hampered by the absence of short selling.

The knowledge that short selling will take place often proves to be an aid to manipulation, for it is to the benefit of pool operators to foster a short interest. Numerous examples exist of pools who lent stock to short sellers, waiting for a propitious moment to demand return of the borrowed stock. If it were not for extensive short selling, the spectacle of dealings in more than one half of a company's capital stock in a single day would not be held up against all speculation. Executives of leading corporations have been incensed at the drives against their securities, much as bankers would be if they felt that declines in bank shares occurred because of selling by those who neither had control over nor owned the shares sold. The whole subject deserves reconsideration, free from those who wish that some governmental authority would issue a ukase dictating a bull market in perpetuity, and from those who oppose every change that might curtail the volume of dealings.

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New Financial Books

INVESTMENT TRUST ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT.

By Leland Rex Robinson. *The Ronald Press Company, New York*

$7.50 8¾ x 6¼; 608 pp.

Dr. Robinson is recognized as the leading American authority on investment trusts. His present work is a thorough study of the different classes of trusts, their capital structures, investment policies and problems, accounting methods, regulation and development in the United States. On many of these topics comparison is made with European experience. As American financial trade commissioner in London, the author gained first hand knowledge of the operation of English companies. He is impressed by the importance of the underwriting services of the English trusts to the financial market, to which their freedom from connections with investment bankers contributes materially. On the whole, the contingent fund established abroad through considering market profits as capital gains is commended; although it obscures an important profit and loss element, Dr. Robinson concludes that we should not lose sight of the fact that the American system of disclosing earnings from all sources might lend itself to manipulations or misinterpretation on the part of ambitious promotors, enthusiastic salesmen, or indiscriminating investors. There is a bibliography, and an excellent index.

FOURTEEN YEARS OF EUROPEAN INVESTMENTS.

By S. Stern. *The Bankers Publishing Company, New York*

$5 9¼ x 6½; 279 pp.

The principal part of this book answers the following question: Assuming an investment early in 1913 of $25,000, divided equally between a selected list of bonds and stocks, how would it have fared in 1928 in each of thirteen European countries examined in comparison with the United States and Canada? If the funds had been placed entirely in Europe, a net loss of about 13% would have resulted against a possible gain of 97% for securities of this country; the investment in central European countries would have shrunk 56%. The complete losses on deposits in banks because of currency depreciation would have been avoided in the neutral countries, but severe losses, ranging from 72 to 85%, would have occurred in France, Belgium and Italy. The author believes that depreciation and repudiation are not likely to be repeated, and urges strongly the advantages of international investment to debtor and creditor nation alike. There are comprehensive statistical summaries and a list of the securities mentioned in the study.

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